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Lucy Stone Terrill—I. A. R. Wylie—Harris Dickson—Frank Ward O'Malley
Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg—Thomas Beer—Albert W. Atwood

Do you know what ASPARAGUS TIPS really are?

—why they're packed this way—how they can help to make your menus better?

When you buy fresh asparagus in the market, you buy the whole stalk, practically as it comes from the ground.

Yet, in almost every case, it's the tip you enjoy most. The first top inches are the youngest part of the plant—the most tender, delicate part of the whole asparagus spear.

No Waste

That's *one* reason DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are so convenient and economical when you serve asparagus! They're the tips alone—and nothing else. You get the part you want—tender from end to end without a bit of waste.

Uniform High Quality

And it's always the *finest* asparagus, too—you're sure of that. It's really "fresh" in the truest sense of the word. Every tip is from selected stock—grown in the rich, alluvial delta lands of California—cut as it peeps above the ground—and packed at once, before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

And Scores of Uses

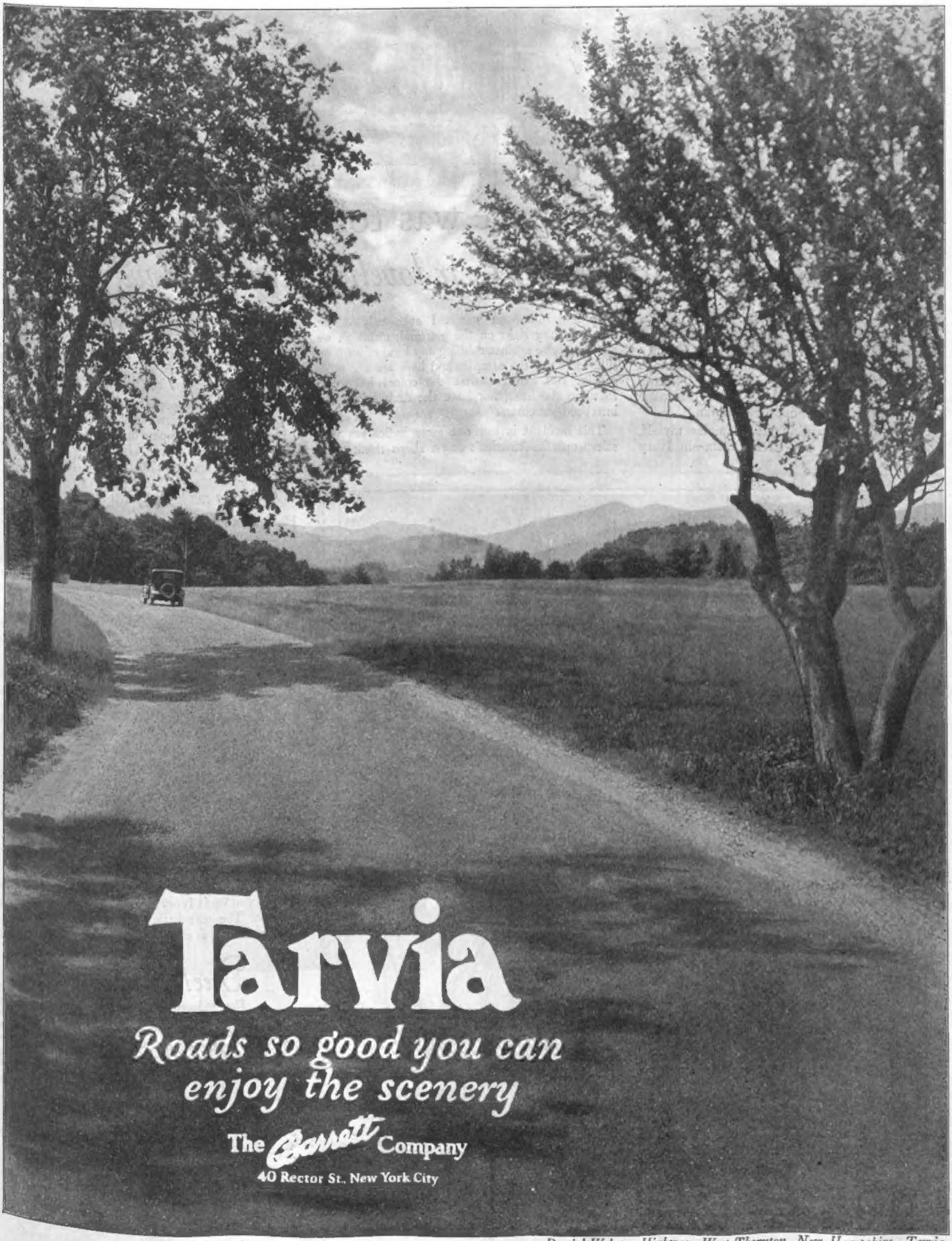
As a result, DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips offer scores of ways to make your simplest menus better. They're an everyday food—for everyday use. In salads, omelets, creamed on toast—or as a hot vegetable by themselves—you will find them always welcome.

Just remember to see that you get DEL MONTE. It's a dependable guide—not only for asparagus, but for all varieties of fruits and vegetables. No matter where you buy, this label makes certain the goodness you want.

DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are graded as to thickness or circumference of the spear, and each size is designated on the label as Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium or Small. But no matter what the size of spear, you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor—the same superior quality—that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Daniel Webster Highway, West Thornton, New Hampshire. Tarvia.

The charming Detroit women one sees shopping or riding about in luxurious motors have an air of Fifth Avenue and the Champs Élysées.

In Detroit shops, too, she was told . . .

"Keep fine garments at their loveliest, this safe way"

A saleswoman's striking test . . . Recently a young woman lingered in one of Detroit's largest stores, admiring some vivid new silks. "Will they wash?" she asked. The saleswoman, smiling mysteriously, brought out some samples, small patches of brilliant or dark color, sewed to a lighter color —scarlet stitched to cream, brown to tan.

She said: "I washed these samples myself, sewed together just as you see them—in Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. I even rubbed the cake of Ivory right on the material, although we always advise against rubbing *any* kind of soap on silk. Here are the samples and here are the bolts of silk. You can see that the colors have not faded in the least, nor have the dark colors run into the light colors."

This incident is just one more indication why salespeople in America's finest shops think there is nothing else quite like Ivory for laundering fine fabrics — silks, wool, rayon. Experience — their own and that of their customers—has proved to them that it is absolutely safe for any color and fabric that water will not harm.

Among the salespeople in nine of Detroit's finest shops, just as in New York, Chicago and other great American shopping and social centers, the universal feeling was: "Use Ivory for delicate fabrics and garments, and they will be safe."

"Never a complaint from an Ivory user"

Here are a few of the reasons given by salespeople in different stores:

"For fine woolens, use Ivory or Ivory Flakes. It is the best thing you can possibly use. I always recommend it, for I have yet to hear a complaint from a customer who used Ivory."

"To launder the sheer hosiery everyone is wearing today, Ivory Soap or Flakes is best. Then your stockings will not streak or fade as they do with stronger soaps."

Of an exquisite nightgown of crêpe-backed satin and real lace, the saleswoman said: "Of course you will want to launder it carefully. Use luke-warm water and Ivory Soap or Flakes and it will be lovely. Ivory is mild and just right for fine things."

The universal feeling seemed to be: "Ivory is safe for anything which water alone will not harm."

For has not Ivory safeguarded lovely complexions nearly fifty years? It is not surprising, then, that it should be safe for delicate colors and fabrics.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap

When you want Ivory's suds in a hurry, use Ivory Flakes. The soft little feathers of Ivory mount into rich suds at the touch of hot water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free! — this booklet . . .

How to launder colored silks. How to keep white silks from yellowing. How to launder chiffons—to keep sweaters from losing their shape—to keep blankets soft and fluffy. A little book, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, gives tested suggestions on these and many other subjects. May we send you a copy, *free?* Simply address Section 25-IF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

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BEAUTIFUL

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Bannister Made Her See Beauty in Herself

Note—I have tried to tell this story exactly as Margaret Douglas told it to me.—L. S. T.

WHEN Robert Douglas lay dying he said to me, "Don't worry that I will care, Margaret, if you go to Bruce MacIntyre when I'm gone." It was a strange time for Bruce MacIntyre's name to be spoken between us. A chill went over me. "He made more bitterness for himself than for you, Margaret; and he'll be wanting you now, and you'll go," Robert said.

I said the most that I could, for it's poor deceiving you can do to a man who loves you and lies dying.

"Robert, if I had married Bruce MacIntyre and lived with him all these years I've lived with you, I know with all my heart that I'd never be loving him now the half that I love you."

I shall always be glad I said this to Robert; it brought a radiance to his face. "Dear Margaret," he said. "But you must go."

"You're wrong, Robert. Have you forgot we've grown old?"

"Your love hasn't," he said. "It's as young as when you last saw him. And when he wants you to come you must go."

"Never," I said. But it was less than a year that I went.

I got Bruce MacIntyre's letter one Sunday morning, and I was in New York City Wednesday night. No word had ever before passed between us except when my son Robert was killed in France. Then he had sent a telegram that said: "Sympathy to you both from Bruce MacIntyre." And when my husband died he must have learned it from the local paper, for he sent another telegram that said: "Sympathy from Bruce MacIntyre."

It was months after this that his letter came:

Dear Margo: I am writing to you because of my daughter Jean. You probably know that my wife died six years ago. Shortly after her death Jean became estranged from me because I opposed her marriage to a scoundrel who has ruined her life. She is now in grave danger of going insane. Will you, who should have been her mother, go to her? Telegraph me if I may meet the 8:30 Limited on Wednesday night.

BRUCE.

P. S. Jean is in Florida.

So, on Wednesday night, in all the hurrying crowd of the blue-domed Grand Central Station, I saw Bruce MacIntyre again, after all the many years. To any who noticed, it might well have seemed a strange meeting. For Bruce MacIntyre looked what he was—a very rich man, worldly, aggressive, neither old nor young; and I, a plain, provincial middle-aged woman in a forty-dollar unfurred cloth coat. We shook hands quietly and spoke each other's names—"Bruce"—"Margo." No one else had ever

called me Margo. The word confused me a little for an instant, but I did not feel excited or self-conscious of my cheap garments, though the eyes of his man, who took my bags, regarded me with frank curiosity.

Elbowing through the crowd, Bruce MacIntyre quietly said, "I have things arranged so that we can be married tonight, Margo."

Even this seemed not unusual, but I was glad that I could answer, and honestly: "No, Bruce. I think I shall want always to be Robert's wife. For I would have come to you just the same if Robert were alive, and he would have wanted me to, if I can help save your daughter. We had to lose our son. I think that is why I found it so easy to come to you."

"You loved him then?"

"You mean my husband? Why, yes," I said.

His short unpleasant laugh made him more familiar; he was born for bitterness. "I seldom expect more than I deserve, but I did this time, it seems. However, besides the fact that no day of my life has passed without some thought of you, the reason I suggested marriage is because the plans for you and Jean necessitate your being sort of a companion, and nurse for her child. And I—I didn't want you to mistake my regard for you."

He was handing me into a big limousine; there were strings of taxis; a confusion of auto horns; everything hurrying. The elegance of the limousine impressed me to the exclusion of all other sensations. I had answered nothing to what he had just said; I think for the instant that I quite forgot it.

Then I heard him saying in a curious voice, "Margo, tell me—if you can—how do you feel toward me?"

I was glad that the brilliance of the streets gave us a covering dimness in the big car.

"I can't tell you, Bruce. I don't know, myself. All this seems so incredible. You are so rich, so much older, so machine-made looking. But I feel at home with you—somehow free of a long, long loneliness."

He spoke my name huskily and reached for my gloved hand. "Why not do what I suggest then?" he asked. "Robert Douglas would understand." He had known my husband; they were boys together.

"Yes, Robert would. But his old friends would not. When he was dying he told me that you would want me and that I would go—that he wanted me to. But I can't bear that anyone should think I haven't loved him. I have, very dearly. I was grateful that you didn't telegraph me, or all the town would have known and resented my coming. That's why I wired my answer from Mill City. Everyone thinks now that I am going to Florida for a rest and change, and it's best to be that way. I think, Bruce, that losing my son has left me more a mother than a woman. I've come to you more for the opportunity of finding a daughter . . . 'who might have been mine' than for the ending of the loneliness."

"Very well," he said, and we rode on silently. He had still his old sullenness. Finally he said: "We are going to my apartment. I want to tell you what I can of Jean before you talk to the others. At ten Doctor Merea and Doctor Holmquist are coming. They know only that you are an old acquaintance whom I trust. Doctor Merea is a child specialist; he took care of Jean, and she sent for him from Florida not long ago when her own baby was ill. That's how we located her. Doctor Holmquist is the famous psychiatrist. After you've seen them I'll drive you to your hotel."

He was as curt and businesslike as a new employer; that he loved a daughter, or me, or anything, seemed impossible. But I knew, as I had always known, that love was Bruce MacIntyre's only master; he had fought to defy it and it had bewildered him. I knew, too, that it was in his mind to speak of his betrayal of our own love, so long ago; but he could not, and his embarrassment of it kept me self-consciously silent too. We spoke, instead, of small things—my journey—had I had dinner?—that I had been in New York only twice before—that he lived in an apartment—a house was too much trouble.

She Declared She Was Ready to Shoot Herself on the Spot Unless Jean Would Help Her

"Here we are," he said, relief in his voice. I had never seen such an apartment, an enormous labyrinth of rooms and halls—like a Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalk castle growing luxuriously at the high end of its own private elevator, inhabited by silent, swift-eyed Chinese servants, all men. Even Bruce seemed slightly at a loss in the place. "Seldom come here," he said irritably; "prefer my club when I'm in town."

Divested of my wraps, I felt overwhelmingly out of place in all the gigantic elegance. I glimpsed myself in an enormous mirror. My gray hair was flattened close to my head, my gray traveling dress was wrinkled, the tired circles under my eyes were almost as black as my eyes. I looked like a somber seamstress.

"Fire in small library, sir," one of the immaculate Chinese directed us.

The small library seemed far from small to me; it was twice the size of my own proud living room, and must have held half the books in the world. But the hearth and its two companioning chairs offered a fire's unfailing friendliness, and a tall narrow table behind the deep soft chairs shut us off kindly from the unfriendly spaciousness. A tiny man served us coffee and left us alone together. And again I found it natural to be with this man. Something of his aggressive manner fell away from him; he seemed suddenly more man and less machine. He looked as old as I; distinguished, homely, his gray eyes unpleasantly shadowed as if from bad sleeping; his square-shouldered figure still youthful in its perfectly fitting gray clothes.

"It took me two weeks, Margo, to get up my courage to ask you to come," he said, his eyes plainly searching for evidences of the girl I had used to be. But I was anxious to get away from ourselves.

"Has Jean been ill only so long as that?" I asked.

"Jean isn't ill, Margo. Merea tells me she's stronger than she's ever been in her life. I wish to God it were only illness. But she's losing her mind—going stark mad. A few weeks ago she shot a man for admiring her—or pretending to, as she considered it. We don't think she shot to kill, for she's a perfect shot and she took his shoulder; but if he hadn't happened to be a remarkably decent chap things might be even worse than they are—if that's possible. In the jargon of this psychiatrist, Holmquist, she's the victim of a paranoid simplex. No, it didn't mean anything to me either. It's a form of insanity where the delusions are brought about and aggravated by the actual perceptions of the person. Jean's experience with the wretch, Bannister, whom she married, was such a severe shock that she imagines some likeness to him in every dark-eyed man she sees, and becomes totally unbalanced by it. Merea and Holmquist have concocted a plan to break her obsession. It sounded like utter rot to me at first, and I didn't consent to it until after you telegraphed me you'd go to her. But this Holmquist has a wonderful reputation, and he's convincing, once you get used to him. Do you know anything at all about Jean's mother, Margo?"

"I've seen her picture occasionally, in papers. She seemed very beautiful."

"She was—very." He did not look at me while he talked, in a curiously indifferent voice, about this woman of whom I had wondered and imagined more than about anything else in the world. "Alice was English; her family were well-to-do proletariat; she had a small fortune and my investments made her very rich. She was socially ambitious. From the instant she knew Jean was to be born she began to plan on Jean's marrying some titled puppet. And she had the courage of her ambitions. It nearly killed her when Jean was born without one hope of beauty—your sort of woman couldn't possibly comprehend it. Holmquist believes it was Alice's acute and often apparent disappointment in Jean that gave the child what he calls a vicious inferiority complex.

"Jean was always sickly and very sensitive and as proud as Lucifer. I've seen her actually shrink when Alice looked at her. But Alice never gave up her great idea; she moved heaven and earth to offset Jean's liabilities. She cultivated every shred of natural talent she could find. Jean's got a beautiful voice, real music in it even when she's just talking; and Alice had the best masters train her voice for years, but it's not a big voice. Alice didn't let anything get by—not even cooking.

"When Jean wasn't knee-high, some fool governess discovered that she liked to play cooking. That was enough. Alice had kitchen artists on the spot. I suppose she thought some hungry duke or prince might be won with a good meal. But Jean can cook as well as she can sing. There isn't much she can't do—sew, dance, design, row, ride, shoot; she plays the piano better than anyone I ever heard, by ear.

"The poor child was able to learn everything but to be beautiful, and her mother's grief over that one thing made her so abnormally sensitive that she never put her best foot forward; it made her seem shy and awkward. All this went on, you understand, without my thinking much about it. Jean was Alice's job. I saw little of her; I was mostly away and always busy. Alice and I endured each other politely. She sustained herself by various affairs with

men—always discreetly conducted. I never cared. I had—you."

"Bruce—no!" My voice came, unwilled. Though all my years of shamed uncertainty were answered in his brusque statement, it made me partner to an infidelity I had hid in my heart from my mind.

"Oh, yes," he said. "What's the good pretending now? Why, I wouldn't have had any affection at all for Jean if she hadn't occasionally reminded me of you. She always took my hand in both her little ones. Yes, you used to do that. She'd a way of listening to what I didn't say as well as to what I did say. You always heard more than I said. And if I asked her any small thing she always answered carefully and thoughtfully. But even so, I knew her very little; she was generally somewhere else when I came home.

"And then Alice died suddenly, ill only two days. After she was buried I asked Jean what she'd like to do and she said she'd like to go with me to South America. It was a six weeks' business trip. I found her so companionable that I took her with me everywhere after that. We both liked it. It was the pleasantest year of my life; I got so I was restless whenever she wasn't about. It was a new sensation—being dependent on anyone. It got under my skin as I hadn't supposed anything could. Jean seemed entirely happy to me, except one time she said—I remember it was half dark: we were on a train—and she said, 'Father, does it ever bother you because you've a scrawny, ugly daughter?'

"I'm not very acute, but it struck me at the time that it hurt her to ask it, and she asked me if I didn't sometimes wish she were as pretty as Doris. Doris is her cousin; she was a scatterbrained doll of a thing and we'd taken her with us on a previous trip. I told her she was worth a hundred of Doris and that I thanked the Lord she looked like herself instead of a paper doll. She never said anything again about her looks that I remember. Doris had found a flock of beaus wherever we went, but Jean only stuck closer to me and never seemed to want to share Doris' popularity. Once, I remember, Doris urged some young chap to make a foursome with them, but Jean quickly said she'd an engagement with me.

"Of course I should never have given all these things a second thought, but since Holmquist has taken the case, he's dug up every detail and analyzed it into importance. He says this association with Doris undoubtedly aggravated Jean's sensitiveness, made her surer than ever that she was unattractive and deepened her inferiority complex. On top of this, we ran into Hugh Bannister."

"Hugh Bannister," I repeated as he hesitated. "It's a nice name."

"Not to me," he said sharply. "My next trip took me to Los Angeles; I've a bank out there, and oil interests. The bank sent Bannister on to meet me, bringing some leases and important papers. He went back with us from Chicago in my private car. Of course, this threw Jean into unusually quick and close acquaintance with him, and he swept her completely off her feet. Unfortunately I hadn't a suspicion of any such thing at first; he was smart enough to act wholly uninterested in her and only diplomatically polite when I was around. I had put him down as no good from the first—he was too handsome to be decent. He looked like an overcoat advertisement or a perfumed movie hero. Three weeks after we got there Jean married him. I did everything I humanly could to keep her from it. I told her that he only wanted her money, that I knew it, and ——"

"Yes, you could well know that," I said, and will always be sorry for the impulse that pulled those words from my own bitterness. Bruce MacIntyre had needed money when he married Alice Leigh. His fingers took the soft chair arm tightly, and he caught his short gray mustache for an instant under his lower teeth.

"Quite so," he said curtly; "no one could know it better. Just as I know, now, what a mistake I made with Jean when I told her I was through with her for good if she insisted on making a fool of herself. She only said, 'But, father, don't you love me?' And when I told her that was the reason I couldn't tolerate the situation, she said it was a poor sort of love if it existed only when I was pleased with her. Bannister kept away from me—the pup."

"Of course, Bruce, you had learned that you wanted her very much yourself. Wasn't that part of your opposition?"

"Doctor Holmquist has so convinced me. I wasn't aware of it at the time. However, all my prophecies about Bannister came only too true. Holmquist makes mountains of significance out of all this. He says Jean not only fell in love with Bannister but was lifted into an exultant mental attitude of sudden pride in herself because of his ardently vowed admiration. She became desired, precious. Holmquist lays great stress on the idea that Bannister made her see beauty in herself. He says it broke the complex that had always governed her; that it was natural for her to believe Bannister instead of me, for she herself had won value with him, whereas I had accepted her because she happened to belong to me. Anyhow, marry him she did. She'd come into her mother's fortune and was independent of me. I went to Europe, America entered the war. I stayed longer than I expected and made no attempt to communicate with her. She and Bannister came to New York; then he went to an officers' training camp.

"Merea tells me she was completely happy those first few months; said he actually hardly knew her; he expressed it that she was beautified into beauty. She didn't send for Doctor Merea until Bannister had sailed for France, when she had a sort of nervous relapse, and Merea found that she was to have a baby. She told him she was often lonely for me, but that she could never forgive me for resenting her happiness. Well-l"—he stopped, looked at his watch, frowned at the time's fast passing and took up his story in a quicker voice—"well, only a few days after Merea saw her, when she must have been in a chaotic mental state, having just learned she was to have a baby and Bannister not yet safe off the seas, Bannister's sweetheart put in an appearance and proved everything, and worse, that I'd suspected of him."

"And there was no one to help her," I said.

"No; only her old Scotch nurse, Annie; she's been with her all the time, and faithful, but she's going back to Scotland now. That's why Jean wrote Doctor Merea to find someone in her place. But about Jean—I didn't know anything of all this for more than two months. When I got home Jean had disappeared; yes, absolutely. I found a note addressed 'on his return,' saying she was going away and did not want to be found; she had told friends she was going away on some secret war work so that nothing would be thought of her sudden disappearance. I was to make no effort, please, to find her, unless I wanted her to kill herself, which she wasn't in the least unwilling to do.

(Continued on Page 180)

"Tell Me, Mr. Stuart, Do You—Think Me—Beautiful?"

WATERS OF WRATH

PHOTO BY STEPHEN H. WILLARD
A Desert Scene Near the Colorado River

PHOTO BY METZEL
The Colorado River Eating Away Its Banks

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The Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the Falls

By Albert W. Atwood

IT HAS been said that the Colorado River is the greatest undeveloped resource left in the United States. Dogmatic assertions like this, especially in the superlative, are dangerous. Who is wise enough to know or bold enough to predict what the dark curtains of the future conceal?

Yet in the mind of the engineer and economist a richer potentiality is hard to envision. Even now the Colorado is one of the nation's most pressing and extensive domestic problems, with important international aspects attached thereto.

To most readers, outside of those in a few Southwestern States, the mention of the Colorado stirs no emotion and arouses no interest.

At the most, it vaguely suggests merely one more of a hundred rather pork-barrelish river-and-harbor schemes, or only a far-away irrigation project, another ill-concealed device to use the Government's money. For the Colorado is indeed far off from the centers of Eastern population and marts of trade.

The Nile of the Future

THERE is this difference, however: The Colorado River, one of the largest on the continent, discharges unused into the sea sufficient water ultimately to support in its territory a population perhaps half that in the entire country at the present time, provided the stream were fully impounded and regulated for domestic, irrigation and power purposes. Enough of its flood waters are said to pass to the ocean untouched by man to supply the entire population of the United States for domestic purposes, and the potential horse power is more than half of all the hydro-electric power in the country today. There is then at least some imaginative excuse for this outburst from a son of the Southwest:

"Here is this great river, with its streams flowing through the states where water is the basis of life. If we make the use that we ought to make of it here in this Colorado River Basin there will arise and bloom the greatest civilization the world has ever seen.

"Look at the valley of the Nile and the civilization that arose in that place, based upon the use of the waters of the Nile. Look at the Tigris and the Euphrates and the civilization that grew there. And they lacked one great factor that has so contributed to modern life, and that is hydraulic power. We can have all they had, plus a new force—hydraulic power."

But, coming back to present realities, it may be said that nowhere have we such a ruthless and wasted natural force so capable of being turned into a willing, obedient and useful servant of man. It is today one of the outstanding menaces of the Western country—a tumultuous, unharnessed and destructive demon.

Yet there is not a dissenting opinion as to the engineering and economic feasibility of turning this great menace into one of the foremost national assets, of subjecting these waters to the useful yoke of man. Doctor Work, Secretary of the Interior, recently remarked that as a boy he was taught to blow out the candle when finished with it, and later on to turn out the electric light. In the same way, he said, natural resources such as the Colorado should be conserved.

Only the St. Lawrence and Columbia rivers on this continent are superior in respect to concentration of power sites, but no other river in the same area affords such enormous opportunities for the double use of its waters for both irrigation and power.

As stated by one scientific authority: "It combines in proper sequence for complete use, a large quantity of water, great concentration of fall, reservoir sites for the control of flow, sites for power plants, and several million acres of irrigable land below the stretch where power may be developed."

The Colorado's Troubled Course

UNFORTUNATELY, the Colorado, although strictly an economic problem, has become involved in intense political maneuvers, sectional differences and engineering jealousies. Because, at its mouth and for a few miles above, the river is in Mexican territory, international complications have suggested themselves. Interstate conflicts have loomed large, and the advocates of public and private development have fought among themselves. Thus the Colorado has become a great and many-sided controversy around which, for years, partisans have carried on a bitter warfare as regards opinions, rights, interests, locations and methods of development. Meanwhile the territory, larger than France, which is tributary to the river, has been held in a vise, unable to develop as Nature warrants because of the maze of conflicting human interests.

Fortunately, for this narrative, there is no controversy regarding the romantic background of the economic problem nor any question as to the thrilling nature of the uncontroverted facts. To begin with, it may be said that no question having to do with what are really social and economic issues has such a rugged and fascinating Western setting as that of the Colorado River.

The river itself flows for some 2000 miles through portions of, or forms part of the boundaries of, the states of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, and one foreign country—Mexico—while New Mexico and Wyoming supply important tributaries, and are thus in part included in the great basin of the Colorado.

But it is Arizona, the baby state, so distinctively typical of the romantic Southwestern frontier, that is most closely identified physically with the river. For the Colorado flows a greater distance through this state than any other; all but a small fraction of the state is within the river basin; and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is entirely within the borders of the state.

To the writer the most striking feature about the Colorado is not included in any of the lists of its characteristics drawn up by engineers, but is rather the fact that, though

the protagonist in one of the mightiest economic and social developments in the history of man, it flows almost wholly through what the dime novelist would describe as a "howling wilderness." Here indeed is contrast between the future dependence—and not so far distant at that—of tens and perhaps scores of millions upon these waters, and the nearly impenetrable solitudes and trackless wastes of so much of the country through which it flows today.

It is true that two great cities—Denver and Los Angeles—must before long go to the Colorado for their domestic water. But both are outside the watershed itself, and both are distant from the river. Then, too, one is well to the north and the other to the south of the region in which stretches the immense wilderness.

It is true also that the Imperial Valley of California and Mexico, one of the largest and most intensively irrigated areas in the world, together with several smaller valleys, depends upon the Colorado for water. But these cultivated places are far south on the river, and removed a great distance from the mountainous and canyon section which we commonly associate with the riotous stream.

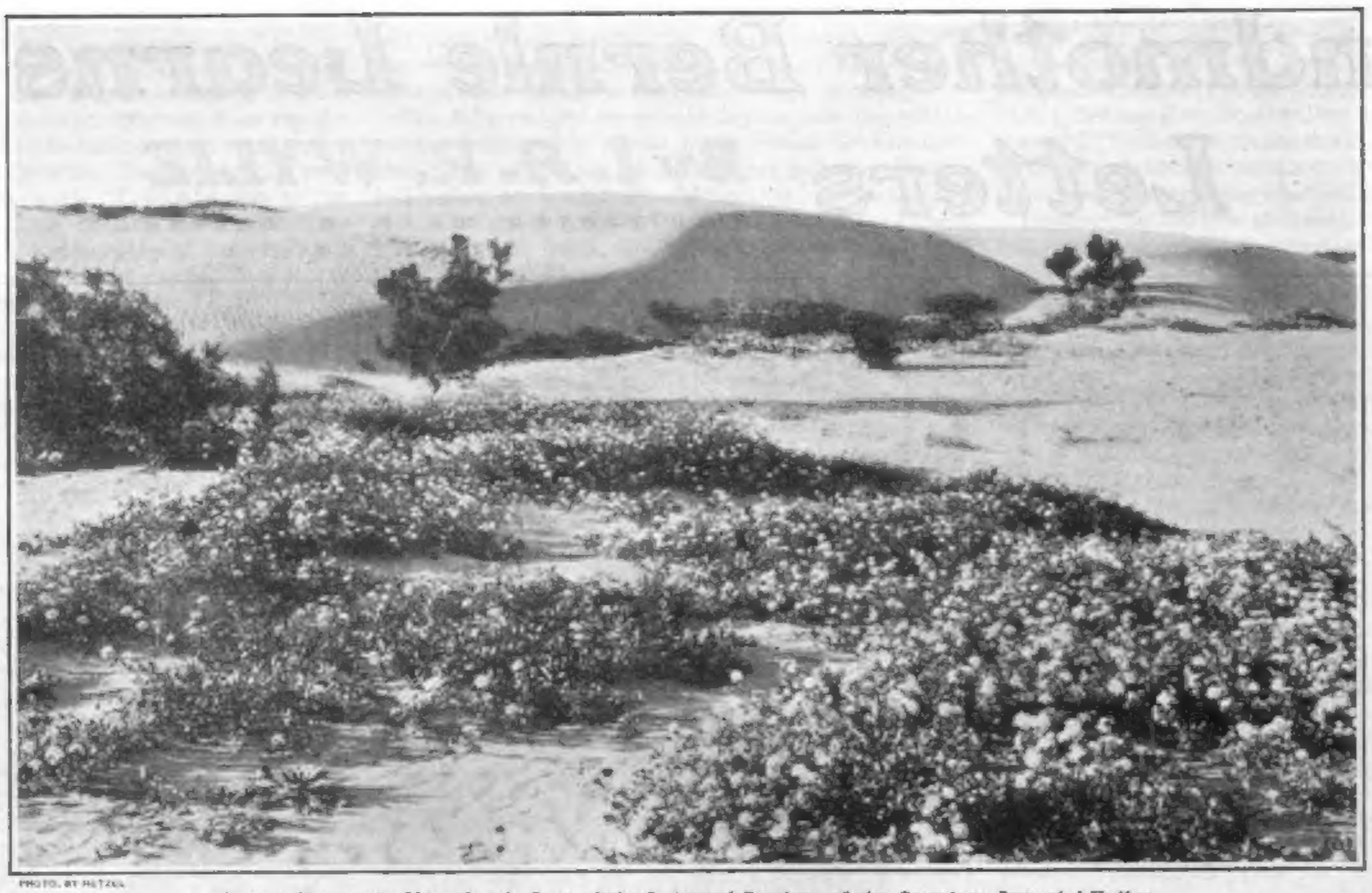

PHOTO. BY HETZEL

Desert Flowers in Mesa Lands East of the Irrigated Portions of the American Imperial Valley

The Long Trail of a Lonesome River

THREE transcontinental railroads cross the Colorado, but one is far to the north, near its headwaters, and two well below the mountain and canyon region. Even near where the railroads cross in this southern portion, except for the Imperial Valley, which is fifty miles from the river, there are no settlements with more than 5000 people or thereabouts, and only two or three of those. Otherwise in its course of some 2000 miles the Colorado passes practically no human habitation.

It is true, of course, that something like 100,000 visit the Grand Canyon every year. But these visitors, whether they approach the canyon by train or automobile, see only the most insignificant fraction of the territory within the park boundaries, and most of them do not go to the river itself. E. C. La Rue, hydraulic engineer of the United States Geological Survey, who perhaps is most familiar with the physical features of the river, says that, outside of the Government surveying party of 1923, of which he was a member, "not more than five men now living have seen the Grand Canyon from the inside."

A party of city engineers from Los Angeles who made a 200-mile boat trip down the river a few years ago, saw only two men, except, of course, at points such as Needles and Yuma. The upper Amazon cannot be a more uninhabited region than much of the Colorado. At two places along the river in June of this year the writer saw mountain sheep on the precipitous banks.

Water Waste

IT IS not that the Colorado River Basin has lacked observation, survey and study on the part of the Government. The bibliography of the subject comprises at least 1000 books, articles and maps. More than $1,000,000 has been expended in investigations of this single problem by various departments of the Government, and in the last eighty years no less than fifty-five measures have been introduced into Congress to prevent floods and to utilize the waters for development purposes. But no action has ever been taken, and the snows which fall each winter on the Rockies and melt in the spring still rush in the same destructive and needlessly wasted floods to the sea through practically the same wilderness that existed when Columbus discovered America.

Yet less than fifty years after the landing of Columbus, Spanish soldiers were traveling upon the Colorado. Major James C. Ives, in reporting to the Secretary of War the results of his

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PHOTO. COURTESY STATE OF NEVADA

PHOTO. BY HETZEL

Levee Breaking Down Under the Attack of Flood Waters

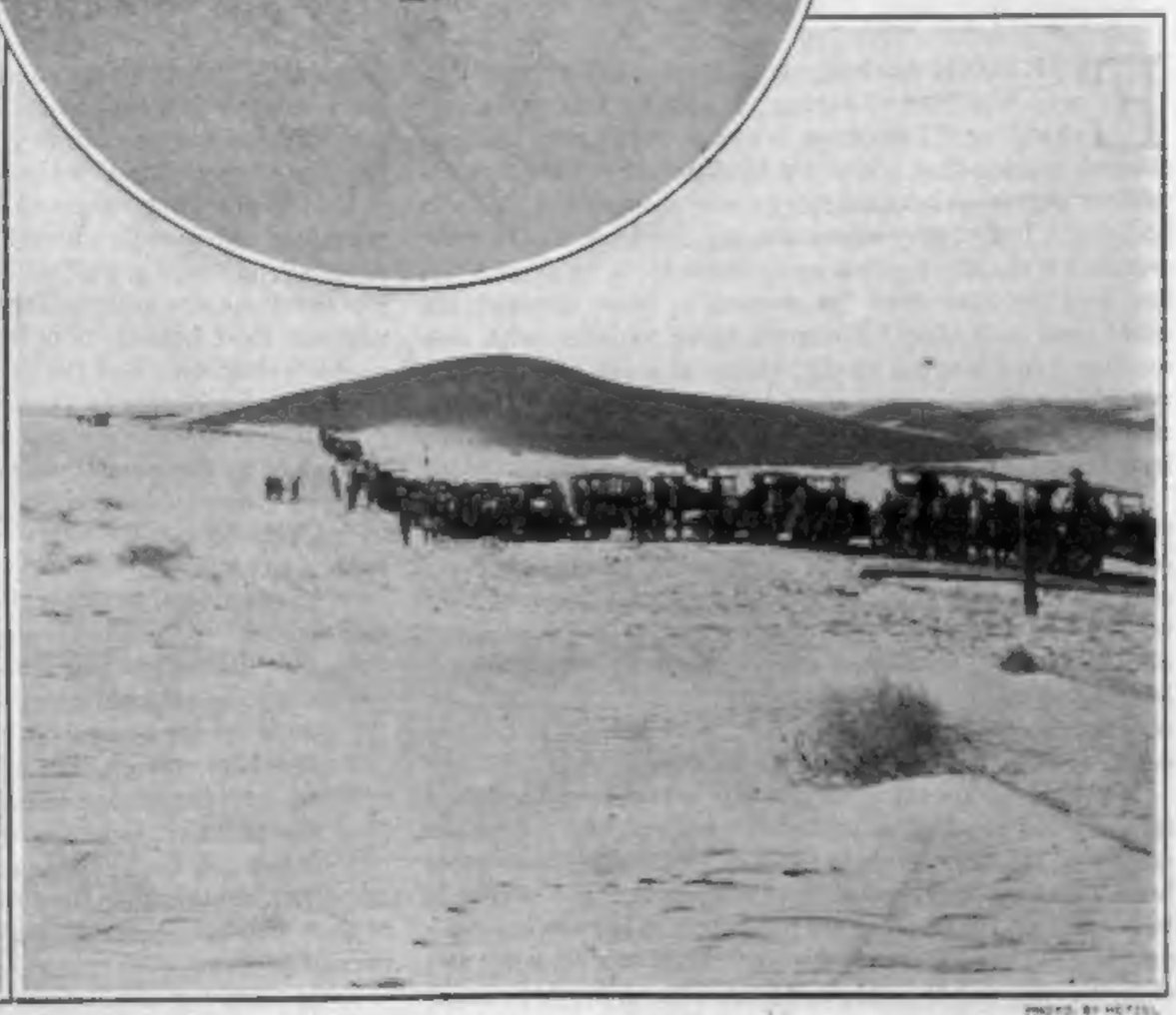

PHOTO. BY HETZEL

A Plank Road Across the Sand Dunes of California West of Yuma, Arizona

In Oval—Engineers Studying the Boulder Dam Site

Grandmother Bernle Learns Her Letters

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Had to Explain Twice, for at First It Was as Though She Were Too Frightened Even to Listen

EVERYONE was indignant. Even the *Bürgermeister*, who was fond of saying "Na, it isn't as bad as all that," or "Tomorrow is also a day," gave his considered opinion that a country that wouldn't take Grandmother Bernle on her own merits was no good and that she had much better stay where she had been born. He even put on his shabby top hat and official frock to go and tell her so; but afterward he seemed to have changed his mind, and said that "We must have patience with one another" in his usual kindly, rather anxious manner. So nobody protested any more and it was settled that Grandmother Bernle was to go as soon as she had learned her letters, and everyone took a hand.

Naturally the schoolmaster was the chief personage in the affair. After school hours he sat with her and was very solemn and painstaking, like a doctor with a difficult case; and when he came out the neighbors would ask anxiously how things were getting on, and sometimes he would shake his head in gloomy silence and at others he would rub his hands and call out, "Not bad—not bad at all. Today we reached M without a mistake." And before you could count ten the news had traveled all over the village.

When Grandmother Bernle had actually reached Z a sigh of relief went up as though the patient had passed the crisis and might be expected to live. Grandmother Bernle herself was so exhausted with the strain that she stayed in bed—a thing that had never happened in her life before—and forgot to bake her weekly *Honigkuchen*. So when the children came, as they always did, on Saturday afternoon, there was nothing for them. And Grandmother Bernle, with tears in her eyes, offered to say her alphabet to them instead. Which was not half as nice. For the children, who were always hungry and liked Grandmother Bernle's *Honigkuchen* better than anything else in the world, were terribly educated and had known their alphabet for years.

You might have expected that the people would have grumbled about Grandmother Bernle's *Honigkuchen*. After all, she couldn't afford luxuries. She was very poor, like everyone else in the village, and it was silly of her to go without food herself in order to feed a horde of other people's children. But the fact was that once upon a time Grandmother Bernle had baked for her own four boys, and even during the war she had kept on, and every Saturday had made up three small parcels—Fritz, the youngest, had gone to America long since—and had sent them to the front. One by one the parcels had grown fewer, and there came a day when there was no need to send any at all. But on Saturday Grandmother Bernle, who hadn't cried or complained—in fact had done nothing but grow suddenly very old—baked as usual and called in the neighbors' white-faced solemn children, who were too stupefied with the wonder of it even to say "Thank you."

And, oddly enough, the villagers, who were a stolid, ordinary people, understood, and whatever else happened they saw to it that Grandmother Bernle was able to make her *Honigkuchen*. They couldn't have explained themselves or Grandmother Bernle if they had tried. But some of them had lost their own children and they knew all they needed to know.

Even when the rumor came that young Fritz Bernle had come back to fight against his own people, the meanest village scandalmonger was silent. And now that she was to join him it was agreed that she ought to go. True, it was an incredible journey and Grandmother Bernle was old—sixty, at least, which is a great age when one has borne four children and worked all the summers' days on the barren mountain sides and gone short of food through the bitter winters. Even if one is still tough and strong—as grandmother undoubtedly was—one looked old like a gnarled tree that has weathered years of tempest.

And besides, she was going among people who couldn't even speak her language and who had been—if you cared to remember it—enemies. Not that the village laid much stress on the latter point. Let bygones be bygones, as the *Bürgermeister* said. Life was hard enough without digging up old troubles. Still, it was a risky business. And heaven knew there were plenty of risks if you stayed where God put you. The *Bürgermeister* said so.

On the other hand, it was natural that a mother should wish to end her days with her only son and her son's wife, and above all with her grandchildren. It was true that she had never seen the grandchildren or the wife either. For young Fritz had run away when he was eighteen and for years no one had heard of him.

Then at last a letter came. The *Bürgermeister* had read it aloud to Franz Bernle and his wife—Franz was alive in those days—and everyone in the village knew that young Fritz had done well by himself. He was working in a tobacconist's store, earning a princely income, and was already married; there was actually a baby. He sent photographs. Nobody recognized him; but his appearance beside the tall young lady with the feather in her large hat caused a revolution in the village dress, and for months

afterward the one store did a great business in high stiff collars and very spotted ties.

Even Grandmother Bernle—for she was a grandmother now—hadn't recognized him. But she had recognized the baby, who in spite of the strange, elaborate dress was the image of Fritz himself when he had been very small. And he had always been her favorite. The photographs were nailed under the crucifix in the *Wohnstube*, and to her neighbors she would let fall casual references to "my grandson in America," and even spoke of America itself with mysterious pursings of her sunken lips. Yes, it was an extraordinary country. You grew fabulously rich by just going there, and once you were there anything might happen. You might become President. Certainly Baby Fritz might—the child had been christened James Henry, but Grandmother Bernle knew better.

And then the war came and there were no more letters and presently there was nothing left to Grandmother Bernle but the photos under the crucifix and her silent thoughts.

No one knew what she thought in those days, for she had grown very silent. People almost forgot the surviving son in America. Or they were kind enough not to mention it. It was terrible to have a son in a country which did such wicked things to the poor sorely tried fatherland, and Grandmother Bernle had enough to bear.

But the *Bürgermeister* knew of one letter that Grandmother Bernle had written. It was after the death of the third boy on the Somme, and she had dictated it to him—a very simple letter. The *Bürgermeister* never mentioned it to anyone, but after that he came to see her every day, and at Christmas brought her his best smoked ham.

But at last the war rolled on, like an exhausted wave, leaving a trail of wreckage, and Fritz Bernle wrote an answer—a queer letter in the queerest German, as though he had forgotten his mother tongue. He said he was grieved about his brothers, but that he was richer than ever and had bought the tobacco store. And he thought that unless his mother had other plans she had better join him. James Henry had taken a prize at school and was going to college. And he inclosed money for the journey and papers that Grandmother Bernle was to read and sign—which showed how much he had forgotten, because Grandmother Bernle couldn't read or sign anything.

The *Bürgermeister* never told anyone save the schoolmaster—who was a *Verein* friend—what Grandmother Bernle had said to him on that solemn occasion when he had visited her in his frock and high hat. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much to tell. The *Bürgermeister* himself had been quite frank. He had sat there under the ham hanging from the low ceiling and spoken his mind:

"It's a long, long journey, liebe Frau Bernle. You wouldn't think of going to Berlin, now, would you? Na; it's farther than that. You go on a great ship and I have been told by reliable people that one does not so much as see land for ten days. You can imagine that if the ship sinks—as it often does—you haven't a chance—not a hope in the world. Then if you do get there, you will be amongst strangers; most of them won't understand a word you say. Their ways will be peculiar and disagreeable. You are not so young any more. It is true, perhaps, that I do not want you to go. I am not young myself, and as one grows older there are not many left to care for."

He became aware that she wasn't listening as the frock and high hat demanded that a citizen should listen. She sat opposite him in her wooden armchair and her eyes were fixed on the row of photographs, and especially on the photograph of the amazing baby in the outlandish clothes. Her own eyes were like a child's—very blue, very innocent and wondering, as though they were beginning to see again the queer things that children see. And she told the *Bürgermeister* that before she died she must find her son Fritz.

"But," said the *Bürgermeister* sadly, "perhaps you won't find him. He has been gone twenty years."

"I am thinking of the other Fritz," she explained; "the little Fritz."

"If you mean this James Henry "

"I call him Fritz," she interrupted. "He is Fritz. You see, I remember him quite well when he was born."

After that the *Bürgermeister* didn't protest any more, and he and the schoolmaster sat up nights and read documents and swore oaths and signed declarations till their heads ached; and the schoolmaster grew gray with anxiety because Grandmother Bernle could never recognize the word "*Freiheit*" when she saw it. And it was a word—so the schoolmaster understood—about which the Americans were most peculiarly particular.

However, by this time she could read most words of two syllables if she wasn't flustered, and soon afterward the villagers put up a triumphal arch near the station with *Gott Segne Dich* and *Glück Auf* and some old flags which ought to have gone to Paris and hadn't. All the villagers were there, including the children, who wore their first-communion clothes and looked very solemn and depressed, as well they might. Grandmother Bernle herself walked between the *Burgermeister* and the schoolmaster, and behind them came the storekeeper, with two wicker baskets tied with cords and several paper parcels full of *Schinken* and *Eierbrötchen* for the journey—for you never knew what kind of food they'd give you. Behind him marched the band, all young men in their highest collars and spottiest ties, who played *Heil dir im Siegeskranz*, which was the only tune they could be sure of playing without accidents.

It was a warm spring day, but Grandmother Bernle had put on all her shawls and petticoats, like a knight arming himself against the world, so that there was very little to be seen of her but the small wizened face and the sunken blue eyes with their look of wonderment.

The train was only a local which would join up with the great mysterious express farther down the valley; and as Grandmother Bernle, with labels and tickets festooned all over her and her canvas purse sewed into the nethermost petticoat, climbed aboard, other villagers put their heads out and cheered. Grandmother Bernle's own people couldn't cheer. She had been with them all their lives—not noticed very much but always there, a part of their memories. Somehow in her patience and courage she had been like a flag flying from their little isolated fortress.

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It Was Settled That Grandmother Bernle Was to Go as Soon as She Had Learned Her Letters, and Everyone Took a Hand. Naturally the Schoolmaster Was the Chief Personage in the Affair

The Good Will of the House

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

STEVE FARADAY'S first speculation, upon receipt of the news, was naturally: "How much will it hurt the house?"

He realized at once it must have an effect, and a serious one, upon the hotel's reputation; for it was murder, and murder done in his Hotel Colony on Park Avenue, where the damage of such an occurrence was greatest.

Steve, who was owner of the Colony and the six other hotels of the Faraday chain stretched two-thirds of the way across the American continent, happened to be on the ocean returning from Europe when the event occurred, and he learned of it midseas by radio.

"Louis Higginbotham, sportsman owner of the horse Osiris and the Westcoast Stable recently the sensation of Western tracks and this summer racing in New York, shot and killed in his room in the Hotel Colony. Murderer escaped; no clew," was posted on the bulletin board, and no further information arrived to supplement it.

Steve listened uneasily to the comment excited among the liner's passengers. Many of them were people of the sort upon which the Colony depended for its patronage, and he did not like the tone of the discussion of this event in his hotel. The radio message had indicated that Higginbotham had been prominent, and this was confirmed by the conversation of a few passengers who seemed to know about him.

Four days later the newspapers which came aboard in New York harbor emphasized Higginbotham's prominence, but they gave little more information of the murder.

It was apparently one of those crimes most difficult to resolve, because of its very simplicity and evident lack of plan and preparation. It had been done before midnight on September seventh, or shortly after, in Room 842 of the Colony. The murderer had called upon his man in the hotel room, shot him and walked out, and no one remembered having seen him come or go; and he had left no trace of his identity.

Steve went from the dock directly to the Colony.

"Have we had many cancellations?" he inquired of Sigert, his manager, whom he found in the office.

"Not more than were to be expected," Sigert told him.

"How about the registrations?"

"Off," admitted Sigert. "Of course we've some who've come for curiosity. We're not encouraging them. It'll be better when the papers drop this."

"Unless it's worse," said Steve. He had seen more than one hotel property put in jeopardy by the destructive publicity of such an event as the Higginbotham murder; such things sometimes changed a hotel's clientele completely.

Steve Faraday, who was twenty-six, had inherited the hotels which he owned and managed from his father, and the Colony on Park Avenue had been the old man's grandiose gesture. No hotel can cater to all kinds of people; before it is planned, or built, or furnished, it must be known exactly to what kind of people it is intended to appeal. Old Steve Faraday, having established successful hotels in half a dozen other cities and ambitious to have one in New York, had chosen to appeal to what he called "the top." The construction and furnishings of the Colony were of a richness beyond those of any other Faraday property, and to the day of old Steve's death the success of the investment had been a question. Young Steve it was who had put the Colony on its feet. He regarded it as more his hotel than any of the others. It was a moderate money-maker now, but good will of the public had come to it slowly and doubtfully, and no one knew better than Steve himself that unpleasant publicity might easily drive it away.

From the Moment the Horses Passed to the Post the Light-Haired Girl and the Dark Young Man Close Beside Her Bent Forward, Absorbed in the Preliminaries to the Start

"You've no line at all on why he was shot?" he inquired.

"None whatever."

"Tell me the particulars."

"You have all there is; there is no more," Art Racken, the publicity man of the Colony, whom Steve had found with Sigert, commented laconically. "It was a clean job if there ever was one. He shot and stepped out without a trace. Not one."

"But he must have been seen," Steve objected. "At any time of night he had to pass half a dozen people anyway, to get out of the hotel."

"Certainly he had to pass them. Certainly they saw him, but never connected him with the murder. They didn't know murder had been done," Racken replied patiently. It had been a hard four days for Racken. Unpleasant as the newspaper publicity had been, it might have been far worse except for him. It had been a bad four days for Sigert too.

"How much do you know about Higginbotham?" Steve asked Sigert.

"You have practically all of it," Sigert informed him. "He came here September first—only a week before he was killed. Wired us for reservation from Saratoga. A good-looking, pleasant young fellow about your own age, Steve; Racken had heard of him before through the newspaper boys. He was, it seems, a rather well-known character in California. Made a good bit of money in oil a few years ago and put some of it into horses—the Westcoast Stable, racing at Tijuana. Last winter he had a remarkable season. Osiris, his best-known horse, was his big winner, but he had at least half a dozen other horses constantly in the money. He cleaned up, and this spring he shipped his horses to Kentucky tracks; then in July he brought them on for the big August meeting at Saratoga. He had hard luck there, for the change apparently didn't suit his horses. He lost a lot of money, but still had more to lose. When the meeting closed he shipped here to New York."

"Whom did he know?" asked Steve.

"The best—and some others, too, apparently. He was a gentleman, and one of those genial souls that everybody liked. Never an enemy in the world so far as anybody knows."

"Never a one," Racken mocked cheerfully. "Just a friend who spent the evening with him in his room, had a cocktail and sandwich with him and shot him."

"Exactly what do you know about the friend?" Steve asked.

"What can anyone know?" Sigert challenged defensively. "He walked in and walked out again is all we know about him. That's one of the difficulties in a hotel. Anyone can come into it, go anywhere without asking permission and go out again without reporting himself. That's what this man did apparently. After Higginbotham had gone to his room he followed him—took a cocktail and sandwich with him—shot him—walked out. Whoever heard the shots supposed they were back fires in the street or something. The killer was of an appearance, evidently, which made our employes think he had a right to be here, and so he wasn't caught."

"And never will be," Racken said decidedly.

Steve was thoughtful. "Let's hope, for the good of the house," he said finally, "that if he is caught he won't prove to be anybody too prominent."

"He can't prove too insignificant for me," agreed Racken heartily. "If they do get him and he's somebody to spread over the headlines, heaven help the house."

"Room 842 is out of service, I suppose," Steve said to Sigert

"Of course. Some sensation seekers have asked to be assigned it, but we told them it was not in use. When it is again, the numbers in that corridor will be changed."

Steve nodded. Sigert and Racken had handled the matter as well as possible, he thought. He told them so. If nothing more damaging developed, the harm to the reputation of the hotel would soon wear away. There was nothing to do but wait.

Two days had passed without further development in the Higginbotham murder, when Steve, passing through

the lobby, noticed one of the front-office clerks in conversation with a girl who obviously was nervous. She was not more than twenty, fair and lovely of feature and with the bearing, naturally assured, of a girl who from babyhood has had attendance. The clerk evidently was referring her to Sigert, when Steve, suddenly become more curious, stepped forward.

"My name is Faraday," he said, removing his hat. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Faraday?" she repeated questioningly, and Steve flushed a little. She did not know him; mention of his name had failed to inform her that he owned the hotel.

"I'm the manager here," he explained.

"Oh."

"Yes," said Steve, and both waited. The girl, he saw, was more beautiful facing him than when seen in profile. She had lovely direct blue eyes and soft pink skin, paler for a moment as she confronted him.

"My name is King," she told him. "Lucile King."

"Oh," said Steve, wondering if he ought to know her.

"I've come," she said, "for a suitcase which I checked here last week, and I lost the check. I asked at the checkroom window for it and they said I would have to see the clerk. I have just seen him. Will you give it to me, please?"

The color, as she spoke, flooded again to her cheek and there was a little pulse in her throat, which Steve watched; it tapped too rapidly. Attempting for a moment to mask her emotion, she the more betrayed it.

The presence of the suitcase, Steve realized, must be connected with some highly personal and exciting event. She was not the sort at all who would do her own errands in a hotel by choice.

"How big is the suitcase?" Steve asked.

"About so big," she replied, separating her hands vaguely to indicate an ordinary size bag.

Steve could not imagine her carrying a suitcase of such dimensions or of any bulk at all, nor could he imagine her by choice applying at a check room for it. Distinctly she was of the caste who, when they move about, have everything done for them, their tickets bought, the baggage checked and carried.

"You are a guest here?" Steve asked.

"No."

"You were, however?"

"No. I checked the bag here merely as a convenience."

"When?"

She hesitated, and Steve, watching her, suspected that she started to give one answer and then suddenly recollecting something, gave another.

"Last Sunday," she replied.

"At what time?" Steve insisted.

"In the afternoon."

"You can describe it, I suppose," said Steve. "And if it is locked you have the key?"

Lucile King hesitated and looked into her hand bag. "I seem to have left the key at home," she said uneasily. "But of course I can describe the contents if I must. There are only my things in the bag. It is a black bag lettered with my initials L. H. K.—Lucile Helen King."

She moved toward the check room and Steve accompanied her, considering. His halt originally had been due, he knew, wholly to his interest in the girl. She was obviously a different person from those he was accustomed to meet, superior to them. He did not at all doubt her ownership of the bag, or at least her right to claim it if she was acting for another. The idea of serving her was pleasant to him, and suddenly telling her to wait, he stepped around to the back of the check room and went in, asking the attendant if he had a black bag, left there about a week ago and initialed L. H. K.

Almost immediately the boy found it and handed it to Steve, bearing on the handle a paper check printed on one side with the number 74385; under the number was stamped the date of the receipt—Saturday of the week before.

"Sunday, she said"—— Steve spoke to himself, and stopped. He did not connect the date of the check—or the fact that the girl, having checked the bag on Saturday, had said that she had checked it on Sunday—with the Higginbotham murder of that Saturday night. He knew that he did not want to connect it. It was exactly because he did not want to connect anything with the murder—anything which would give further publicity of that sort to his hotel—that he doubted himself. He put the bag back in the rack, placing it so that the initials were concealed, and set it beside and near several other black-leather suitcases of various sizes and shapes. He returned to the girl in the lobby.

"Will you come in and see if you can find it?" he said.

She started a little and followed him, and as he led her between the crowded rows of bags he was aware that, as she searched, she was bluffing; she did not know the bag, but only the initials and the color. Forced to choose, she pointed at a bag which, when taken down, showed other initials.

"Your bag," said Steve politely, "does not seem to be here. However, we may come across it and will let you know, if you'll leave your address and your telephone number."

"No," she said, "don't bother."

"No bother," Steve assured her. "You are in New York?"

"Yes." She gave him hastily a West Seventy-fifth Street address and an Endicott telephone number, and was gone.

From the check room Steve watched her slight, hurrying figure until it was lost in the lobby. He lifted then the black bag of L. H. K. from the rack and himself carried it into Sigert's office, where he called information to learn who had the Endicott telephone number. It was a family named Stiles and on Eighty-first Street. Calling it, he learned that no one there knew anyone named King. The girl had simply improvised a street address and phone number, as she had also, Steve felt sure, improvised her name to fit the initials on the bag. It was no girl's suitcase. Plainly it was a man's. It was locked, and Steve looked at it doubtfully.

"Ask the locksmith to step up," he said finally to Sigert, and while waiting briefly explained the incident.

The bag, when opened, displayed, as he had expected, not things belonging to a girl but to a man. They were such articles of clothing as a man would throw into a bag when going from one home to another of his own; the toilet articles were marked, like the bag, L. H. K. There was a Long Island Railroad time card on which the time of trains at Southampton was underscored. Steve, turning the things over, found no name, but in a pocket a small notebook with several pages of figures in pencil reading: "1.44; 1.43⅛; 1.42⅝; 1.41; 1.40⅝." There was nothing else.

Steve opened the New York Social Register and examined the K's for Southampton addresses. Kirtlester—Leroy Hillis Kirtlester—he found listed with the names of two brothers, with a city address and also a home on Long Island, near Southampton. Vaguely, from many respectful references in society columns and accounts of social doings, he knew the family for one of the oldest in New York.

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On the Track King Solomon Continued His Rush. Closer, Closer to the Flying Alvarez He Raced

THE POUND STERLING

By GARET GARRETT

The Shore of the Thames Near Hammersmith Bridge, Where a Group of Barges Formed an Excellent Grand Stand From Which to Watch England's Great Varsity Boat Race

IT IS true, of course, that every nation has a guardian angel. Great Britain's is the pound sterling.

On the calling off of the general strike last May, the London Daily Mail produced these typical British sentiments: "The revaluation of England which began on May 14, 1914, was completed on May 14, 1925, and on the latter date the pound sterling was worth $4.86^{18}/_{32}$ in New York. Yesterday an even more marvelous result was accomplished when the pound sterling actually rose above par. For twelve years, from the date when she met and defeated the onslaught of Germany, till last week, when she extirpated the internal cancer introduced by aliens, England has been in travail, and now she has come through! Henceforth none shall doubt her greatness. It has cost her a gigantic price, but it is a wonderful thing that, in view of all the thousands of millions we spent in the war, and in spite of the additional thousand millions which we are paying in dollars to the United States, on the day when the railway men signed the very conclusive terms of peace with the railway companies the pound sterling should have stood at what was within a mathematically insignificant fraction of its old value before the war, and that British credit should have recovered so completely and magnificently. . . . We have passed through the deep waters and have not failed. On this Sunday morning of peace and forgiveness there is no spirit which will not 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.'"

A Pound's Great Weight

GLORY to the pound. Glory to the spirit. The pound sterling first. Well with the pound, well with England. Anything to the contrary appearing or imagined is illusory, not what it sounds or looks. Those who do not know this know nothing about England. They have no idea what she can afford. For example, she can afford to call a strike an attempt at revolution and treat it as such; but if the pound sterling stands imperturbably at par, either it is not a revolution or an attempt at one, or, if it is, no matter.

She can afford an interminable conflict between capital and labor. It is apparently the bitterest and certainly the most expensive feud of that kind in the world. Its literature on one side is of Russian violence. It repeatedly embodies itself as two impersonal figures of force, rising suddenly from deep below the level of civilities—rising, too, as war rises, from a failure of human intelligence to accommodate itself in a peaceable manner to realities. These two figures stand glaring at each other. One is called capital, the other labor; one industrialism and the other communism. Each has the power to destroy the other. Each time they rise they are taller and more wickedly threatening, until at last they become figures of war in fact, with the military power of the state visibly mobilized on the side of industrialism, wherein it exists. Then nothing happens. The guns never go off, nobody is ever killed.

An Armed Food Convoy Passing Through the Streets of London During the General Strike

No Guns

YOU may suppose that what restrains them is the thought that neither can destroy the other without also destroying itself. But why shouldn't that thought act beforehand to prevent the spectacle and all the unnecessary expense of a show that never comes off? No. What does arrest them is the guardian angel. Before striking the first blow they take a last look around and see their common symbol—the pound sterling. It represents law, order, stability, security, the greatness of England. It exhorts them silently. Revolutions in England must be peaceable. Both figures see it. The sight shakes them. Their arms fall and they vanish guiltily back to the deep. The civilities are reinstated and the Prime Minister issues a statement thanking everybody.

Maybe sometime the guns will go off. Maybe sometime the world will end. This is now.

Fortunately they do not know themselves why the guns never go off. If they did, if they recognized the restraining symbol and became conscious of it, they might begin to be intellectual about it and so destroy it forever. Meanwhile it is instinct. How far they are from finding it out may be measured by what they say afterward.

"This conflict," says a revolutionary in the Labor Monthly—an English communist review—referring to the general strike, "has proved the first great mass struggle between the united working class and the ruling class since the days of Chartism, and the opening of a new revolutionary era in Britain."

In which opinion Lord Balfour, of the ruling class, concurred. Writing in the British Gazette, the paper printed by the government during the general strike, he said: "It is what I have called it—an attempted revolution. Were it to succeed, the community would thenceforth be

ruled, not by a Parliament, not by a Parliamentary Labor Party, not by the rank and file of the trades unions, not by the moderate members of the Trades Union Council, but by a relatively small body of extremists who regard trades unions not as the machinery for collective bargaining within our industrial system but a political instrument by which the industrial system itself may be utterly destroyed. Such a policy would in the long run be fatal to any country. On this country it would bring ruin—swift, complete and irresistible."

When the leaders of the strike went to tell Premier Baldwin they were ready to call it off, he exclaimed, "All I would say in answer to that is 'Thank God!'"

The unemotional London Economist said: "There has never been such a general strike in the history of any country. . . . As our American friends have been declaring, in wonder and admiration, there is no country except Great Britain which could have worked such a miracle of organization and self-control."

The miners' strike continuing after the general strike had been called off, the newspapers began to cry "Out with the reds!" and to denounce the miners for accepting Russian money. A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation, called Emperor Cook, boasted of having received more than $1,500,000 from Russia, and said to his followers, "You should thank God you have some reds in your movement."

Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead, on Ascot Sunday. Fine Weather Brought Out the Biggest Crowd Since the War

The Wail of the Prophets

"SHALL England perish?" asked Hall Caine, the novelist, running under that interrogation a series of articles in one of London's evening newspapers—alongside of sports.

"England," said Lord Inchcape in a letter to the Times—"England almost as much as France wants a Mussolini to put his foot down." Lord Inchcape is a man of big business, head of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, vice president of the Suez Canal, chairman and director of several banks. For this reason Wickham Steed, publicist, took him to task for saying such a thing; it was worse for him to say it than for Lord Rothermere to be hinting that a Mussolini might be very good for England.

These are all hysterical sounds. But look at the pound sterling! It is par. No other nation could afford to make such sounds. If your guardian angel is on the job, a little hysteria may be a way of letting off pressure.

Nor may Jeremiah touch it, not even if he should mean to, which is not the case. In his Outspoken Essays, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, on the Future of the English Race, says:

"We are witnessing the decline and fall of the social order which began with the industrial revolution of 100 years ago. The cancer of industrialism has begun to mortify and the end is in sight. . . . The workingman is sawing at the branch on which he is seated. He may benefit for a time a minority of his own class, but only by sealing the doom of the rest. . . . The industrial revolution has no doubt had some beneficial results. It has founded the British Empire, the most interesting and perhaps the most successful experiment in government on a large scale that the world has yet seen. . . . It has brought order and material civilization to many parts of the world which were barbarous. But these achievements have been counterbalanced by many evils, and in any case they have done their work. . . .

"As long as industrialism continues we shall be in a state of thinly disguised civil war. There can be no industrial peace while our urban population remains, because the large towns are the creation of the system which their inhabitants now want to destroy. They can and will destroy it, but only by destroying themselves. When the suicidal war is over we shall have a comparatively small population, living mainly in the country and cultivating the fruits of the earth. It will be more like the England of the eighteenth century than the England which we know."

A Quick Comeback

THIS thought of draping themselves in their historic past and making a farewell Attic gesture to material greatness is variously articulate among them. It stimulates their souls and does the pound no harm. Therefore they can afford it. The pound sterling is greater than ever before. And though industrialism should perish and London become, as Dean Inge and Havelock Ellis and others can imagine, the spiritual capital of the world, still there would be the Bank of England and the pound sterling. Spiritual or otherwise, no England otherwise.

Under the strain of the Napoleonic Wars the pound sterling was in discredit for twenty-four years. That is to say, the Bank of England for all that time was unable to redeem it in coin.

Under the strain of the World War it was in similar discredit for only eleven years, attempted internal revolutions notwithstanding; and the Bank of England again is redeeming it in gold coin. That is what it means for the pound sterling to be worth par. It is worth its face in fine gold.

The pound sterling is like an article of pure faith. If you believe one thing beyond the possibility of doubt, then you may disbelieve all other things, and go with disbelief to any length without losing your way, because there is always that one thing to bring you back.

The English hold themselves out to be inconsistent. You can hardly compliment an Englishman more to his face than to say, "Well, after all, your supreme contribution is to have discovered that existence is not a rational business. You never pretend that it is. Therefore you do not have to be consistent or logical."

In Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon you will find

(Continued on Page 206)

The First Brigade of Guards, Who Were Stationed in Victoria Park and in the Dock Area for Emergency Purposes, Leaving London After the General Strike

DISASTROUS JOY

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE regiment was paid at noon. About four o'clock came rumors of calamity in Battery F and the supply company, which were neighbors at the bottom of a slow little hill. It appears that Regimental Supply Sergeant Clifford Robinson was operating at top speed in the cantonment of Battery F. Voices fluttered in the alley between the two buildings with tones of nervous entreaty, and I stopped typing in the supply office to hear Robinson called names. He was being accused of everything from loaded dice to simple witchcraft. I perceived that his income for the month of July, 1917, was getting along brilliantly, and at five o'clock young Conkling roamed in to tell me the news.

"He must have about five hundred dollars just now," said this private, settling on the doorsill beside Hubert, the armadillo attached to the supply company.

"He won't have it long," I yawned; "he'll be down to nothing in a week."

"What's he do with it?"

"My child," I said grandly, "I wouldn't think of asking Robbie anything so personal. Shall we go to town for dinner?"

Conkling ought to have been in his father's villa at Watch Hill, enjoying himself after his second year at Harvard. He was a grave, humorless boy of very nice manners and no particular appearance. Perhaps that lack of any definite appearance made him safe in the ranks of a field artillery regiment whose canteen sold a dozen or so cakes of Conkling's Condensed Shaving Paste and Conkling's Casaba Soap every day. Nobody, save myself, knew that the bearded man stamped on the wrappings of the oblong soap was Conkling's grandfather, and I shouldn't have known that much if he hadn't blushed immensely at Fort Slocum one day when I cursed Conkling's Soap as I hunted a specimen of it in the shower bath along a wet floor. Private Conkling looked like most healthy lads of nineteen in his neat uniform, and until he opened his mouth might have been anybody's son.

"I wish there were some place in San Antonio where one could dine out of the crowd."

"Don't be so undemocratic," I said.

"Yes, but it does get tiresome," the private soldier sighed. "I'd like to have dinner somewhere where there wasn't a perfect mob. I'll go phone for a car."

He left the doorsill to Hubert and trotted off up the regimental street toward the canteen, dodging past two ruined youths who tried to stop him, saying conjointly, "Hey, fella, got any money?" They then marched on me and repeated themselves—uselessly—and then went roaming distractedly off in search of a banker. It was plain that Robinson, or someone, was very active inside the brown wooden building where Battery F slept by night. But the action halted just as I was gathering up energy enough to limp twenty yards and find out the worst. Men spattered from the door of Battery F's home, giggling, and the high, sharp voice of the lieutenant who thought he commanded the battery was heard. Presently little Robinson came lightly strolling, looking, as usual, meek and proper, and listlessly drooped into a chair at his desk.

"The army," he drawled, "ain't what it was. The idea of a *teniente* snoopin' in that way on pay day! This war's disorganized the service." He hung a cigarette in one corner of his mouth, yawned, and began to count bills and coin, murmuring rapidly. There were two wrist watches on his left arm, three on his right arm, and shapes of cigarette cases bulged out the faded stuff of his shirt at the waistline. It had certainly been pay day.

"Bank it," I suggested.

"Whatever for, kid? I'd only have to go an' draw it again. Your ideas are poor when they ain't silly. If that shavetail shark hadn't of come in right then I'd be worse off. Schultze was murderin' me somethin' frantic. Four hundred an' five. Gimme two tens for all this ore?"

I groaned and gave him two ten-dollar bills from my cigarette case in exchange for twenty silver dollars, asking, "Is there any place, very quiet, where I could take young Conkling to dine in town?"

"That kid," Robinson brooded, "is too innocent for the service. He'd ought to get married, or somethin' tough like that. His eyes is empty."

"Are empty," I murmured.

"Go fan yourself with an ax," Robinson said, unvexed. "Yeh, empty. I'll take you to supper at Freddie's. Got a car comin'?"

Robinson's offer made me flinch. His philosophy was that of a stoic hedonist. He did whatever he wanted to, and whatever happened then was whatever happened, and it didn't matter, so long as he got a shower bath every day and his clothes were clean. I watched him twist his wiry person into fresh trousers and nervously inquired, "What's Freddie's, Robbie?"

The Fine Young Man Sat on His Cot and Tried to Recollect What Conkling Might Happen to Look Like

"Freddie Hooper's. Used to be a Q. M. C. sergeant, but he married a colonel's widda an' had to leave the service naturally. Owns a cigar store. We'll eat at his house. Gives you dinner an' three drinks for two dollars. It's good chow an' the company," Robinson sarcastically mentioned, "is s'lect on account of Freddie's girl, who is easy to look at an' likely to get married—if some guy don't shoot her first. An' that's right likely, too, 'cause she looks like her old man. Her mother's long gone. Never met the lady. Before my time."

I deduced that the reckless colonel's widow was dead more than thirteen years, for Robinson had enlisted on his fourteenth birthday from the middle of a highly agricultural county in Ohio. But I was somewhat relieved. Conkling would not be introduced into a society less cultivated, anyhow, than that of his battery, and Robinson was rather a judge of good food. We would probably dine well at ex-Sergeant Hooper's.

"I'd be int'rested," Robinson pondered, rolling a cigarette, "to know what this Conkling'll be like when he's forty. He's such a dumb kind of cow now."

"He's all right, Robbie."

"But dumb," said the supply sergeant firmly, and presently evinced his lack of all interest in Conkling's present state by going to sleep in a corner of the big machine that carried us swiftly out of Leon Springs military reservation, while a sunset of unusual violence changed the many uniforms in the streaming motors to a funny lavender that dulled and dulled as the machines loaded with enlisted men went thundering on the uneven road downhill toward San Antonio. Then the sky managed to make itself beryl, and then the silver and purple night of Texas swathed the procession. Lamps flared in the dust and Robinson mechanically woke to say "Here we are" as our car jolted wonderfully around a curve into the city.

"You can sleep anywhere," Conkling politely mentioned.

"It's a talent I've worked on," Robinson assured him, "for years. Try it. It keeps you from wastin' time. Run us up to Freddie Hooper's, Herman."

"Hooper," the driver said, "had ought to keep Joy from drivin' boys out to camp at night. It don't look right for a girl."

"Think not?" Robinson asked.

"No, sir! A girl," the civilian insisted, "is a girl, even in pants."

"Come to think of it," said Robinson, "you're probably right. Yeh, a girl is a girl."

Freddie Hooper's house would have been just as much in place on a side street of Albany or Providence; but its garden, when a Mexican in soiled duck had guided us down a hallway smelling oddly like a bar, was truly that of a retired sergeant who chose to be hospitable to the military set. I say nothing about Mr. Hooper, but the canvas flaps which swung among slim trees and the brass lanterns that tremulously lighted solid plates on the tables scattered down moist grass, all suggested furnishings supplied by the Quartermaster Corps. However, I don't suggest that they were come by in any suspicious manner. I merely state that they were appropriate to the scene and to the society, as was Hooper, in a darned military undershirt and limp breeches, administering cocktails from a tin pitcher.

Hooper, in fact, was an astonishing person. His legend asserts that the colonel's widow saw him bringing a wreath on behalf of the enlisted men of Fort Myer to her husband's funeral in 1896 and proposed to him out of hand, but there may have been some delay in the wooing. Anyhow the couple floated back to San Antonio, and after a while Mrs. Hooper died, in this house, and so ended her indiscretion. Hooper, Robinson told me, was rather relieved, as matrimony had been something of an interference with his natural pursuits.

"He's a money-lendin' fool," Robinson said, watching the tall man take somebody's note, three tables from us; "but he always gets it back. He's kind of perseverin'. And he's a civilian, so he can lend to officers. . . . Hey, Freddie!"

"How you, Robbie?" Hooper loomed over us, benign and smiling, with the tin pitcher on one palm. His arms were covered with a lacework of tattooing and he showed the top of a quartermaster's badge done in red and blue where his shirt fell from his upper chest. "Eatin' with me or just havin' a drink? Eatin'? That's fine! Joy oughta be in any minute. She's drivin' her car for a jitney now. . . . Gimme here three glasses, you son of a snake! . . . Say, is Beauty Schultze divorced off that Swede girl he was married to down at Eagle Pass!"

"Yeh," said Robinson, after thought; "he got boiled las' week celebratin' it. Yeh, he's divorced. I dunno why these heart smashers always tackle matrimony. He ain't any call to be married, Freddie."

Hooper frowned and gave his pitcher to the Mexican boy when he'd filled our glasses. He was still a remarkably handsome fellow, with smooth graying eyebrows and an amiable mouth.

"Joy seems to be kind of lookin' him over."

Robinson grinned. "Well, he'd do for a first husband, Freddie. He ain't nothin' to be took so damn serious. He's a nice fella, but he drinks a lot, an' any dame looks at him twicet is the one he loves. His father was a bugler in some cavalry outfit. It's how he come to be so friv'lous. H'redity."

"I ain't sure I want Joy marryin' an enlisted man, Robbie. She'll have her mamma's money when she's twenty-one and it had ought to be took care of. No use lettin' twenty thousan' dollars go in blackjack an' booze."

"It needn't do that, Freddie," Robinson said, unoffended. "I've knew enlisted men to save money. Yeh; but Beauty Schultze ain't any economist. Thought Joy was runnin' round with Nate Edge? His father left him a plenty, didn't he?"

"Yes; but Nate's went in the Navy. They let him come home to wind up Edge's business, but he'll have to go back to Washington d'rectly. Found out he's deaf in one ear and ordered him into some kinda photographical bureau at the Navy Department. I'd rather him than Beauty Schultze. Only Joy'll do what she wants."

"She generally does," said Robinson, and sipped his cocktail.

Immediately a slender boy in gray riding clothes yelled shrilly from the back porch, "Hey, old-timer! Some cheese wants you on the phone! Come on! He's in a hurry!"

"Quit bawlin' thatway," Hooper said, rolling his bull's eyes.

"Oh, go an' see what the snake wants," the dark lad snorted, coming down the steps and turning into a girl as she came. "I want to use the phone. It's some yap lieutenant after a loan, pop. Go an' talk to him."

"Ain't she a lady?" Hooper chuckled.

"I'm dusty clean in to my skin," Joy Hooper told the whole world, digging a thumb inside her collar. "The road out to the Springs is nothin' but dust. Hello, Robbie! How's your regiment?"

"We get along, Joy," said Robinson. "The recruits have quit cryin' at night and have took up blackjack. Shows we'll be soldiers yet."

Miss Hooper slapped dust from her smart gray coat and washed back her cropped hair with both brown hands. She was nearly nineteen and looked a little less. The coat hardly approached her knees and her dull boots, but she had an air of being immensely bored with so much costume, and viciously hitched the coat higher before she flopped into the fourth chair at our table and began to roll a cigarette. A young soldier, from down the garden, came with a match, and a heavy sergeant of cavalry arrived to talk about something just before three infantrymen closed in, bearing napkins, and a red-headed corporal of field artillery spoke earnestly of a dance somewhere that night.

"I'm too busy, Kelly," the girl said, getting rid of the cigarette after one short puff by passing it to a swain. "Got to drive some guys back to the Springs at ten. Thanks just as much. Fetch me some supper, Tony. I'm starved."

She gave me a considering glance and looked for a longer moment at Conkling, whose mouth was a little open. Her eyes had an oily denseness in which floated ghosts of jewels, and the effect of that stare on Conkling was to wash his mind into a perfumed gulf where birds sang from diamond rocks and unearthly blossoms dropped ceaselessly out of a passionate sunset. He was nineteen.

"I hear Nate Edge is home outa the Navy, Joy," said Robinson.

"Uh-huh. He looks swell in his sailor stuff," Miss Hooper declared, "'cause he ain't got any stummick."

Conkling became a rich, damp scarlet effigy of alarm.

"How'd they find out he's got a silent ear, sister?"

"Some blue-eyed ensign came an' talked to him on that side, Robbie. Serves him right for goin' in the Navy, though. . . . Hey, what's Washington like? You was on duty at Fort Myer once, wasn't you?"

Robinson discussed the topography of Washington and the city's amusements while we ate melon and cold soup. Even Conkling ate. He did so rather to cover his dreadful state of mind than because he wanted to eat. He was unbelievably alarmed, and the girl's hoarse soprano voice shook him on his chair when she slung some question at Robinson. This voice was not fully Texan.

Once, after Joy had upset the rhythmic social life of Fort Sam Houston by throwing a ball into the middle of the general commanding that post, her father desperately sent her to some cousin of his dead wife in St. Paul for improvement; but the cousin returned Joy, after four tumultuous years, and the girl continued her disastrous career in the enlisted society of San Antonio, playing baseball with sons of sergeants on duty in the red and-gray stretch of the great fort and trying out her eyes on giddy lieutenants when they dropped in, before 1917, for a cocktail with her father, and some financial embellishments.

I don't quite know what Private Erasmus Caleb Conkling thought of this apparition under the tenderness of the thin light. He was wallowing in his scented ocean, of course; but his social sense must have sounded jangling chords of protest now and then, and he blushed three times at least over his beefsteak and fried potatoes. I counted these suffusions with an interest. For, ever so suddenly, the boy's eyes had lost their emptiness. They glowed, and changed from glows to a queer fire when Sergeant Schultze, of C Battery in our regiment, let a freckled hand fall on Joy's shoulder and thickly told her, "I been lookin' for you."

"You see me, Beauty," Joy said.

She spoke without aversion, staring up at Beauty Schultze with her cropped head thrown back. It seemed that dim smoke passed among the short curls which drooped a little on her brown temples. The drunken sergeant looked down with his blue eyes flickering, and he smiled in a perplexity.

"I been—lookin' for you all over town. Y-you ain't treatin' me right."

"Who've you been fightin', Beauty?" Robinson asked, gently sliding his mild voice a tone higher than its usual listless run. "Tore your shirt."

Schultze glanced at the white enamel of one shoulder appearing through his ripped olive shirt and shrugged the cloth back into place, saying, "I dunno. He was a civilian. . . . Joy, I'm goin' to marry you on Saturday."

The girl dropped her head farther back so that her throat showed as a bending round of tawny color in the vague light. She said, "Are you so, Beauty? Maybe Nate Edge mightn't like that neither."

"Him? What's he got to say about it? He's home, is he?"

"Yeh," Joy yawned; "Nate's home. They found out he's got a deaf ear and they gave him a job in Washington. He'll be home until Saturday."

Schultze lifted his hand from her shoulder and then let it fall again. He had been fighting somebody and a rim of darkened dry blood showed on the edge of his upper lip.

"You goin' to marry me, Joy?"

"Haven't made my mind up."

"Yeh," said Schultze, suddenly loud, "you gonna marry me, girl!"

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"I Been—Lookin' for You All Over Town. Y-You Ain't Treatin' Me Right"

That Kind of Women

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"What on Earth are You Doing, Nelly?" Said Her Husband Sharply. "What's This Stuff?" She Made a Movement as if to Clear it Away, But He Stopped Her. "What are You Up To?"

BLANDING did not like that kind of women. Deliberately, he made it hard for them, silently listening to their request with a negation of cordiality which just missed rudeness. Since she was Fred English's wife, he did not care actually to affront the handsome girl in dark blue with perfectly matched and thoroughly exposed tan slippers and stockings. But because she was good-looking, he found her presence in his office still more to be disapproved than that of the older woman. English was a fool, he thought to himself, to let his wife run around like this. Why didn't he keep her home where she belonged?

"Why do you ladies come to me?" he asked abruptly, as they concluded their advocacy of the measure which was even at the minute under hot debate in the Senate Chamber at Washington. "Why to me?"

He knew quite well, of course, but he proposed to fuddle them with the question; and Corinne English's frank answer irritated him.

"Because you have influence with Senator Berkeley," she said, "and we want you to use it."

Blanding leaned forward. He was a man of strong opinions, likes and dislikes, and one had only to press on any of them to arouse his choler. He disliked that remark. It showed in the mounting color of his face, which deepened so as it spread downward from his temples that his features blurred a little.

"Mrs. English," he said, "I don't know what you mean by 'influence.' Senator Berkeley is my friend. We hunt together. We enjoy each other's company. He shares many of my views and I many of his. My other relation to him is as a voter in his constituency, exactly the same as your own. In neither capacity am I likely to try to sway his vote on the matter now before the Senate of the United States. And may I remind you ladies that, from what I know of Senator Berkeley, I consider it likely that he has given this measure much graver study than have many of its somewhat excited supporters."

He ended on a rounded period, but neither woman seemed much impressed. They did not flutter or bridle under rebuke the way Nell, his wife, did when he used that tone of authority on her.

"We're sorry you feel that way, Mr. Blanding," said the older woman; "of course we don't want to press it against such a conviction."

Corinne English did not answer at all. She stood up and lifted her purse of multicolored leather from the edge of Mr. Blanding's conference table. Her eyes did not sweep over him. They gently dusted him, and he was simultaneously aware of the fact that he must not forget to get that haircut today, and that she was entirely skeptical of what he had said so vehemently. Her faint gesture of the head in farewell seemed to remind him that he was sitting down, and he rose reluctantly, as if that, too, was a concession he did not care to make.

In the corridor, the two women looked at each other and laughed. "A gentleman of the old school!" remarked Corinne, ringing for the elevator.

"Evolution will take care of him," said Mrs. Vancil grimly.

"But it's hard not to be here to see it," mourned Corinne. "If I could just take care of him myself, it wouldn't be a life ill spent."

The elevator which took them down returned to the same floor with another lady caller for Mr. Blanding. She was a lady dressed with determined fashionableness from her slippers of pale tan kid to her red hat, which clutched her head tightly and did everything in its power to thwart her complexion. She entered Mr. Blanding's office with girlish assertiveness, and being told that he was disengaged, went into the inner room without being announced. Mr. Blanding, who was silently composing an excellent speech to his late callers, in which he was mentally saying the things he had forgotten to say, stopped abruptly at sight of her.

"Hello, Teddy," said the lady, for she still called him Teddy after eighteen years of married life, just as she preserved the deliberate ingenuousness and tendency to tears of the honeymoon, and the gestures which had been better adapted to seventy or eighty pounds less flesh. "I suppose you weren't expecting me."

"No. But I can guess what you're after."

She was faintly nervous. Even eighteen years of steady custom had not made her sure of herself when asking for money. But she did it. "I do need some money, Teddy."

"You always do," he said; "we spend too much money. We've got to cut down, that's all. I gave you money last week and I'm getting bills from every place in town all the time."

She became plaintive. "Things cost so much. It's not my fault that the price of everything is twice what it ought to be. You try to get a hat or a decent pair of shoes and it's simply awful what you have to pay."

He was uncertainly aware, as he sat looking at her, that she had a new hat on. Nell always dressed well. He knew that, because she told him so and because he paid all the bills from his office, and secretly it pleased him. But the hat puzzled him. What was there about it that made him wish it wasn't quite so red?

"What do you want money now for?"

"Oh, there are a lot of little things. And tomorrow is my bridge-club day."

"Playing cards for money?" he asked with a grin, mindful of Nell's hesitant bridge.

"Oh, Teddy," she pouted, "just for a tenth of a cent. All the girls do."

It was all more or less formula. Nell's cash expenditures were always vague. No matter how much he gave her, Blanding never saw any difference in the amount of her charge accounts. He accepted the fact. That was the way women were. So, with another grave, admonitory look, suggesting the necessary economy which he had been suggesting for eighteen years, he took out his bill fold and gave her twenty-five dollars.

"There you are," he said, "and don't let them rook you."

She opened the purse and put the money away, immediately becoming more at her ease.

"Like my new hat, Teddy?"

"It's all right."

"You're not even looking at it!"

"I saw it when you came in."

"You always liked me in red."

"Sure," said Blanding, "it's a fine hat, Nelly. Run along now, old girl. I'm busy."

She went, but not running, for a hundred and seventy-five pounds of tightly compressed flesh makes but little speed.

"Don't work too hard, dear. Bye-bye."

Where she was going he did not know. She had a car and a driver, for Blanding did not want her to drive herself, and he knew vaguely that she spent many hours shopping, at bridge, at luncheons, at motion pictures. But her day's life was as remote from him as his own was from her. They met often in the morning and nearly always at dinner. Blanding carried heavy insurance for Nell. He felt a man owed that to his wife. But he had tied up his estate so that it would come to her in the form of generous income, not capital. Women, as he often said, could not be trusted to handle money. He knew how those frequent twenty-dollar bills melted away in Nell's purse.

The elevator kept on bringing up visitors for Mr. Blanding. He was an important man and he dealt with many things importantly. Nominally, his only business was the law, but many things besides law were discussed

She Wore a Silver Cloak Which Slipped a Little Carelessly From One Firm White Shoulder

over that mahogany table in Blanding's room—city politics, the new street-car franchise, the presidency of the State Bar Association. He was about to call it a day and go home when Hawkins came in.

"Why, hello, Fred!" exclaimed Blanding, and became a different man with that sudden, warm burst of cordiality. "I thought you were still in Washington."

"Just back."

Hawkins seated himself, affably lighted the cigar that Blanding offered and let time drift past him. He, too, was important, being a national committeeman, but without assertion, having learned that the sum of most political knowledge is to let somebody else make the first move.

"How's Washington?"

"So-so," said Mr. Hawkins, without enthusiasm. "Doesn't seem to have lost any of its windjammers. Everybody's stalling this time of year until they see what happens in the fall elections."

"I suppose you saw Berkeley. How's he feeling?"

"He's nervous—nervous as a cat."

"What's he got to be nervous about? He hasn't much of a fight on his hands; not the way it looks to me."

Hawkins blew out a circular column of smoke which may have included a sigh.

"I don't know," he said. "Things are pretty well mixed up. There's no telling where anybody's going to come out with all these fake issues."

Blanding ventured prophecy. "Berkeley will win in a walk," he said. "Shevlin hasn't a chance."

"Shevlin's got a pretty nice little following. He's made some grand-stand speeches that are taking hold with the women, I hear, and he's dry as a bone. Can't get past that, Blanding. I'm not blaming Berkeley for being nervous."

"He's the party candidate."

"I know that too. But this fall a whole lot of proper party candidates are going to find it rough going. What Berkeley will have to do is to get out here and size up the situation and get his friends busy. His women friends, too, if he's got any."

"I don't take any stock in that woman stuff," said Blanding. "Women are going to vote right along with the men—if they vote at all," he added, mindful of Nell's rather complete neglect of her power of suffrage.

"Some of them are pretty active," demurred Hawkins.

Blanding analyzed that. "They like to show themselves, that's all. It doesn't mean much. I had a couple of dames in here this afternoon, explaining the world to me and asking me to explain it to Berkeley." He grinned. "I told them exactly where to get off."

"They can be an awful nuisance," Hawkins agreed. "I tell you who I'd like to get stirred up for Berkeley, Ted, and that's young Fred English's wife. She was a Cartwright, you know, and that means she's got politics right in her blood. The Cartwright name still goes pretty big upstate on account of the old governor's memory, and they say this girl is smart as all outdoors. Do you know her?"

For some reason Blanding did not mention the identity of his lady visitors. "Just met her," he said; "don't like her, myself. I don't like that kind of women."

"You'll have to sink some of your prejudices in regard to the ladies," Hawkins told him amusedly. "Well, I'll be going along. Just dropped in to say hello. How's Mrs. Blanding?"

Blanding, who was well aware by this time that Hawkins had dropped in to tell him that Senator Berkeley had a big fight on his hands if he meant to keep his seat in the Senate, assured him that Mrs. Blanding was quite well.

Blanding walked home. Three miles of cement sidewalk separated his office and his house, but it was his single form of exercise in town and he took it religiously. The square house of tan brick which housed him and Nell stood in the midst of its pleasant grounds, with their adequate planting of shrubs. It represented a very satisfactory investment.

Nell had just come in. She was still wearing the red hat and looking at it in the long hall mirror. "Hello, Teddy," she greeted him. "Do you really like this hat?" He grunted assent.

She tilted it a little as if to see if she could accent something else than the heavy sway of her powdered cheeks beneath it, took it off and sighed.

"I've been wondering about it all day," she said. "I paid an awful lot for it, but the buyer herself told me it was exactly right."

They had the usual dinner. It was always silent, the well-trained maid serving the simple heavy food that Mr. Blanding liked and insisted on. Nell talked, to be sure, but the thin trickle of her talk simply set off the silence which was based on lack of communication between them. He had so long ceased to care what she said that she only kept on talking to relieve her mind of its little incidents, worries and satisfactions.

"I was at Mrs. Hazen's for tea," she said. "Very nice. She had everything just lovely. I don't know how she manages to do so much, with her four children and all. But everything was just lovely. I supposed she borrowed things. She has that rich sister who lives out on the Circle Road. Her sister came in too. She had an awfully pretty woman with her, a young woman who is a cousin of that Mrs. Fred English everyone talks about."

"What do they talk about her for?" asked Blanding gruffly and suddenly. "Doesn't she behave herself?"

"Silly!" said Nell. "Of course, I suppose, she does. That wasn't what I meant. Only, she's young and good-looking, and with that money—the Englishes have a lot, haven't they?"

"Not so much as they had."

"Well, you know, they've got such position. They go everywhere. This cousin of hers was that sort. I get so tired of the girls I know sometimes. I wish we knew more really smart people, Teddy. Seems as if we ought to, living here so long, and with your connections what they are."

"We know plenty," he remarked with finality.

She sighed again and he looked at her a little uneasily. A fattish woman, with hair many times dyed, she yet suggested in this mood the desolate young married woman who had found out fifteen years ago that she would never have any children. In the depths of his mind Blanding still had an indestructible picture of that desolation, and something in her pose now suggested the way she used to lean on her elbow and look off into space as if she were wondering about things. He had not believed in adopting children and so they had never adopted any. But he had bought her the tan brick house and he was very glad when Nell began to take up with the girls—that group of married women who for one reason or another had life heavy on their hands—and play bridge inaccurately and shop. Movies had come along just then, too, and they had in the course of years blotted up a good deal of Nell's time.

"I wish," said Nell now, "that I'd gone into some of these clubs and politics and things."

"Want to be a suffragette now, do you?" he asked jocosely. "That's a new one"

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"Isn't That a Marvelous Dress Mrs. English Has On?" Sighed Nelly. "Isn't She the Most Beautiful Creature Anyway? Who's She Talking To, Teddy?"

GRACEFUL SPANS

SOME OF THE PERILS AND PROBLEMS OF BUILDING A BRIDGE

By Howard C. Baird in Collaboration With Fitzhugh Green

"DO YOU kill many men?" Sooner or later every construction engineer is asked that question. It comes in various forms. But it is nearly always asked at the moment the questioner stands in the presence of a skyscraper, big ship or bridge that is being built.

In a sense, it is a morbid question. It connotes tragedy. It savors of the abnormal, the neurotic mind. It seems to suggest a taste for blood, as if the questioner might thoroughly enjoy a bullfight or a gladiatorial contest.

"Do you kill many men, Mr. Baird?"

I confess I felt a slight tremor of repulsion pass over me the first time I heard that question. The young lady who made the query was so sweet faced and eager in the charming vitality of her youth. She stood there gazing up into the sky, her blue eyes riveted on the towering eminence of concrete and steel from which we were spinning mile after mile of fine wire to a distant high shaft on the opposite shore of the river. Black pygmies—the workmen—were barely visible to the naked eye as they crawled back and forth hundreds of feet above the water level.

"Why do you ask a thing like that?" I countered.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Delaware River Bridge

Peril the Price of Progress

SHE shuddered slightly. One hand sought her lips in a gesture of indecision. "Oh, I—I —" She faltered.

"The height of it frightens you?"

"Perhaps ——"

But she shook her head. She seemed reaching out into the darkness of memory for the shadow of some meaning that eluded her. I came to her rescue by giving her a bit of philosophy one of the older generation of bridge builders had once expressed to me when I was still teasing a T square along a drawing board's edge:

"Peril is the price of all progress," he said. "Bertholot more than once was seared and lacerated by unexpected detonation of some new explosive compound he had concocted within the shelter of his private laboratory. Evolution of the X ray, which has meant so much to the human race, has cost scores of lives. The first continental railway is said to have taken nearly 800 lives as its toll of death. Bridge building is no exception. Each new bridge is a step forward in the history of America. Men die that our bridges shall be the best that can be built."

The Duluth-Superior Bridge

Pioneering has always been dangerous. No doubt centuries of realizing this fact have bred in all of us a mild anxiety psychosis, which comes to the surface when we stand awe-struck in the presence of some engineering feat so huge as to be classed as a pseudo exploration of the sky.

Air Hazards

WHENCE the curious question we engineers must answer: "Do you kill many men?"

As a matter of fact, one of the most encouraging signs of progress in modern engineering work is that the loss of life in the building of great structures is steadily growing less. This is especially true in the United States, despite the fact that an estimated total of nearly 68 per cent of the important new construction of the world is going on right here in our own country. Indeed, so slight is the percentage of accidents these days that the public has come to underestimate the dangers faced by the average worker on bridges or high buildings. Not until some hair-raising tragedy gets into the papers does the full picture of routine courage high in air get home.

Nothing is more nerve racking to the layman than to watch a skilled ironworker or bridgeman guide great steel beams into place at some dizzy height above the ground. In the case of the towers or trusses of a bridge, there is usually no support or rail for hand to rest upon. It is a case where complete indifference to altitude is indispensable.

"Those fellows must have been born in trees," was the way one observer put it after nervously watching this sort of work for a bad half hour.

Such spirit isn't bravado. Any psychologist will tell you that the bluffer must pour a major portion of his will power into his bluff in order to make it work. The ironworker 300 feet in the air can't afford to waste one drop of will power or concentration if he is going to chaperon a ten-ton girder home while his feet balance him on the flange of an I beam only six or eight inches wide.

There was a carpenter on the falsework of one of our bridges who used to sing while he worked at a dizzy height. One day a colleague of mine suggested that the fellow was no doubt a little nervous standing on a stringpiece away up there on the

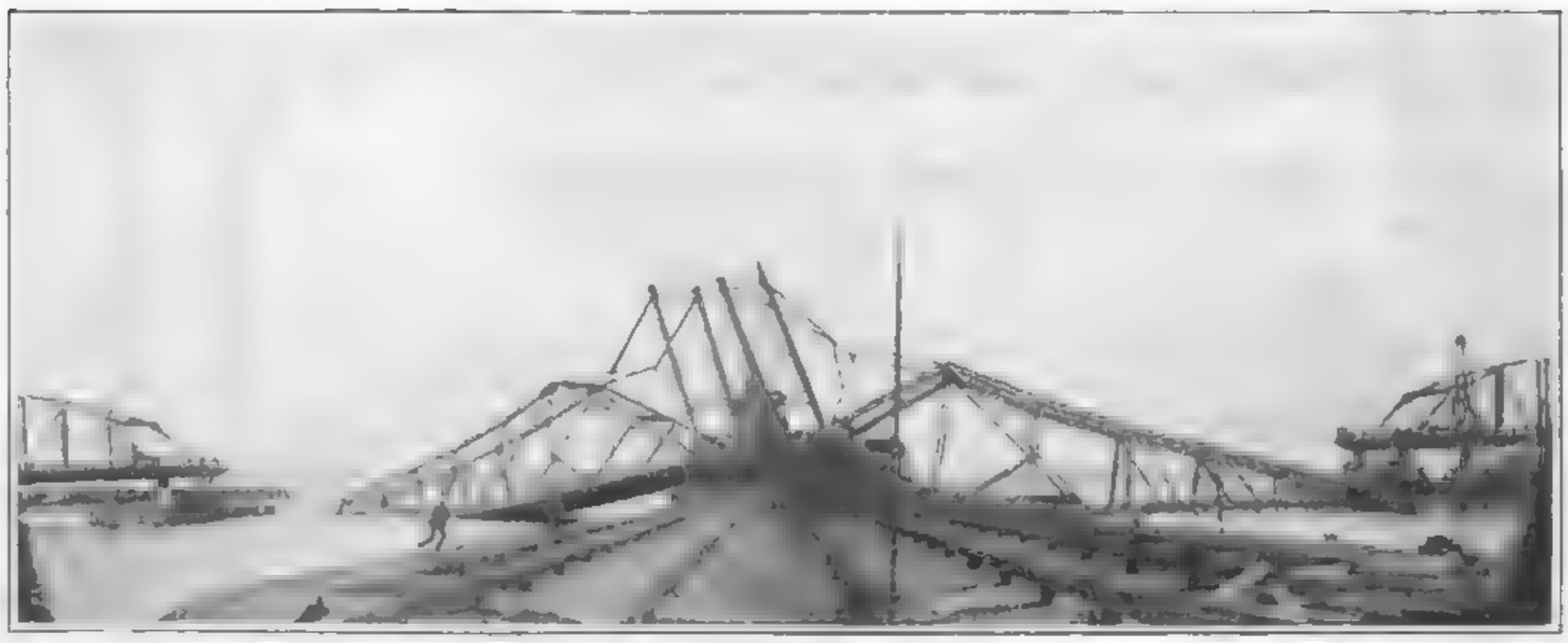
side of the falsework. The idea stuck in my mind. In time I began to pity the poor devil who had to sing to keep his nerve up.

Some weeks later a helper dashed into our makeshift office at one shore end of the structure. His face was gray as a dead man's. "It's Jim!" he panted, referring to the singing carpenter. "He's fallen off the bridge!"

Instantly I knew the man was killed. Right under where he had been working was a lot of wooden braces and framework partly submerged. There wasn't a chance in a hundred that he could have missed striking one of the heavy beams.

I ran out. Near the rail of the unfinished bridge I saw a knot of workers leaning over. They were hoisting something out of the water. It must be the body. Hurrying toward them, I arrived just in time to see the dripping carpenter helped over on deck. He had missed the falsework by a miracle and didn't have a scratch to show for his fall. Half an hour later he was aloft again and wielding his adz as if nothing had happened. I concluded that he sang for pleasure and not to keep up his nerve.

Not all men are so cool in the face of danger. Panic, even among one or two workers, can sometimes lead to the most terrible tragedies. For that reason the American engineer goes out of his way to indoctrinate his men with a spirit of confidence and understanding toward the work in which they are engaged. It may be added in passing that training of this sort again and again opened the eyes of our military leaders during the last war to the superb qualities of the Yankee doughboy whose sole weapon prior to 1917 had probably been a two-foot wrench or a pneumatic rivet gun.



A Swing Span Wrecked by a Steamer

The Sand Hog's Den

I RECALL one ghastly accident in the past that could scarcely occur nowadays. It was before the time of our modern educational methods that prepare a laborer for being fully exposed to the dangers of his occupation.

It was a caisson job on the foundation of a bridge tower. This work is, of course, the beginning of the structure, just as the foundation begins a house. For a location where the water and mud are very deep, a large box, or caisson, is sunk through to bedrock or firm gravel. Such a box is like an inverted tumbler. Its bottom is open so that the men inside can dig away at the mud or gravel or lay the concrete foundation. In its upper part, or ceiling, is a double door with a small chamber between. The interior of the entire caisson is kept under heavy air pressure to balance the head of mud and water trying to force its way in around the bottom. Entrance or egress through the small double-doored chamber makes it possible to keep air pressure up.

Much has been written about sand hogs, as caisson workers are called. Certainly they deserve all praise that comes their way. For theirs is a dark, wet, dangerous job. Labor under heavy air pressure brings about torturing cramps known to the profession as bends; dampness induces chronic rheumatism; and there is the constant danger that the caisson may tilt, owing to uneven composition of the soil, causing a blow-out. In such cases the air pressure is not strong enough to hold back the water where the edge of the caisson is lifted. But there is still another and more sinister peril constantly lurking in all caisson work. That is the chance that some man may lose his head and bring about the instant death of his fellow workers.

When Workmen Lose Their Heads

THE tragedy I have in mind came about from this cause. Possibly the caisson may have tilted a little, causing a small blow-out. Maybe there was a broken air hose. We never knew the exact reason for the panic. But when it came two men completely lost their heads. Dropping their shovels, they sprang madly for the air lock at the top of the chamber. They flung open the door. Not waiting to close it, in their frenzy they wrenched the second door open before any of their horrified companions could stop them. Then it was too late. In one awful exhalation, the inclosed air escaped. Pressure was relieved. Mud and water rushed in upon the doomed men below. All perished, victims of the temporary insanity that had assailed the two survivors. Had these kept their heads, all would have been saved.

In sharp contrast is the behavior of the usual bridge superintendent or foreman. It is an inspiration to see these men calmly eye everything that is going on. They are imperturbable until peril looms either from a misunderstanding of signals or the too eager desire of some men to do things in the shortest and most dangerous way. Then a burst of expletives suddenly arrests the wrongdoers.

Safety of men and material is not always within the engineer's power to secure.

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The Congress Street Bridge Over the Hudson River at Troy, New York. Above—An Accident to a Traveler During the Erection of a Cantilever Bridge

IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

The Adventure of a River Gambler

A Miscellaneous Throng Welcomed the Steamboat—Merchants, Planters, Ladies, Woods Folk, All Kinds of People

GLORIOUSLY did the White Cloud justify her name. A thing of ethereal beauty, she floated into her landing place at Memphis as lightly and as whitely as a mist bank is wafted on airy currents.

From his lounging chair upon her guards the gambler viewed a miscellaneous throng that welcomed the steamboat—merchants, planters, ladies, woods folk, all kinds of people. It was part of Crow's trade to learn who they were. Any sucker with money might become his contributor. He noted a family of mountaineers, waiting for the packet, camped on their skimpy stack of household goods; a grizzled father, a slattern mother munching her snuff stick, a swarm of straw-headed children.

"Emigrants. Population, but no profit."

Apart from them stood another fellow of the same class, wearing a coonskin cap and moccasins. Crow's glance also passed him over as a figure of no concern. But even Crow's prophetic vision could not foresee everything.

No passenger on the White Cloud suspected Crow for the most dangerous gambler who worked the lower river. During this particular trip he posed as Major Parke, a breeder of blooded racers from the blue-grass region of Kentucky. The part of a well-to-do horseman suited his free-hearted lavishness and harmonized with a most fastidious taste in dress. He could wear a steel-blue coat with silver buttons, his flowered vest cut low enough to reveal three magnificent diamonds that sparkled on a frilly shirt. So darkly handsome he was that no woman thought him overdressed; none grudged him the tribute of a second glance or failed to ask his name. And every male antagonist at the poker table confessed that Major Parke was a gentleman of courtesy as well as nerve.

Crow possessed a peculiar faculty, as if he were a magnet with the power of isolating a single object and attracting that, seemingly without effort. This characteristic could be proved by analyzing his greatest coups. In practically every instance the victim had pursued him, had insisted upon play and set the rules.

At the present moment his moth chanced to be a rich manufacturer of soap from Cincinnati, who stuck persistently at the gambler's side.

"Look, major!" observed the pudgy Mr. Spangler, pointing his fat finger at Jud Brill. "That mule drover goes ashore at every landing and talks to everybody. Friendly as a Newfoundland pup."

The joke of having his own capper pointed out to him tickled Crow. He, too, had been watching the indefatigable Jud, who strolled about, searching for suckers with cash for his chief to annex. Crow's capper, wise in financial earmarks, scarcely glanced at the mountaineer family or at the moccasined hunter.

They would travel as deck passengers—not worth fooling with. But Jud saw and sized up every voyager who engaged a stateroom.

The White Cloud had taken on her cargo and was preparing to back out.

"Here, you," her mate shouted to the mountaineer, "herd yo' flock on deck."

The gaunt old father rose, picked up his rifle and a bundle of mattresses. His wife and children trailed like geese, each bearing a portion of their meager outfit. Behind them came a young woman, hurrying down the slope, with a baby in one arm, a battered carpetbag in the other. Her baby yelled, the carpetbag was heavy, the woman slight and weary. Almost at the heels of the mountaineers, she struggled with her burdens until Jud Brill offered help.

"Scuse me, ma'am"—sweeping the ground with his hat in a ludicrous imitation of Crow—"scuse me, ma'am. Lemme tote yo' gripsack."

The woman thanked him breathlessly. From above, Crow could not see her face, which was concealed in a queer-shaped shovel bonnet. On the boiler deck she paused as if in doubt, and Jud bowed again.

"This way, ma'am, this way. Go right up them steps."

Clumsy Jud Brill, acting the gallant to a dame with a squalling babe, furnished such diverting novelty that Crow sauntered inside the cabin to see what else might happen.

Perspiring Jud had deposited her carpetbag on the floor in front of the office window and mopped his face, while the woman leaned forward, speaking earnestly to the clerk. Her dress was of coarse stuff, ill made, neither that of a mountaineer nor yet that of a fashionable of the city. The woman herself, however—her figure, her manner, something about her—caused Crow to look again. She spoke in a low voice, and the baby's yells were loud. Yet Crow understood that she was inquiring the price of the cheapest cabin passage, first to New Orleans, then to Baton Rouge, then, nearer still, to Natchez.

"I have so little money," she reluctantly decided; "I'm afraid it will carry me no farther than Vicksburg."

Behind her stood Jud Brill, mopping away the sweat of an awkward situation. Gladly would he have paid the woman's fare if this tongue-tied capper had only known how to proffer assistance to a lady who used such nice language. So Jud merely shifted from one uneasy foot to the other until the White Cloud got under way, and Captain Phinn Dagg strode up to the office window.

"Cap Phinn," the clerk informed him, "this lady, Mrs. Bowie, wants to go to Vicksburg. But I have only one stateroom, New Jersey, Number 6."

"My dear, dear madam"—the kind old captain turned with hat in hand, his bald head shining, "New Jersey will never do. It's directly over the boilers. Hot as hell in there—beg your pardon, ma'am, beg your pardon. But it's hot as—very warm in New Jersey. You couldn't stand it."

"I could stand it, but ——"

"The child." Old Dagg stroked his stubbly beard, then suggested to the clerk: "Juny, why not put Mrs. Bowie in the bridal chamber?"

"No, no," she protested; "I haven't enough to pay for that."

"We'll make the price all right." Dagg waived her objection, when the clerk shook his head.

"Can't do it, cap. The bridal chamber's reserved for the governor, from Greenville to Vicksburg."

Governor or no governor, Captain Phinn Dagg could never allow a woman with a crying baby to gaze so appealingly at him, so he shouted for his porter and ordered, "Here, Jeff, tote this lady's baggage to the bridal chamber. Mrs. Bowie, we'll find some way to take care of you."

"I'm very grateful, captain—very grateful."

From its wrapping in a quilt, not for a moment of reprieve had her infant ceased its wailing. As she followed Captain Dagg, who personally led the way, Mrs. Bowie's face was hid in a muffling bonnet, which lowered above her

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Flivvering Through France

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

THE first warm days on the French Riviera brought me face to face with the delicate problem of how to lighter Belle, the handsome helpmeet, and our two young scorpions, in our French flivver from sea level to the tip of a fairly good Swiss Alp. Auntie Bellum, especially since she turned pastry fiend over here, is no pixy. These little French flivvers come only in boys' and misses' sizes.

I had next to no choice, however, as to means of family transportation. A season at Monte Carlo, with its grueling grind of keeping my nose to the wheel to try to support my little family, had left me with next to nothing but Henri, our little French flivver, and the other shirt. Not until too late did I realize that the sole passion of the Prince of Monaco is to go down in history as the owner of the most magnificent and comprehensive collection of O'Malliana in the known world of art.

A Chance That is Gone Forever

WELL, I hope my stuff fits him—not. If it does he'll be the nobbiest dresser, on the throne or off, in all Christendom. Back in my old trouping days and right on up to the time I dimmed the Forty-second Street picture by moving to the Jersey coast, there wasn't another hoofer along the Times Square curb who wouldn't have given his place in the spotlight of the hereafter, even his week on the Palace Theater supper bill, for my innate clothes instinct, especially in shirtings, sport shoes and vests. And my waist line, believe it or not, is my own.

And I want to tell you something else. If a certain member of my family had kept out of things she doesn't understand and minded her own business we —— But let's forget it. All I asked was just a week more round Monte Carlo, to take one final, gosh-awful crack at the Casino pastime with my O'Malley System, as it is now known all over the world.

What I would have done to the prince and his lodge brothers would have been a crime. Thanks to the missus, the big chance is gone now forever. I was dragged away next door to naked. What that meant to me will be appreciated only by somebody with the feel for the right things in gents' furnishings that I have, which means nobody. And bad as the start of our flivver trip was, what happened toward the finish was the ghastliest humiliation of my long unhappy life. And who was also the cause of the final catastrophe? You said it!

With things going right, I'd have eaten this ten days of touring, even in Henri, the flivver. Put me back of a steering wheel and I'm a bear. I've seen champs do fair work on the Sheepshead Bay track, but it just so happens that I'm a little bit better than the best. In brief, I'm good.

As for Girlie, the handsome helpmeet, she was all for the flivvering idea. It happens that in addition to her hefty antique collecting, movies of the sadder sort and her long hours of fireside oratory, Auntie Bellum finds a lot of time to be very educational. She aims to make Nicholas Murray Butlers out of our two pups and me yet.

"As we come"—Girlie, of course, speaking—"to these educational, historic spots we want to see, we ——"

"Where do you get this we stuff, Gir——"

But that's as far as a sentence of mine gets.

"Hush. At all these old elevating and educational sites, I say, I could give you and the children a sort of lecture, maybe ——"

"And why the 'maybe,' light of my life?"

Which remark, ladies and gentlemen, concluded my part of the entertainment. The twelfth time she said "both elevating and educational, my deares," I grabbed a bonnet and rushed down the *rue* to a vine-clad place of business, run by a firm with the French name for Gilligan's, and spent the rest of the afternoon at a garden table, twining the vine leaves in my hair.

As for my part in the subsequent flivver trip, little remains to be told. From the start to the terrible finish I was just another of these English chauffeurs, tooling the duchess and the young mawster and missie from their winter on the Riviera back to sully old home. All I lacked to make the English-chauffeur disguise complete was the trick white-duck cap and, of course, one complete change of family name.

At this place with the French name for Gilligan's I ran into an old Broadway friend of mine, Paul Azbill, who has been planning motor routes through France since Henry Ford had his first little pair of red-top bootees. Paul sketched out for me what he called the Azbill Rhone Valley Route to the Swiss Alps. I saw its possibilities and fixed it up for him then and there.

The O'Malley Route Through the Alps

A PRINCE, Paul Azbill is, but sometimes too strong willed. I'll say for him, however, that before he grabbed his hat and strode out of Gilligan's he was decent enough to remark that it would be all right with him if I took his name off the Azbill Route—as I had fixed it up for him—altogether, and called it the O'Malley Route Through the French Alps. So that is the way it is now known all over the world.

(Continued on Page 53)

Sometimes We Saw Daylight, But Usually She Was Educating Us in a Local Coal Hole Called the Splawnkdeed

THE HOLLYWOOD EXTRA

By Walter De Leon

LAST Monday I was a rich man; Tuesday a poor man; Wednesday a beggar and a thief; Thursday I was a doctor, Friday a lawyer and Saturday a merchant chief. Tomorrow I may be a pirate or a curate, a broker on the Stock Exchange or a butcher in the stockyards. Or I may be unfortunate enough to be nothing at all, merely myself, an extra man in the Hollywood motion-picture phantasmagoria.

Judge Dee they call me on the sets and at the central casting office, where I am registered as a bearded character despite the fact that no hirsute appendage adorns my filmable features. Any extra who looks forty-five or more on the screen is usually classified as a bearded character. We of this order are not to be confused with that group of specialists known as beards and baldheads. They are the babies with all the weird and wonderful whiskers, the ferny façades, the lacy hanging gardens of fuzz, whose hispid chin mattresses and titillating trellises you have often seen decorating the background of some celluloid scene.

Inspecting a Line of Extras for Scaramouche to See That Their Wigs, Make-Up and Costumes are in Perfect Order

How precious these beards of profit are, how tenderly nurtured and cultivated, may be guessed when it is known that many an extra's livelihood depends entirely upon the texture, design, coloring and photographic value of his whiskers.

Working extra, I have come into contact with most of the great, the near-great and the think-they-are-great of the motion-picture world. I have labored on the same sets with most of the stars whose names are known to millions. Many of the star directors have told me where to stand and where to go.

It has been an honor to know some of these celebrities; an interesting experience to work with others of these bemused pantomimists; a severe pain in the neck to be associated with yet others.

Stars When They are Not Starring

I HAVE seen a woman, a star privately as well as professionally, stop on her way to the set to help an unknown extra girl struggling with her first picture make-up. And I have seen this: Another star, widely famous for her beauty, as she passed a particularly lovely extra girl during the taking of a scene, deliberately plant the heel of her satin slipper on the extra's instep in order that her engaging smile might not photograph to detract the audience's attention from the star herself.

What the extra man and woman see and hear on the different lots is just about the last thing that reaches the public. It may be surprising to know the manners, the personalities and the characteristics of some of the favorites of filmdom as they are revealed to us lowly extras; the real selves of these persons under the stress of hard, exacting work and when the eye of the camera and the public is not focused upon them.

Remember that there are associated together in the moving pictures more sorts and types of people than in any other profession—if, indeed, it can be called a profession. I often think it is a state of mind, a trance induced by autohypnosis. That may have been said before, because it is a truth discoverable to those who, like myself, went into the moving-picture game with no great expectations, no illusions of grandeur and no consuming enthusiasm.

However, be what you may when you enter the movies, you can safely wager your last penny that if you stay in the game—which you will—it will do strange things to you. It will mold you closer to its heart's desire, which seems to be a Nirvana of forgetfulness that anything else real, worth while and pleasant exists in the world.

The Marquis M. de la Falaise and His Wife, Gloria Swanson

My fiftieth birthday found me without occupation, my savings and my system depleted by the failure of a business enterprise whose lure had drawn me from a profession in which I had been moderately successful. I was unmarried, without dependents. Fortunately I am possessed of a rather impressive military type of figure and carriage—I was a colonel in one short shot in The Big Parade—and I had a somewhat extensive wardrobe. Still more fortunate was I in knowing the young chap with whom I now divide the expenses of our snug bungalet. An actor on the legitimate stage, he was trying to break into the movies by doing extra work, and keeping busy at it because he is an ideal dress type, a handsome young chap who can wear dress clothes as though to the manner born.

He suggested that until I got myself reorganized I might find diversion and pick up coffee and cigarette money at least by acting as atmosphere for the local cinema stars to shine against. After five years of it I am still receiving $7.50 to $15 a day, some days, for supplying whatever characteristic atmosphere a director requires.

Temperament

FROM the first of this year to May thirty-first I have averaged a shade better than $195 a month. That harvest reaped during the lean months of the movie year is evidence that I am established in my line, known favorably to many of the assistant directors, the type that a director can take out of a crowd to shoot in a close-up. Another contributing factor to this success is that the bearded character group to which I belong is the only class of extra work which the central casting agency holds open for further registrations. The central has available many—oh, many too many young women and men. It has closed registration for this type and nearly all others. But there is at present a fictitious shortage of bearded characters, with or without facial underbrush.

As the central was established and is maintained by an association of the principal movie producers as a sort of clearing house for extra talent, as practically all the studios draw on the central almost exclusively for extras, it is nearly impossible to get enough work to keep ambition and body together unless you are registered on the central's books. Nice fat books they are. They have to be, for they contain the names of more than 9660 extras. Yes, little children, there are more than 10,000 extra workers in Hollywood, and on a yearly average, not more than about 1000 a day are employed. In other words, 9000 extras are idle every day in the year. Pin those figures up over your looking-glass, where you can't help seeing them the next time you decide to uplift the level of the screen and your bank account by dashing out to California to go into pictures.

Don't mistake the above figures as representing the number of actors, good and bad, in Hollywood. Stars, second leads, characters, actors of all types down to small

part and bit players, are not registered at the central. They have their individual agents to whom they pay commissions when said agents procure them jobs.

The gulf between the extra people and the leading lights of the profession is abysmal. Seldom is it bridged; only for exceptional and personal reasons. For instance, the other day an extra walked a mile and a half in the broiling sun, in make-up and a full-dress suit, in the hope of getting by the gateman at a certain studio where the extra knew several pictures were in course of production. Tricking the gateman into believing that he had been engaged for the day and had merely stepped outside between scenes, the extra made his way inside and approached an assistant-director friend of his. Frankly, he stated that he was broke; that there was no food in the house for his wife and kiddie. The assistant knew the man was not without ability. Unable himself to place him, the assistant scouted around the lot and finally edged the hungry one into another company's set where he could earn a day's check.

That same day, at the same studio, the gateman gave a note to an elderly gentleman. The note requested the old man not to apply for any more extra work at that studio, as he would be rejected until the expiration of a contract the studio held with one of its male stars. The answer was—the old gentleman is the father of the star. The story is this: Always something of a ne'er-do-well, the actor left home when a youngster. He has never contributed to his father's support, never interested himself in his welfare. Now that he is a star, a box-office draw, his artistic sensibilities—or something—cringe horribly at the thought of witnessing his parent earn an occasional five dollars right on the same lot where his own light flames so effulgently. Let him look for work somewhere else.

When Reading Interferes With Thinking

WE EXTRAS expect to be ignored by the big bugs. There's a big percentage of riffraff among the 10,000 in Hollywood, and not much gray matter in the heads of another large section of that army, although we could not possibly be so dumb as some of the imported foreign directors assume us to be. When a man discovers that he can make a fairly decent living by sitting on a fence in the sun whittling a stick of soft pine, because God in His wisdom has molded him into the pattern of the perfect rube type, when a decent living is the sum and substance of that man's ambition, he is apt to go to seed mentally.

Nick Grinde, an assistant director on the M-G-M lot, and a college graduate, tells a true story which throws light on this matter. Two bearded miners, perhaps forty-five and fifty, sat on a rough bench in front of a rude hotel on the crooked street of a mining camp—situated on the back lot of a Hollywood studio. For hours they sat there, atmosphere, doing absolutely nothing; not even especially interested in the scenes that were being taken; just earning their five-dollar checks. Near by, an actor, glancing through a newspaper, was called for a scene. As he walked away he tossed the paper on the bench where the two old-timers sat. One of them glanced at it, read as much of the headlines as he could without unfolding it, then turned to his companion.

"D'ye do much reading?" he asked.

"No," replied the other miner gravely. "I never read nothin' at all. I prefer to do all my own thinkin'."

Sally O'Neill as She Appears in Mike

A Line of Prospective Extras for Fred Niblo's Gigantic Production, Ben-Hur. In Oval—John Gilbert and Mae Murray as the Co-Stars in The Merry Widow

And when a man's thinking is confined almost exclusively to his appearance—listen. It happened to be Mr. Grinde I was chatting with the first time I met M'sieur Cicot, as we'll call him. M'sieur Cicot lives by virtue of his beard. Among a group of twenty assorted and selected beards, wafting toward the cashier's window after a day of shooting, the beard of M'sieur Cicot waved most conspicuously in the soft zephyrs.

Milk-White Whiskers

IT IS a beard of beards, *mes enfants;* flowering, luxuriant, and yet of a genteel restraint which at once ensnares admiration. Divided perpendicularly to hang in two fluffy festoons of white, crinkly allurement, lovable rather than austere, it is a beard to tickle the fancy.

Mr. Grinde called to m'sieur. He responded promptly and joined us with dignified affability; a rather short, stocky, swarthy Frenchman in his late fifties, wearing a flat-topped black derby and black frock coat, well worn and of passé patterning. He knew who Grinde was, of course.

"Is it true," Nick asked in serious manner calculated to draw out m'sieur, "that you wash your beard once a week?"

"Pardon," quickly replied m'sieur, his round simple eyes glowing earnestly as he sought to correct the scurrilous rumor. "Every day; every day I wash the beard. Regard its color; a dirty beard - it does not photograph so good."

"And so you really wash it every day?"

"Oh, yes; when I get up every morning. I live in a small place; it is far from most of the studios. So I get up at four o'clock, or maybe ten-fifteen minutes later. I live by myself because I like to cook the things I like to eat. Each morning while I am preparing my coffee and boiling eggs, I put the beard in the water ——"

"With the eggs?" Nick asked.

"*Mon Dieu,* no!" exclaimed m'sieur, not smiling. "I put it in clean water, four-five times. But even that is not enough. You see, there is a sediment in this water; it is not perfectly clean. With the dust of the streets and the studios the sediment would stain the beard. So every Sunday, because there is no work on Sunday, I wash the beard in milk."

"In milk?"

"But yes. I put the milk in a pan and the beard in the milk. I let it soak for a long time. Finally it comes out white. Then I wait for it to dry ——"

"With your chin hanging over the back of a chair, I suppose?" Nick

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THEY ALSO SERVE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Hand Over That Necklace and be Quick, Lady." The Lady's Eyes Suddenly Widened, Warning Charleston

The capture of the principal criminal and round-up of his accomplices, and all within two hours of the crime, must be a salutary lesson to the lawless element in this city. Too, the detective ability and courage shown by the police vindicates anew New York's ancient pride in the Finest.

As a police problem, the case is closed, but it poses again a question that has become alarmingly familiar. What shall we do to be saved from the flood of crime that threatens to engulf us?

Punishment should be made certain and stern. As a preventive, our children should be well grounded in religious and ethical instruction. Our legal procedure must be revised. It has been suggested, we do not know how seriously, that modern high-pressure methods be employed to sell good citizenship to our adolescents—by advertising, by personal solicitation, by offering prizes for the best day turned in.

"HELLO, Charleston," said the gayly uniformed door man of the Four Hundred and Us Club.

"What do you know?" replied Charleston Charley Ferlitt politely, as he entered one of New York's thirteen hundred officially licensed night resorts. On his arm was his latest queen, a pretty little miss of seventeen who was known to the metropolitan police as Dotty Dalrymple, alias Dotty Dorothy, alias the Wolf Girl.

"Check!" called the brunette in the foyer below, splitting a welcoming smile between Charleston and Dotty—giving Charleston all the best of it, the sirup of it; giving Dotty the harsh scrutiny, the evaluating acid. Dotty extended both slim arms with queenly grace, turning on dainty insteps. The brunette caressed the genuine squirrel fur, glanced for further assurance at the coat's label, and gave Dotty a sweet smile for all her own.

Charleston had shed shaggy raccoon. He had been a bulky man, a man to snap extended fingers and make people jump; he was now a narrow and skinny youth. His clothing was not calculated to gloss over his physical meanness. His jacket was high-waisted, revealing his short chest measure; his trousers were tight over his emaciated thighs, flaring below like those of a man who has to reef his pantaloons on the bounding main.

He had saved a gold cigarette case from the raccoon coat. He tapped a cigarette on it now as he walked before Dotty into the main room of the Four Hundred and Us Club. His shoulders were high and thrown forward, hollowing his naturally flat chest; his head was tilted aside. His gait was not the swagger of the bruiser, vaunting his hitting muscles; it was an elegant slink.

"Hello, Charleston," said Sylvie Coke, the proprietor.

"What do you know?" replied Charleston.

He seated himself at a table against a wall. The floor captain had caught Charleston's dull gray eyes, had shot two fingers into the air, and had turned and strutted between crowded tables to a vacant table at the edge of the dance floor. Charleston went his own way, ignoring him. He sprawled against the table; his right hand, laid flat against his cheek, propped up his head and pulled his features somewhat awry; his left forearm lay on the cloth. It reached out now and drew a match stand toward Charleston, and struck a match and held it to the cigarette; the match burned the fingers that held it before Charleston drew on the cigarette to set it alight.

Tonsorial art, in its several branches, had done what it could for Charleston. His light and naturally wavy hair had been glued to his head; massage had made his face and neck an even and muddy pink; the nails of his prominently jointed fingers were tinted and burnished. The city rough of other days, the bull-necked plug-ugly of unlamented memory, would not have recognized in Charleston a man and a brother. Charleston's daintiness must have mortally offended his vicious prototype could the latter have revisited the scene of his crude villainies; rougher and dirtier men that forthright shoulder-hitter had slapped down to rebuke their dudishness. But any such class-conscious person, venturing to slap Charleston Charley down into his native gutter, would have been very rash, would have been as safe in slapping a dainty little coral snake.

"Got it?" asked Charleston in that voice that seemed incapable of color and inflection.

"Nope," said Dotty, lifting a beaded bag to view and opening it in proof. "Ah, let's have just a party."

They watched the roped-in dance floor listlessly, glanced at their neighbors without curiosity, waited for some stimulus. Their faces in repose were vacant, stupid; they were negative persons.

The waiter put oyster cocktails before them, beginning the service of the post-theater dinner. They registered interest, eating absorbedly, smacking their lips in undisguised relish. Dotty put the last red-dripping oyster in her mouth, swallowed it, and said, after thought, "I like oysters."

"Yeah, you like oysters?"

"Yeah, I like oysters."

The supper show was put on. A torrent of sketchily draped girls poured from behind a tall screen and eddied about the dance floor. They were all pretty, and several were very beautiful. They jumped and kicked, yelling an unintelligible song, and smiling hard at the men who were dining. The men looked back at them thoughtfully and coldly, though the women with whom the men were dining were obviously tolerant. A stout gentleman at a table near that of Charleston and Dotty turned his back fully on his lady, but excused his infidelity by saying, "Pshaw, this sort of thing means nothing to me any more!"

"Cute girls, ain't they?" said Dotty.

A couple in evening dress entered the dining room and followed the captain docilely when he shot up his imperious two fingers. Few of the company present wore evening clothes, and these arriving exemplars of what the well-dressed man and woman should wear to dinner in the Four Hundred and Us Club were not to be let shine unseen and waste their admonition in a corner. The captain seated them right at the chief entrance, where people must stumble over them, where even patrons fuddled by drink could not fail to notice them and be edified in the very act of putting steadying hands on the lady's bare shoulders and on the gentleman's shirt front, saying, "Pardon—pardon. Say, brother, I'm—c-c-cockeyed!"

The gentleman—pudgy, forty-five, rosy, and bald on top—called the black-haired and swarthy Sylvie Coke. "Listen—can we have a drink?"

The proprietor drew back from him, hunching his shoulders, spreading his hands, smiling sadly—the picture of sympathetic regret. "Sorry, but we don't serve anything—not a thing."

The gentleman was not impressed. "Listen," he said, trying again. "You know Garry Bannon?"

"Yes, I know Garry Bannon," said Sylvester Coke, sobering at the recollection.

"I'm a friend of his. When does Garry come in here? He told me he was here every night."

"So he is—'most every night," said the proprietor, backing away.

He retreated into the foyer, whence he could get perspective on the friend of Garry Bannon. He stared hard at him, devoured him with his narrowed eyes. The gentleman proffered his open cigarette case to his lady. She accepted a cigarette, thrust too much of it into her mouth, puffed it hard when the gentleman held a match, and emitted a choking cough.

Sylvie Coke liked her motions. He liked the eager and uneasy glance of her prominent brown eyes. She was no regular. There was, to Sylvie's weighing mind, something likable in the lack of ease that characterized her manner toward her worldly-wise escort. When he looked at her, she smiled at him with brilliance, but she was secretly troubled when he looked away. She was a woman past her first flush of youth, a woman who had almost decided to let herself go and be comfortable. Her upper arms were still shapely, but were heavy, the deltoid muscles having lost their youthful prominence. The shadow of a second chin showed when she forgot to hold her head high, and the high coloring which she had put on for this evening was needed to accentuate features that had once been finely cut.

Sylvie, who knew women as they related themselves to night life, knew, it is likely, that here was a woman who had reached the dangerous age, dangerous to women of a primitive type, women to whom romance is the stuff of life and all else worth nothing. It would have been entertaining to hear Sylvie. He could, it is likely, have sketched a very plausible story and fitted this woman and man into it with convincing neatness—an entertaining story for the hard-minded, an amusing story for the cynical, a pitiful and embarrassing story for the humane and honorable. But all that was transpiring in Sylvie's black head, all that stood for judgment before the tough intelligence that had raised him from bellhop in a Raines Law hotel to proprietor of a flashy night club with a gross intake of eight thousand a week, was "If I give him the bottle—what then?"

He resolved to take the chance. The spring and fountain of Sylvie's tawdry success was his generous acceptance of chances. He came forward deferentially, leaned over the gentleman, and said, "What we generally do, sir, we send a boy out."

"A pint?" suggested the gentleman. Sylvie shuddered at the thought of a pint. "A quart," accepted the gentleman, reading him. "O.K."

"Just a minute, sir," said Sylvie.

He went away. The gentleman felt him looking at him a minute later and turned his head, to see him nodding in the foyer.

The gentleman excused himself and went out through the foyer, finding Sylvie in a small room off it. Sylvie was standing beside a bookkeeper's desk.

"It'll be ten dollars," said Sylvie. "And a dollar for the boy."

"And four for you," said the gentleman, handing him fifteen dollars. "Where is it?"

"Down there," said Sylvie, walking away.

The gentleman stooped and found a bottle wrapped in newspaper and resting on the bottom shelf of the desk. He thrust the wrapped bottle under his arm and walked back into the dining room. He drew no curious glances. A corkscrew lay beside his plate. He beckoned to the waiter and said, "Pull this."

"Seltzer?" said the waiter, unheeding the order. "Ginger ale?"

The gentleman ordered a charged table water, and pulled the cork from his bottle himself. He inserted the corkscrew with the caution of a man tampering with a percussion cap, clutched the bottle between his chubby knees, assumed the rapt expression of a man straining his ears for distant music, and suddenly relaxed, saying "Ah!" With a jolly smile, he reached for the glass of the uncertainly smiling lady.

Sylvie, hovering in the foyer, beamed benevolence on them when they caught his roving eyes. Sylvie liked to see people have a good time—when out with a crowd, Sylvie was himself a sport and a spender—and people having a good time and paying him a robber's price for their fun was his idea of how things should be to be right. The newspapers had said, very likely without warrant, that individual drinkers would not be bothered, but only proprietors and headmen and men who did things in a big way; and the several hundred substantial citizens and respectable ladies whom Sylvie was entertaining thought this new doctrine of vicarious atonement simply grand. Their hearts were easy, if their livers were ever more hard; they lifted good-natured alcohol to Sylvie when they thought of him as the scapegoat who bore their burdens, saying like good fellows, "Here's luck!"

With repletion, Charleston and Dotty lost interest in food; Charleston thought of business, and turned on the society about him those infernally cold and unemotional gray eyes. He saw that Sylvie was watching him fixedly; a mute signal must have passed between the two, for Charleston arose and sauntered to the proprietor. Dotty guessed what was forward; she trailed their covert glances and brought up on the lady whose escort had bought the quart of alleged whisky.

The lady wore a necklace that sparkled and shimmered. If the stones in the necklace weren't diamonds, their pretense to such excellence was good enough to deceive at that hour in the Four Hundred and Us Club. If they were diamonds—"Ten grand," whispered Dotty inaudibly. "More, maybe." And she looked at the lady with respect and admiration, and with nothing at all of commiseration.

"Looks good to me," said Charleston to Sylvie. "But, listen, Dotty ain't packing a rod tonight. I got to get one. Slip me, will you?"

"Ah, you're always broke," said Sylvie plaintively. "If it wasn't for me, you'd be panhandling on the subway steps, or hustle a job." But he put two fingers into his waistcoat pocket, took out the gentleman's fifteen dollars and gave it to Charleston.

The latter left the resort at once, running up the stairs to the street. He returned empty-handed, but exchanged a nod with Sylvie.

He and Dotty danced when the show was done. They flung their smartly shod feet about, their knees working in all planes with an indifference that must have vexed any onlooking anatomist who thought he knew his subject. Now their insignificant faces were purely happy. They loved dancing—hoofing—lived for it like any midgets in a swarm raised by the summer sun.

Charleston's soles suddenly clung to the waxed maple floor; Dotty was dragged to earth with him. He pressed through the dancing couples, pushing her and pulling her,

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Conner and Galucci Strode Out to the Dance Floor, Pushed Among the Twirling Couples, and Seized Charleston Charley

READY MONEY

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

THE mysterious, heartening smells of early spring were in the breeze that patted Elmer's cheeks. It made furtive little ripples in the grasslands and the young grain, and filled the boy's ears with the hum of eager, hurrying bees. It was too soon for heat or dust or flies; the road, freshly dragged, showed between its green banks as dark, almost, as the chocolate fields beyond the fences, where, as the van moved past, the network pattern of sprouting corn changed from squares to diamonds and back to squares again. There was a sort of tingle in the feel of the tight reins, as if the horses, too, had just escaped from an everlasting winter of school and shoe leather. Elmer wiggled his bleached, pardoned feet to enjoy their new liberty; not even the depressed condition of the peddling business could spoil his feeling of escape.

"Bound to be slim pickings for a spell," said Uncle Clem. He spoke cheerfully and Elmer saw his nostrils widen and his shoulders go back, as if the smell of apple blossoms and fresh loam consoled him for a forenoon during which neither cunning nor eloquence nor resolute persistence had availed to earn even horse feed. "Folks are bound to be short of ready money this time of year. Guess we just got to grin and bear it."

He suited the action to the word so contentedly that Elmer's professional instinct was displeased. Three calls in a row without a sale was nothing to grin about.

"Ought to 've stocked up heavier on novelties," he declared. "Come springtime folks want something new, 'stead of the same old tinware and dress patterns. But we could 've sold a sight of them Squirto Rings."

It was an abiding grievance, dating back to winter conferences over samples from the supply houses. The Squirto Ring had wholly fascinated Elmer—a delightfully humorous contrivance whereby, when a fifty-carat glass ruby was advanced close to the beholder's appraising eye, a light pressure on the rubber bulb concealed inside the palm ejected a fine jet of water straight into it. Elmer had held out manfully for this device, as for others of its nature, and still felt that mere authority rather than reason had overruled him.

"Guess we could, Elmer," Uncle Clem nodded good-naturedly. "Easy enough to peddle gimcracks—if you ain't coming back next year." He chirped amiably at the horses and they responded with an exhilarating burst of speed along a level stretch of road. Elmer, unpersuaded, continued his argument and presently scrambled back into the van to produce the sample drawer in support of his contentions. He fingered its contents lovingly—matches that exploded with a terrifying racket just at the point when they would be applied to an unsuspicious pipe, counterfeit buttonhole flowers with a hidden needle that lay in wait for the artless nose, bottles of patent inks warranted to perform amusing miracles of chemical legerdemain, a miscellany of trifles which, to Elmer's eye, held an appeal almost hypnotic. Uncle Clem remained unmoved, however, by his urgency.

"Just gimcracks, Elmer. Ain't no steady profit to 'em." He slapped the reins. "No call to fret, just because ready money's kind of scarce so far. Sight of it waiting for us up to Laban Holley's."

He waved his whip toward the pleasant farmstead on the hillside before them, a substantial house, bright with new paint and sheltered by old elms in a setting of well-kept lawn. Elmer shrugged pessimistically at the misleading evidences of affluence. He remembered earlier calls on this same Laban Holley, a man adder-deaf to eloquence and securely padlocked as to every pocket. He was no farmer although he owned the place on which he lived and a dozen others scattered through the glen. Hired men and tenants worked his lands and left Laban Holley's time and talent free for finance. He had a name for cunning thrift in a community where both qualities were commonplace.

It Seemed to Elmer That This Time Dester Wasn't Altogether Glad to See Them. He Looked Startled

A livery rig whirred down the drive as the van approached and Elmer scowled at the driver. People who drove livery horses were likely to be engaged, he knew, in one branch or another of the peddling business and therefore, as competitors, to be regarded with suspicion and disesteem. There was a special grievance against this man, besides; he had beaten them to Laban Holley's door and he drove away with the aspect of one well pleased with himself. Whatever he'd managed to sell to Holley, it would inevitably lessen Uncle Clem's slim chance to separate another slice of the only ready money in the glen.

Holley stood beside his horse block as the van drew up and his greeting confirmed Elmer's forebodings. He laughed unpleasantly and wagged his head with decision.

"You needn't bother to get out, Bixby. Told you a dozen times I don't hold with trading with peddlers. Ought to be a law against it. Bring in a stock of trash and carry out good money to spend somewheres else!"

"Ain't carrying out much this trip," said Uncle Clem skillfully. Elmer sulkily admired his technic; it was exactly the response that would most surely improve Laban Holley's humor. Manifestly it was effective. His chuckle was distinctly less unfriendly.

"I'll warrant you aren't! This ought to be a mean time to peddle."

Uncle Clem swung down from the seat.

"Slim pickings," he admitted. "Must be good borrowin' weather, though."

Again Elmer approved. Reminding a customer of something pleasant and profitable was about the shortest cut to even a well-guarded pocket. Laban Holley, however, failed to brighten.

"It ought to be," he snapped, "but it isn't. Guess you don't know they started a bank down to Hillsboro last fall—lend money to any Tom, Dick or Harry and only charge six p' cent!"

It was apparent that Uncle Clem had lost all the ground gained by his earlier finesse, and his endeavors to retrieve the misstep were visibly without avail; Laban Holley manifestly saw through all efforts to superinduce a buying humor.

"Quit wasting your breath on me," he said. "Better go try somebody that's easier to soft soap." He laughed sourly. "You got a slick city peddler out ahead of you, Bixby—better hurry or there won't be even slim pickings left for you."

Uncle Clem was interested. "Want to know!" He wagged his head. "Mean the man that just drove out when we come? Didn't figure he was peddlin'. Nursery stock, was it?"

"Worse 'n that." Holley laughed again. "Coal-oil stock! Bigger fools than you in the world, Bixby! Had to laugh right in his face when he let on he aimed to sell coal-oil shares to folks around here!"

"H'm," said Uncle Clem. "Take it you didn't buy none yourself, Laban."

"Didn't even ask me to," said Holley. "Guess I didn't look foolish enough. All he wanted off me was the names of the likeliest folks, so he wouldn't waste his time on people that couldn't buy if they wanted to."

Uncle Clem nodded slowly. "Tell him any?"

Again Laban Holley chuckled, a mean relish in the sound.

"Told him plenty, Bixby. Figured he might as well do some visiting, as long as he'd hired a team by the day. Told him to go see Mis' Pringle, first off, and Arlo Gunn and Abner Hammond and I don't know who-all else."

"H'm," said Uncle Clem. "Guess maybe we'd ought to try and catch up with him, Laban." He lifted a foot to the hub. "Coal-oil stock—h'm. Never seen it peddled. Kind of like to. Me and Elmer might get a new notion, maybe."

He drove away from Holley's mirth, his face puckered in the network of fine lines that told Elmer he was thinking deeply. The boy's question did not reach his notice, seemingly, until its third and exasperated repetition.

"Swindler?" He shook his head. "Ain't no call to think so; not yet, anyhow. Sight of money pumped out'n coal-oil wells. H'm. Kind of funny, though, comin' clean up here to peddle them shares; this time of year, too, when most folks are borrowin' money 'stead of spendin' it. Don't look like good sense, Elmer."

"Huh! Folks 'll buy such truck when they wouldn't pay fifty cents f'r gold dollars!" Elmer spoke from embittered experience. "Look at what ma did with pa's insurance money!" Worse folks need money quicker they'll take and throw it away. We could sell a sight of them Squirto Rings and that there Lovers' Oath Ink if we was stocked up with 'em."

He elaborated on the idea as the van rolled along the highway to the Widow Pringle's thrifty farm. Uncle Clem listened inattentively, his eyes half closed. At the corner of the road he straightened and flung out a pointing arm, a touch of excitement in his voice.

"He's in yonder, Elmer! See his rig?"

Elmer nodded sulkily. He had only a mild interest in the stock peddler and saw no reason for pleasure in the discovery that they would have to compete with him for Mrs. Pringle's attention, if not for such loose cash as she might have on hand. He was puzzled by Uncle Clem's eagerness, and as usual, when confronted by what he did not understand, slightly offended. His detached disapproval was only dimly mitigated by the appeasing smells

that issued from the open door of the kitchen, but he was further mollified by the expression of Mrs. Pringle's large soft face as it turned from the stock peddler at the sound of Uncle Clem's step. Mrs. Pringle hadn't bought any of those coal-oil shares so far, nor, if Elmer was any judge of physiognomy, was she likely to buy any

"Why, Mr. Bixby!" Mrs. Pringle was unmistakably gladder than usual to see Uncle Clem She came to her feet with a rolling movement of voluminous blue gingham, and her large smile included Elmer with a distinct implication of the cookie crock. "I'm real glad to see you back again." A cloud drifted across the sunny circularity of her countenance. "I'm afraid I can't do any trading with you, though. I sold my rags last week and I haven't got any money in the house. I'm real sorry"

"It don't matter," said Uncle Clem. He shook hands and stood aside while Elmer followed suit. "Me and Elmer just stopped in, long as we was passin'." His glance moved without haste to the man at the table. Mrs. Pringle, in the act of removing the lid from the cookie crock, remembered the amenities.

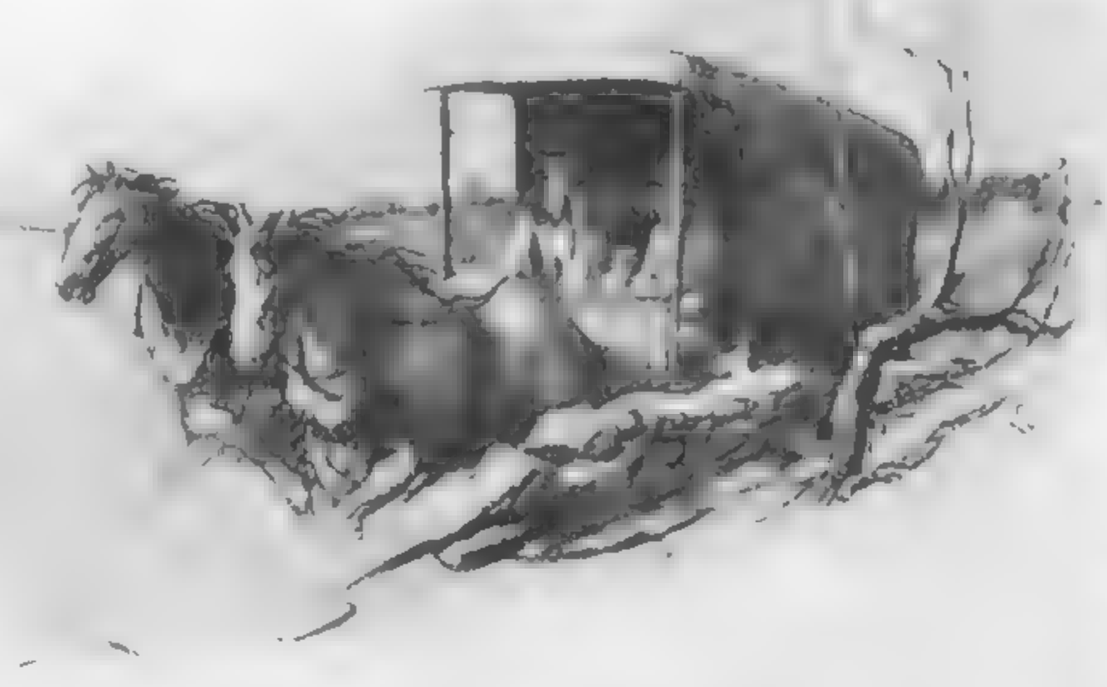
"This is Mr. Bixby, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Denter," said the stranger briskly. He rose and shook hands with aggressive cordiality. "Albert S. Denter. Pleased to meetcha." He chuckled. "Just been trying my best to make Mrs. Pringle a present of some ready cash, Mr. Bixby. If you're a friend of hers maybe you'll advise her. Seems to be afraid my money's counterfeit."

Mrs. Pringle moved her head in a slow-motion version of what, with most women, would have been a shake.

"I guess the money's good enough," she said. "It'd come in real handy, too, now Mr. Bixby's here. Only"—she repeated the sidewise movement of her head—"only I don't feel I'd ought to take it, Mr. Denter. Not when I know there isn't any coal oil under my land. Almond—that was my first husband, Mr. Denter—Almond drilled a well most through to China huntin' for it."

"Just Gimcracks, Elmer. Ain't No Steady Profit to 'Em." He Slapped the Reins. "No Call to Fret"



"That's my lookout," said Mr. Denter gayly. "I'm free, white and twenty-one, and if I want to throw my money away there's no reason why you shouldn't take your share. Eh, Bixby?" He laughed amiably. "Don't you worry about me, Mrs. Pringle. I never cheated myself yet. I'll make money out of this lease or I wouldn't be here trying to buy it."

He dropped his voice to a tone of confidence.

"Of course I don't know for certain that there's oil on your place, but I'm sure enough to take twenty-five dollars' worth of chance on it. Your husband didn't sink his well in the right place or he'd have hit it. You're right spang in the middle of the syncline. Anyway, you don't have to worry. If we find oil you get your seventh of it; if we don't you're twenty-five dollars ahead and nothing out. If we don't drill inside of two years the lease is canceled. You can't lose and you're sure of this twenty-five in hard cash the minute you sign"

He spread clean bills on the red tablecloth—bright, new one-dollar bills. They made a brave showing. Mrs. Pringle's glance dwelt on them with unmistakable wistfulness and rose uncertainly to consult Uncle Clem.

"I don't know. It seems kind of wrong, getting something for nothing that way."

"Depends," said Uncle Clem. He turned to Denter. "Mind leavin' me look over your lease?"

"Glad to have you." Denter handed him a printed form. The peddler plodded through its legal phrases.

"This is all right, Mis' Pringle. No reason in the world why you shouldn't sign it. Ain't asked for my advice, but you're welcome to it."

Mrs. Pringle's doubting scruples visibly diminished. Denter, heartened by symptoms of impending surrender, earned Elmer's grudging admiration by the brilliance of his renewed argument; assisted now and then by a shrewd

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"I'm Real Glad to See You Back Again. I'm Afraid I Can't Do Any Trading With You, Though. I Sold My Rags Last Week and I Haven't Got Any Money in the House"

Widows' and Orphans' Money

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Court Called the Undertaker's Attention to the Fact That It Was a Mistake for an Undertaker to Assume That He Was Called Upon to Bury the Estate Along With the Deceased

THE justice of surrounding with peculiar and elaborate safeguards the funds and properties passing by inheritance to widows and orphans is universally recognized as beyond challenge. Lawmakers have crystallized that recognition into almost innumerable protective statutes.

Apparently the completeness of the public's acceptance of this principle of justice has created a common impression that a kind of sacred taboo rests upon these inheritances and guarantees them a mysterious superprotection. Certainly the Pollyanna attitude is pathetically common in probate courts. Some of the unsuspecting live to learn that statutes are not self-enforcing and that human nature is quite as fallible, predatory and unscrupulous in the atmosphere of these courts as on the street; others never learn the truth of what happens to their inheritances; and still others, idly dreaming of when their ships come in, are in utter ignorance of the fact that they have rich cargoes becalmed in the Port of Lost Legacies. A probate judge of long experience and high standing sketches the situation in these words:

"It would be idle to deny that deliberate attempts to loot estates are depressingly frequent and that judges of probate have to exercise constant vigilance against outright intentional fraud. One has only to follow the newspaper accounts of current estate litigation to realize this. The history of forged and stolen wills alone would fill volumes. But a much greater total of inheritance money fails to reach its rightful beneficiaries by reason of loose methods of administration by private executors and administrators than through outright fraud. Also the judicial machinery of probate courts generally is not adequate to its task; it is handicapped by inherited practices, precedents and inhibitions which limit its protective work."

Fat Fees From Delays

"THIS is especially true in probate courts in the larger cities where the volume of business is heavy. The larger the volume of business done by a probate court, the greater the danger of fraud and leakage. In a small agricultural county, where the probate judge knows virtually every man and woman appearing in his court, the situation is quite different.

"As a rule, the longer an estate remains in process of settlement, the greater the cost of its administration. Lawyers, administrators and executors have to be paid—and should be—for handling estates. Those which drag through a long period of settlement naturally incur more costs than those which are settled promptly. I have a high opinion of the integrity of the American bar as a whole; but that does not prevent me from recognizing the fact that there are lawyers as well as executors, administrators and conservators, who are chiefly concerned to make any estate with which they are connected yield them as much nourishment as possible.

"Most of these unworthy inheritance stewards scheme to keep within the law and to get their pickings by plausible delays, by claims and fees as stiff and numerous as the court will allow, and by various other doubtful devices. All this might be classed as loss by legal evaporation. Its total is very large. I offer a new legal axiom: The law's delays spread a feast of fees. Often great ingenuity is exercised in procuring delays. Litigation is the favorite subterfuge. Hundreds of estates have been involved in litigation which could and should have been avoided."

Cook County, Illinois, which contains the city of Chicago, has a probate court which has won nation-wide recognition for defeating the law's delays and discouraging unscrupulous tactics in the settlement of estates. It has reduced protection of the inheritance interests of widows and orphans to a systematic procedure which greatly lessens estate losses by evaporation through long exposure to fees. Of the billions of dollars invested for minors and wards under authorization of this court, not one dollar of principal or interest has been lost.

This system is the evolution of twelve years of continuous service by Judge Henry Horner. Nearly 40,000 estates are in process of settlement in this court and each year adds about 10,000 new estates. Many estates require the operation of extensive enterprises under court supervision. Obviously, it is a human impossibility for one judge to give more than perfunctory current attention to 40,000—or even 10,000—estates, many involving millions of dollars and a wide variety of business activities.

Then, too, the conscientious probate judge will not slight the small estate. Its beneficiaries are as much entitled to his protection as those whose inheritances are huge. He dismisses the size of the estate from his mind and considers only the problem of human justice. So great a volume of demand upon the time and energies of a judge could be met by one expedient only—that of delegated authority—organization.

Close Supervision by Organization

IN ADDITION to a clerical force of seventy persons, Judge Horner has five assistant judges, virtually probate masters in chancery, each assigned to a special line of work. One passes upon final accounts, another hears testimony in proof of wills and concerning the appointment of administrators, guardians and conservators where no contest is

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To These They Write the Glad News of Their Impending Fortune and Conclude With Instructions to "Sign the Inclosed Blank and Send It Back"

THE BLACK COAT

By John Galsworthy

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THE old general, *émigré* and member of the old-time Russian nobility, who had commanded a division in the Great War, sat on a crazy chair before a feeble fire in his garret in the city of Prague. His thin, high-shouldered form was crouched forward and his bluish hands extended to what there was of flame, for he was seventy, and his blood thin and cold. It had rained on his way back from the Russian friends whom every Sunday evening he went to see, and his coat was carefully spread out to dry, over the back of his one other crazy chair, before the poor conflagration in the grate.

It was the general's custom to light a fire on Sunday evenings when it was at all financially possible; the ceremony prolonged, with its apology for warmth, the three hours a week during which he wore the clothes of a gentleman, in the society of gentlefolk. And he would sit before it in his one suit—very old now and white about the seams, but still modish in essence—smoking what of tobacco he had brought away with him and thinking of the past.

The present he never thought of at such times; it did not bear the process, for his present, day by day, consisted in walking before a dustman's cart, ringing a bell to announce its coming to the inhabitants of the street: and for this he received so little that he was compelled also, to keep soul within body, to wash omnibuses in a garage near by. These avocations provided him with the rent of his garret and two meals a day; and while engaged in them he wore dingy overalls which had once been blue, and took his two meals at a workman's café.

On Sundays he stayed in bed till six o'clock, when he would rise, wash and shave himself with slow and meticulous care; then, donning his old black coat and carefully creased trousers, would go forth and walk the two miles to the flat of his friends, where he was sure of a meal and a little wine or vodka, and could talk of the old Russia.

This is what he had been doing for fifty-two weeks in the year during the past five years, and what he counted on doing for the rest of his natural life.

How he gained his living was perfectly well known to his friends, but since it was never spoken of by him, none of them would have considered it decent to mention it. Indeed, on those Sunday evenings there was a tacit agreement not to speak of one's misfortunes. Old Russia, politics and the spirit of man held the field, together with such other topics as were suitable to a black coat. And not infrequently there would rise, above the ground bass droning through the lives of *émigrés*, the galiantry of laughter. His friends themselves, and all their guests, had the dark cupboards of the outcast and the fallen and gleaming skeletons within them: and so it was essential that neither by word, by manner nor by dress should the existence of an evil fate be admitted

You might talk of restoration, of redress, of revenge, but of daily need and pressure—no! And in truth there was not much talk of the three R's: rather did conversation ape normality. And none was so normal as the old general. His was a single mind, a simple face intensely stamped with wrinkles, like the wrigglings in the texture of old pale leather which is stained here and there a little darker by chance misusage. He had folds in the lids over his rimmed brown eyes, a gray mustache clung close round the corners of his bloodless lips, and gray hair grew fairly low still on his square forehead. High-shouldered, he would stand with his head politely inclined, taking in the talk, just as now, before his meager fire, he seemed taking in the purr and flutter of the flames.

After such evenings of talk, indeed, his memory would step with a sort of busy idleness into the past, as might a person in a garden of familiar flowers and trees: and, with the saving instinct of memory, would choose the grateful experiences of a life which, like most soldiers' lives, had marked a great deal of time and been feverishly active in the intervals. The Czar's stamp was on his soul; for, after a certain age, no matter what the cataclysm, there can be no real change in the souls of men.

The general might ring his dustman's bell and wash his casual omnibuses and eat the fare of workmen, but all such daily efforts were as a dream of dismal quality. Only in his black coat, as it were, was he awake. It could be said with truth that all the life he now lived was passed on Sunday evenings between the hours of six and midnight.

And now, with the smoke of his friend's cigar—for he always brought one away with him; no great shakes, but still a cigar—to lull reality and awaken the past, he smiled faintly, as might some old cat reflecting on a night out, and with all the Russian soul of him savored the moment so paradoxically severed from the present. To go to his lean bed on Sunday nights was ever the last thing he wished to do, and he would put it off and off until the fire was black, and often fall asleep there and wake up in the small hours, shivering.

He had so much that was pleasant in the past to think of every Sunday evening, after those hours spent in his black coat among his own kind had enlivened the soul within him, it was no wonder that he prolonged that seance to the last gasp of warmth.

Tonight he was particularly absent from the present, for a young girl had talked to him who reminded him of an affair he had had in 1880, when he was in garrison in the Don Cossack country. Her name he had forgotten, but not the kisses she had given him in return for nothing but his own; nor the soft, quizzical and confiding expression on her rose-leaf-colored, rather flat-nosed face, nor her eyes like forget-me-nots.

The night his regiment got its orders and he left her—what a night! The fruit trees white with blossom, someone singing, and the moon hanging low on the far side of the wide river. Heh-heh! The Russian land—the wide, the calm sweet-scented Russian land! And the history that centered round that river, of the Zaporogians—he used to know it well, with his passion for military history, like that of most young men. A scent of nettles, of burdock, of the leaves on young birch trees, seemed mysteriously conveyed to him in his garret, and he could see lilacs—lilacs and acacias, flowering in front of flat low houses; and the

What a Night! The Fruit Trees White With Blossom, Someone Singing, and the Moon Hanging Low on the Far Side of the Wide River

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THE IDENTICAL BAG

Link Plunged Into His Story, Commencing at the Moment He Left the Mill With the Old Bag to Get the Pay Roll and Ending at His Arrest

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

LINK STONE, assistant bookkeeper in Marty Rooney's office, drove the company's flivver to the door of the savings bank and alighted with a shabby leather bag in his hand. It was Saturday morning, and he had come as for a hundred Saturdays he had come before, bearing that identical bag, to fetch the weekly pay roll.

He walked into the bank and took his place at the end of a short queue before the cashier's window. Ahead of him were three men and two women, and Link spoke to each of them pleasantly. There were Jinks Baker, proprietor of the cigar store; Paul, the copartner of Melchior, the mule, in the expressing business; Jonas Bead, who operated a grocery store; Mrs. Leddy; and, next to Link, Seena Rooney, his employer's niece.

Miss Rooney turned her very shapely head over her shoulder to speak: "You and Lydia are coming to the house tonight?"

"Lydia's got a new dress on purpose," Link said, "and I've been in training for three days. Read up in the Book of Decorum and everything."

Jinks Baker, now approaching the window, called back with that freedom which obtains in all well-regulated small towns: "You want to keep an eye on him today, Miss Rooney. A young feller figgerin' on gittin' married needs money. 'Tain't no time to trust him with a pay roll."

"I'm going to watch him," Seena said with a nod of her head.

Two other depositors had entered by this time and stood behind Link Stone. These were Mr. Briggs, ex-station master and present justice of the peace; and Tom Plumm, the blacksmith.

"You needn't to come sidlin' up," Jinks Baker called to the justice. "You can't git no business out of Link. He's a-goin' to be married by a reg'lar minister. No two-dollar weddin's for him."

"If it was me," said Mr. Briggs, "I'd put the extry cost of a weddin' into household furniture, seems as though. I druther have a two-dollar weddin' and a couple more chairs and sofys than be payin' for a lot of fuss and flowers and sich and have to set on the floor."

"And I'm sure Mr. Briggs can marry you just as tightly," Seena added.

"I furnish a guaranty with every ceremony," said Mr. Briggs. "If they don't stick, you git your money back."

Seena was at the window now, and presented her check to John Palmer, the cashier. He counted out the bills it called for and she moved along to make room for Link, but did not go away. Palmer lifted the brass grille to permit Link to pass in the leather bag and then lowered it again with commendable caution.

"Got her all counted out for you," he said, "accordin' to the denominations you telephoned down. Comes to seventy-five hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents."

"Correct," said Link.

"And here she goes," Palmer said, as he began packing bundles of currency in the bag. "Jest keep your eye on it, Miss Rooney, to be sure it all goes in."

"You'd have to put it all in, with Mr. Briggs watching you," Seena said, thrusting her little roll of bills into her hand bag. "You and Lydia come along early, Link."

"Do we get to eat?" Link asked. "I want to know, because maybe I can cut out a meal some place today. Got to save money."

Palmer closed the leather bag and swung it down behind the counter. "Perty heavy, young feller," he said. "Cal'late you kin carry it alone?"

"I'm stouter than you think, John," Link said, and Palmer raised the metal grating again to pass the bag through to its custodian.

Link walked to the door with Seena, got into the flivver; but before he managed to get it started, Seena had whirled away in a cloud of dust. She was a rapidly moving young person. Link tucked the leather bag close to his elbow, turned the car and headed back for the mill. Presently, though, he drew up to the sidewalk again as he saw a young woman coming from a store, and he beamed as young men always have and always will beam when meeting unexpectedly the young lady of their choice.

"Just saw Seena in the bank," he said. "She wants we should get around early tonight."

"You come for me at eight," Lydia Nichols said. "I'll be dressed. I'm a quick dresser."

"I hear most quarrels between married folks come because the wife won't get dressed in time to go places. You make me feel a lot easier in my mind."

"We aren't ever going to quarrel, are we?"

"No, sir-ree bob!" said Link fervently. "Well, I got to skin along. Pay roll in the car."

"Oh, do be careful," Lydia said. "You read about so many pay-roll holdups."

"But not in Luxor," Link said with a grin. "We've got electric lights and waterworks, but we haven't gas or holdups. Can't have all the modern improvements at once. . . . I'll be around at eight sharp."

"And I'll be ready."

Once more the flivver started toward the mill. It was a short drive along the bank of the river, and for less than

two minutes of it was Link hidden from the eyes of persons in the village streets or in the windows of the mill. He rattled out from among the trees, drew up at the office door and alighted with the bag. This he carried inside, behind the office grating, and tossed it on the desk of old Heck Kinney, the bookkeeper.

"There she is, safe and sound again," he said, and turned to hang his hat in a closet.

Mr. Kinney opened the bag and thrust in his hand, drawing it out full. His eyes fell upon what he held and he dropped it as if it had been a handful of hornets. Then he bent forward in sudden alarm and peered into the bag. He turned it bottom upward on the desk and continued to stare.

"Link!" he shouted. "Hey, Link!"

"Eh-yah?" said Link.

"Say, what's the idee? What kind of a joke's this? You hadn't ought to play jokes with money."

"What are you talking about?" Link asked, and walked across the room. Then he, too, stared, and a startled look darkened his eyes, for there, in a jumble before him, was not a pile of packages of good honest currency, but a dozen sheafs of plain blank paper, cut to the desired size.

"Well?" said Mr. Kinney.

Link swung upon Kinney and his uplifted hand trembled. "Did that—did that come out of the bag?"

"That," said Heck, "and nothin' else."

"But it couldn't have! I saw John Palmer put the money in, and so did half a dozen people. And I carried the bag straight here—straight here, I tell you, and nobody came anywhere near me. It couldn't have been taken out. It's not possible."

"Mebby," said Heck, "it ain't possible, but it's been done."

"Seventy-five hundred dollars!" whispered Link.

"Sure you hain't jokin'?" Kinney demanded.

"Do I look like joking?"

"No, I can't say 's you do. Wa-al, suthin's got to be done. The hands'll be comin' in for their wages. Guess we better tell Mr. Rooney."

Without ceremony, Kinney opened the door to the private office and Link followed, white-faced, at his heels.

"Mr. Rooney," said Heck to the suave, well-tailored gentleman behind the desk, "Link got back from the bank, but the pay roll didn't git back with him."

"What?"

"When I opened her up the' wan't anythin' but scraps of white paper."

"What are you talking about, Heck?"

"I'm talkin' about seventy-five hundred-odd dollars."

Marty Rooney turned his eyes but not his head and scrutinized Link Stone. "Just what has happened?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. The pay-roll money is missing—gone. The bag I got it in was full of paper."

"Um—paper?"

"Cut to the size of bills and tied in bundles."

"You went to the bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see the money put in the bag?"

"Yes, sir. Kinney telephoned the denominations we needed. When I got to the bank, there were a few waiting; but when I got to the window John Palmer had the money all ready. I saw him put it in the bag, and so did other people." He paused and his face lighted. "So did Seena. She stood just ahead of me. And so did Justice Briggs and Tom Plumm."

"Then what?"

"Palmer raised the grille and pushed the bag out to me. I walked to the car with Seena and drove right here."

"Stop any place?"

"Not what you'd call stop. I saw Lydia Nichols and spoke to her a minute."

"Did you get out?"

"No, sir."

"Did she get in?"

"No, sir."

"Anybody else get in?"

"No, sir."

"And then?"

"Then I drove straight here and put the bag on Kinney's desk, and he opened it and it was full of paper."

"H'm—it was full of money when it left the bank?"

"I'll swear to that, and so can other folks."

"And it contained worthless scraps of paper when it got here?"

"Yes, sir."

"So the money must have been taken out and the paper put in between the bank and this office?"

"Yes, sir; but it couldn't. It's impossible. I had the bag right against my side, as I always do, with my right elbow on the handle. Nobody touched it. Nobody was near enough to touch it."

"Yet somebody touched it."

"Nobody could have."

"Think hard, young man, think hard."

"Mr. Rooney, nobody was within six feet of that bag from the time I left the bank till I got here."

"So, Stone, the money was there, nobody was near the bag but yourself, and now the money is gone? Doesn't that suggest anything to you?"

"I suppose it does, sir. Nobody could have taken it but me—but I didn't. Mr. Rooney, I didn't take it. I was as much surprised as anybody when—when that paper was in it."

"You brought it out in the flivver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's go down and look at that car," said Mr. Rooney.

The trio made their way to the little car and stood regarding it as if they hoped or expected it would make some statement to clear up the mystery.

"You sat at the wheel and nobody got in—you're sure of that?"

"I'll swear it, sir."

"How long did it take you to come from the bank here?"

"I can't say exactly, but not more than five or six minutes."

"H'm—well, we've nothing better to do. Let's see what we can find out by looking over the car."

They leaned over the doors and looked within. There was nothing to be seen. Kinney bent farther and lifted out the rear seat cushion. Nothing was there, nor was there anything of an informative nature in the recess beneath. But when the front seat cushion was lifted, there, as if it had slipped down the narrow space between seat and back, was a packet of bills, bound as money is bound at the bank, and on the band was printed "$100." One hundred one-dollar bills!

Mr. Rooney and Kinney looked significantly at Link. "How about this?" Mr. Rooney asked.

"It's money. It must be part of the pay roll, but I don't know how it got there. I don't—I—I don't know anything about it. . . . It —— Why, Mr. Rooney, this just couldn't have happened!"

"No," said Mr. Rooney dryly, "it

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He Gibbered, He Pointed a Trembling Finger at Caleb. "He Stood and Stared at Me. He Bored Holes Into Me With His Eyes. Every Day He Done It"

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

New Hybrid Roses on Which Mr Burbank Was Working Toward an Exceedingly Heavy Profusion of Bloom and a Shrub Form of Rose Tree

THERE are no statistics at hand, but I suppose I have had as many visitors as any man of my time anywhere, and have made as few visits as any. Of those who have come many have been customers, many scientists, many famous men and women. The great bulk of them, though, have been just plain people interested in flowers or trees and in what I was doing, who were ready to go out of their way to visit headquarters.

The stream began to flow early, but it did not reach any considerable proportions, except as regards customers who came, from the beginning, to buy potatoes or nursery stock, until I made an announcement, which I will come to presently, that caused folks everywhere to prick up their ears. How they came then! And how many of them there were who expected me to be a sort of museum curiosity and my gardens a side show! I can remember well how their attitudes changed when they saw what I was doing, and that I was only a man, after all, with no signs of hoofs or horns, and wearing everyday clothes instead of a masquerade-ball costume. From that day to this my callers have been interested, thoughtful, mannerly, and kindly, almost without exception. I have had in my home and on the farms thousands, from street-car conductors to the King of Belgium, from laborers to Mr. Edison, from housekeepers to Paderewski, from primary-school teachers to Helen Keller, and pretty nearly every one of them respected my work and my ideals and my knowledge of my business, and showed that they did.

Improved Method for Killing Trees

IN THE 70's and early 80's, when I first began to sell nursery stock in Santa Rosa, there was a great demand for such wares, and I realized that this business would give me room and equipment for experimentation along my chosen line and at the same time would pay expenses. I started with one acre of land; by 1883 I had eight acres, in two plots, and was looked on locally as one of the successful nurserymen of California.

Emerson is credited by some with saying that the world will beat a pathway to the door of any man who makes a good mousetrap; the fact that I sold only the best nursery stock and stood behind it with my own personal guaranty brought me business.

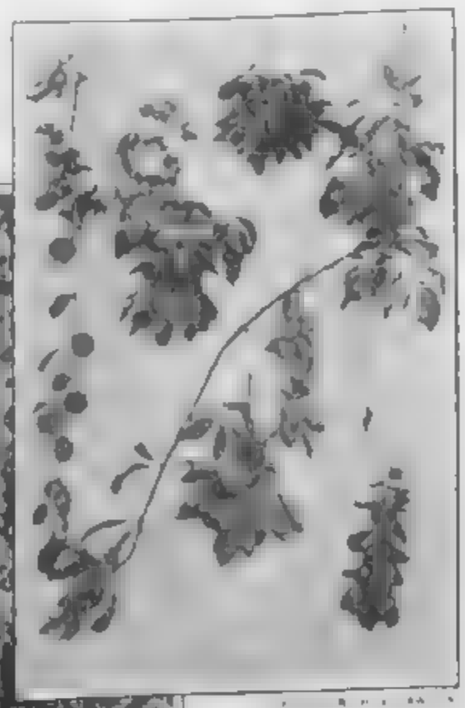
By comparison, this policy of mine, too, was welcomed at that time. It was a period when the whole country was overrun with traveling agents. Pretty nearly everything a gullible countryman might get himself all tangled up over was sold from door to door, from farm to farm, by glib salesmen with spanking turnouts and a beautifully illustrated catalogue that made a person's mouth water just to look at the cover.

Nursery stock was sold in the same way; it is all recalled to me by encountering in an old scrapbook a piece I wrote for a paper, from which I quote.

After several years preaching on how to make trees live, I cannot be contented until I have given you the improved method for killing them.

The first and most important step is to buy half-dead, sickly, scaly, refuse trees of some honest traveling agent, who in sweet and mellow tones will tell you he is the only person who has a stock of the kind you are looking for.

I found customers for that kind of sarcasm right away, the next issue of the paper contained a communication from a man in Nevada City, California, who wrote to tell me that he had been defrauded by "an agent from round the Bay who traveled with a big album under his arm, full of the most gaudy, highly colored illustrations of fruits and flowers—which the same, by the way, is the kind of molasses used to catch country flies." I had apparently hit the right spot, but the type of traveling agent I have in mind flourished for a long time, and in my opinion did a great deal to delay the development of the state, by broadcasting inferior nursery stock.



One of the Old Plum Trees Onto Which Mr. Burbank Grafted and Budded Plum Varieties for Years and Nine of the Varieties of Plums Gathered From It in July, 1926

Success

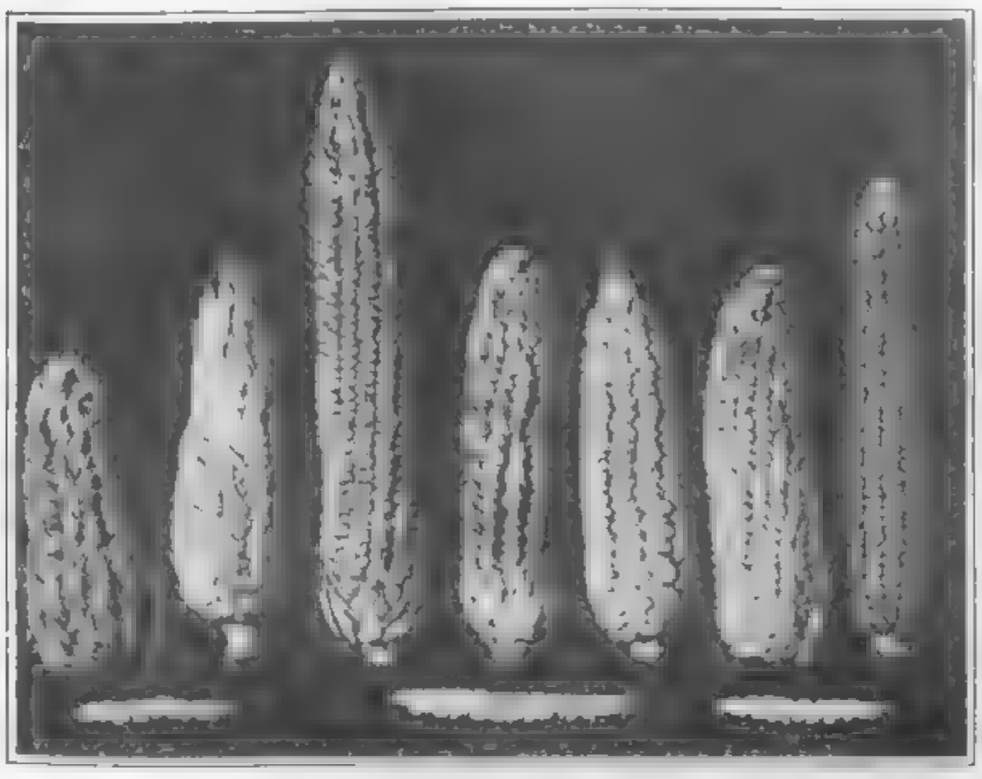
I STRESSED the fact from the first that I hired no agents, and as time went on, the street in front of my place was crowded with teams, especially on Saturdays, when the orchardists from as far north as Mendocino County and as far south as the Santa Clara Valley would line up to buy Burbank trees. But the mere business of selling was irksome to me. I have never liked commercial life or dealing with men on a basis of barter. Some have supposed this was because I was not a good business man, but instead it is because I early acquired the scientific point of view, which does not take money or what the world calls success into account.

This is not a pose with scientists. Your merchant or banker deals in and handles money; it is the measure of his business and the medium of his mental activity. The scientist deals with truth, and the more of it he can accumulate in his life and the better he invests it in research and experimentation the greater his success. It would be as idle for scientific men to assert that a capitalist poses when he says he wouldn't turn a hand unless there was money in it, as it is to allege that a scholar or scientist poses when he says he will not commercialize his discoveries of fact or truth, but would rather get along with very little and have his mind and his conscience and his time free from obligations requiring him to deliver at so much an hour. Some folks see this, but it is a truth all may well ponder, because it seems to me to express pretty clearly the difference that exists between commercial men and men of learning or scientific achievement, without at all belittling either.

I sold nursery stock, you might say, as a side line; for by this time I was in a position to put into practice the theories I had as to the great importance of experimenting with plants in the search for varieties

more useful and beautiful and productive than those we then had, and I was beginning to get my stride in quantity production. This preoccupation of mine escaped most of my immediate neighbors, who knew me as "the Santa Rosa nurseryman with the place south of the iron bridge." Away from home, though, I was beginning to be known, especially by men interested in plant breeding and, to a limited extent, by the professors, who expound science, and the scientists, who promulgate its laws.

My original marketing of the Burbank potato won me no recognition from science because it was merely the more or less fortuitous development of a new variety. You see, it was something as though a prospector had discovered a new gold field; the geologists and mineralogists would know all about gold, and the mere addition of a new field wouldn't concern them much. But when I began to establish the fact that I could train old varieties in the plant world to new habits and possibilities and could produce entirely new varieties with characteristics and values never known before, I was more like a man who has taken known metals and from them extracted radium. The moment I emerged as a scientific experimenter and investigator the scientists wanted to know more about me.



A Condensed Story of Corn, From the Teosinte Ears Below Through Stages to the Perfected Corn at the Right

Very slowly but surely the word spread that there was a young fellow out in California who made claims about plant breeding that had never been made by any living human being on this planet before—and not only that, but that he was showing his wares as proof. I began to get letters and inquiries about my work, and after a while I had a large number of contacts, faint or strong, indirect or immediate, with the world to which I was to belong from that time on—the world of science.

Wild Flowers

THERE were some other contacts being made at this time that proved in the long run to be of the utmost importance to me and to my work. They began with an idea I had that California seeds might be interesting and useful to foreign seedsmen; there were large and old firms scattered about Europe and England and down in Australia, and I wrote some of them offering seeds, and particularly California wild-flower seeds.

Much more quickly than might have been expected, I built up a good business in this line. Very few people know it, but the fact is that California wild flowers and native plants have been transformed or developed into some of the favorite garden plants of England and the Continent. That I contributed something to this result is perfectly plain.

The work gave me much satisfaction and pleasure, and some cash. It brought me into touch with the whole world of men interested in flowers and plants, not for the sake of their anatomy or leaf structure or Latin names, but for the sake of their beauty and utility, and it was an inspiration to me to find everywhere men of high standing and well considered in their own lands, working away at something like my own job. I remember that it was a delight to me to get away from my farms on Sundays and wander about the hills and along the coast gathering seeds. Of course, as in the work in my gardens, I had to visit the plants first when they were in blossom and select the ones I wanted, marking them scrupulously so that I could find the plants later.

I always used strips of cloth or bits of string as markers, and often I would find myself out of cloth, so that I would be compelled to tear up a handkerchief or perhaps borrow the end off a Christmas necktie in order that some precious plant might not be lost track of. On more than one occasion I was reduced to using a shoestring, and several times I labored home along a dusty road with my shoes flapping up and down at the heel like a Chinaman's slipper. But when I went back at seedtime I would always find my selected plants—if a cow or a deer hadn't found them first—and then I felt repaid for my efforts and my mother and sister would be reconciled to the disappearance of my haberdashery. For it

This Thornless Blackberry, a Triumph Over Heredity, Was the Result of Experiments During Which More Than a Hundred Thousand Seedlings Were Grown and Burned—to Get One!

was unusual for me to make one of these trips without bringing back, in addition to seeds for my export business, some new and priceless trophy—a seed pod or a bulb or a pollen-laden blossom, to use in my own experiments.

Lively Methods of Business

ONE of the earliest connections made in pursuit of the foreign business was with the firm of C. Platz and Son, at Erfurt, Germany. I have a letter from them, dated January 9, 1886, in which they wrote, in quaint English:

> We have much regret to hear from you so long time nothing. Therefore we profit from the occasion to beg you to will address to us one of your special offers of the seeds native in your country and of such which we have had before from you.
>
> It would be very agreeable to us if our relations were renewed in a very lively manner, and you can be assured that we do all for to make the same so advantageous as possible
>
> Awaiting your kindly news we have meanwhile the honor to be, dear sir, Yours very truly

I am sure I hastened to renew my relations with this kindly firm in a very lively manner. In fact, my relations generally, throughout my life, were made and renewed and carried on in the liveliest manner of which I was capable; and what later became known in the business world as pep and zip and punch were part of my make-up. I never found that anything came to the man who sat back in a chair, whether it was hickory or deal or mahogany, and waited for something to turn up.

The man who goes ahead is the man who does his work and sells his product in a very lively manner, and he is also pretty certain to go a long way and to have liveliness become such a part of his mental and physical equipment that he can turn handsprings at seventy without going to bed afterward with lumbago.

(Continued on Page 121)

Mr. Burbank, at Forty-two, With the Shasta Daisy, One of His Best Known and Most Widely Used Creations

THE FINE POINT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Marian Said Earnestly, "But, Von, What are We Going to Do? I Think We've Rather Counted on Your Being Able to Find Out Something"

IV

PROFESSOR PANE, tormented by his increasing anxiety, found a singular solace in the company of Professor Cammett that day. He had gone early to Professor Cammett's home; and the psychologist and Marian exerted themselves in skillful ways to distract his attention from his own unhappiness and to absorb his mind in other matters. But they very quickly perceived that it was impossible for him to think of anything except his absent wife, impossible for him to talk of anything else. So they permitted him to tell over and over every detail of what had passed, to recite her actions on the day or two before she disappeared, to relate his own theories, to set forth his doubts, and to air all the perturbation which filled his soul.

Professor Cammett had, on Friday evening, invited Walter Burris to dine with them that day; but the disappearance of Mrs. Pane had since then so engrossed his thoughts that he forgot the invitation, forgot to forewarn Marian that there would be a fourth at dinner. When at a little before one o'clock Burris rang the doorbell, Marian ran to answer.

"That must be Von," she cried; "perhaps he's found her."

The two men were so struck by this possibility that they followed her into the hall; thus when Marian opened the door Burris saw confronting him these three, and saw the hope in their countenances change to disappointment and to blank surprise.

He stood a moment silent; then cried laughingly, "You'd forgotten me! Marian, didn't your father tell you he'd asked me to dinner?"

"It's all right, Walter," she exclaimed, warmly enough now. "Of course he forgot, but there's plenty. Come in while I go water the soup." She added, with a laughing glance at the blank faces of her father and Professor Pane, "We thought you were Von, with some news of Mrs. Pane!"

"Mrs. Pane?" he repeated.

His question staggered them; it seemed so incredible that he did not know.

"She's disappeared," Marian told him. "Go into the library, you three, while I set another place. Professor Pane will tell you all about it, Walter."

When she returned from the pantry it was to find the young man listening, with an occasional question, to Professor Pane's recital. It had not occurred to her that Burris might take a professional interest in the mystery till she saw the alertness of his attention now. She was feeling more and more deeply a profound sympathy for the helpless old man, so terribly distressed, and the kindliness and the reassuring tone which Burris continually used to him pleased her and endeared him to her. She had never taken occasion to go to court to watch Burris busy in his professional capacity, so the manner which he wore today was as strange to her as though she had never seen him before.

He asked at last, "I don't suppose you have cared to report the matter to the police?"

And Marian answered for Professor Pane.

"No, of course not, Walter. You know what the police are. All they can do is make a great noise, and then the story gets in the papers, and that would be terrible."

"The newspapers," Burris commented impartially, "are sometimes of great assistance in such a matter as this. They're probably more effective in locating a missing person than any direct efforts on the part of the police."

"It would be intolerable," Professor Pane said with a heat unusual to him, "to see my affairs aired in the sensational press."

"Have you done anything?" Burris asked.

"I telephoned Mrs. Horn," Professor Pane explained, "but I regret that. She will be likely to report our conversation."

Marian said quickly, "Von is trying to see whether he can find out anything."

Burris looked at her with a glance of faint surprise. "Von Utrecht?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, and she was dismayed to feel her cheeks color under his glance.

Burris smiled a little. "He's a professional journalist, you know," he reminded them. "I'm surprised you thought it wise to appeal to him, professor."

"He came to me, but not in his professional capacity," the other retorted. "Came to me with a kindly offer of assistance. I was very glad to have the advice of a practical man. He assures me that by this evening he hopes to have something to report."

"He's a very competent young man," Burris agreed. "I should imagine that his efforts may be fully as successful as those of the police might have been." But he added after a moment, "However, I don't think it would be wise, Professor Pane, for you to allow this matter to rest too long. I should be glad to take it up myself if you wish me to do so. I don't want to intrude my good offices upon you."

Professor Pane said uncertainly, "Your function is very much the same as that of the police. I must confess, I'm reluctant to bring that element into the situation."

Burris nodded. "I appreciate your feeling," he agreed, "but of course this is—or it may be—a serious matter."

Before they had finished dinner they had discussed every aspect of the situation, and afterward in the living room the talk turned now and then in other directions. Professor Cammett asked Burris about his candidacy for the congressional nomination of his party—a nomination was in that district roughly equivalent to election—and Burris said he had been assured that the nomination would come to him.

"Do you think you will accept it?" Professor Cammett inquired.

"Yes," Burris said, "yes, I will." He smiled in a deprecatory way. "It's the old familiar question, whether to prefer politics to the law. The law, of course, is more remunerative."

"That," Professor Cammett reminded him, "is fortunately a consideration which need not affect you."

"That's true," Burris agreed, and he added decisively, "I'm inclined to go to Congress if I can."

Professor Pane had during the early afternoon grown more and more uneasy; and after he had sat for a considerable time in silence, absorbed in his own thoughts and indifferent or inattentive to the matter which they were discussing, he said abruptly, "Von Utrecht should be here before long."

"He's coming here?" Burris inquired.

"Yes," Professor Pane replied, "yes." He added in a tone of faint resentment, "He sent me here. I think he wanted to get me out of the way. But he promised to come and let me know what he had found."

"I should be interested in hearing his report," Burris suggested. "You won't mind my staying?"

"Delighted to have you," Professor Cammett assured him. "Your advice should be of value."

And Marian, catching the young man's eye and understanding the question in his glance, assented to this. "Do stay, Walter," she agreed.

So they were all four together in the living room—Marian and her father and Walter conspiring to distract Professor Pane's attention from his own distress—when, at about four o'clock, Von Utrecht appeared. Marian went to the door to answer his ring, and she and the young man came in together, and Von Utrecht looked from one of them to the other and spoke first to Burris.

"Have you been giving Professor Pane some good advice?" he inquired in a friendly tone.

"We've been waiting to hear what you found out," Burris told him.

"Have you found anything?" Professor Pane asked eagerly. "Have you got any word from her?"

Von Utrecht shook his head. "I had a long talk with your maid, sir," he said. "I don't believe she knows anything she didn't tell me. Certainly I asked her every question I could think of—covered the ground as fully as I could. I expect she thinks I made rather a fool of myself, but she was very kind. Then I went to see Rank, the young chap who looks after your furnace, and I've talked with the policeman who was on the beat that night."

"Did you tell him anything?" Professor Pane asked in alarm.

"Not a thing," Von Utrecht assured him. "His name's Dennis. I've known him for a long time, ever since I was in college. I didn't even tell him what I was working on; but I promised to let him in on it if anything broke. That's as far as I went"

"What did he tell you?" Burris inquired.

Von Utrecht met the other's eye and smiled. "Substantially nothing," he replied, "except this: He saw Mrs. Pane come home."

"He saw her come home?" Professor Pane reiterated.

"At least he saw her car come home," Von Utrecht amended. And he added after a momentary pause, "That was about half-past twelve, he thinks. You weren't awake then, were you, sir?"

"No," Professor Pane told him, "no. I must have been asleep by twelve o'clock." But he added protestingly, "I woke up about two. She wasn't there then."

"He didn't see her," Von Utrecht agreed. "He just saw the car turn into your driveway. Apparently he recognized it. At any rate, he's sure it was her car. He was about a block and a half away along the street, and when he got to your house there was no one in sight. He said there was a light in your bedroom."

"I went to sleep with the light on," Professor Pane recalled. "It was on till I woke at two o'clock."

"Jennie Lake says she came home just after midnight," Von Utrecht continued. "But she must have been asleep by the time the car drove in or she'd have heard the garage doors open. Her room is just above them."

Marian said earnestly, "But, Von, what are we going to do? I think we've rather counted on your being able to find out something."

Von Utrecht smiled at her. "Well, I've found out a lot of things," he confessed, "but they don't seem to mean anything."

"What are they?" Burris asked.

"This maid of yours," Von Utrecht said to the professor, "seems to be a pretty careful housekeeper. There's not much that goes on in the house without her knowing it. She tells me that your bathtub showed signs of having been used Saturday morning. Did you take a bath that morning?"

Professor Pane shook his head. "No, I bathed in the evening," he explained.

He Saw Her Distress and He Continued Quickly, "But, Marian, There's Another Side of It. You People Don't Realize It"

"She said there were two or three shredded pieces of newspaper caught in the outlet of the bathtub," Von Utrecht told him, "and she said the tub looked as though a man had tried to clean it." He smiled. "She seemed to make a distinction between the way it would have looked if it had been cleaned by a woman and if a man had done the job."

Marian laughed a little. "There's all the difference in the world," she assured them.

"I expect there is," Von Utrecht agreed. "Jennie also says," he continued, "that there are three bath towels missing. You haven't mislaid any towels, have you, Professor Pane?"

"I use the towel on my rack," Professor Pane replied in a bewildered tone. "There's always one there. I suppose now and then it's replaced by a clean one. I've never paid any particular attention."

Von Utrecht nodded. "And the carving knife was rusty," he continued. "Jennie seemed to think that was an outrage. She professed to be sure she had dried it and put it away Friday night after your dinner, and that it hadn't been used since; but there was certainly rust on it. I saw the rust myself."

Burris asked quietly, "What significance do you attach to all this, Von Utrecht?"

Von Utrecht turned to look at the other man and met his eye fairly, but he parried the question. "I think that's rather more in your province than in mine," he told the other. "My business is to get the facts. I suppose it's yours to draw deductions from them."

"It doesn't seem to me any of this has anything to do with Mrs. Pane's being gone," Marian urged.

Von Utrecht smiled at her.

"Probably not," he said. "I'm just telling you the few things I've found out, whether they mean anything or not. The only other thing was that Jennie claims she had a five-gallon can full of kerosene in the cellar and that someone has used it up since Thursday morning. Oh, yes," he added, as though remembering, "and she says the furnace fire must have burned up pretty hot Friday night. She said her room got so hot she had to get up and turn off the radiator and open the windows."

"It was uncomfortably warm," Professor Pane agreed, "when I woke at two."

"I asked Rank about that," Von Utrecht explained. "He said one of the drafts was open in the morning. He said it sometimes fell open of its own weight—the draft in the flue. And he said sometimes the wind changed at night and made the furnace draw more. He said there was enough fire Saturday morning so that he was able to build it up all right."

Marian protested impatiently, "This doesn't help us very much, Von."

He nodded. "I know it," he agreed. "As I said when I came in, I haven't found out a thing that seems to throw any light on what's happened. About all I know is what I knew this morning—that Mrs. Pane appears to have come home, but that she isn't here now." He laughed. "I even urged Jennie to search the house, the other rooms and the closets. She seemed to think that was ridiculous, and I expect it was, but we did it."

Professor Pane burst out in a tone almost hysterical, "I can't stand this, my friends. I'm not used to such things. I've got to know something, got to do something. This uncertainty is tormenting me."

There was a momentary silence, and then Marian crossed to his side and touched his shoulder with an affectionate hand. "Now you mustn't let yourself get worked up,

(Continued on Page 74)

GET THEE TO A KITCHEN

"Oh, You Just Stick a Lump of Sugar in a Lump of Dough and Wad It Up and Bake It. Anybody Can See How It's Done"

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

OFTEN have I marveled at the inability of persons of every profession except that of the cook to apply their aptitudes, talents and special training to their own needs. A lawyer, for example, who tells me he has divorced an exact average of 37.7 people per annum for thirteen years, when it comes to getting his own divorce seems totally at a loss. To accomplish that so fashionable and casual domestic operation he has to yell for help. Absurd! Also I have seen a great surgeon on a golf course, surrounded by four members, several caddies, a man with a lawn mower, and a janitor, while a lady doctor with horn spectacles and a darning needle removed a thistle thorn from his world-renowned thumb.

Or again, and to elevate the perplexity from the sciences to the arts, at which level the superiority of cooks reveals itself, may I ask the reader to bend his intelligence for a moment to a peculiar question and decide if he can why so many famous singers want you and me to sing them to sleep? Singing is their job, not ours; nor have I ever heard that prima donnas cared to hear anybody's ululations but their own.

Moreover, if they are wakeful and want a lullaby, they can get it in a bottle. Yet, one and all, they voice this inconvenient longing, and only too eloquently do they fix you with a piteous eye and a more piteous melody and beg you to sing them to sleep, dear, the shadows fall. It makes a difficult and embarrassing situation.

To the contrary, any such backwardness about performing his own tricks for his own benefit does not characterize your talented cook. With his great white kitchen gleaming vistas of copper and silver, with coteries of cooks in rows and hollow squares at long ranges, square ranges, steam tables; with electric moons making the latest kind of dreamy glow over activities as redolent as they are mechanical, casual—I almost said nonchalant—does Jules Regnaud, sauntering here and there in his white swathings, to cast a corrective or a damning glance from his Swiss eye, think of making his midnight supper from any of the items *du jour* that surround him and represent $84,000 worth of the choicest edibles? No.

About 300 feet away, under a green table lamp, on a neat little table, cloistered between the *gardes mangers* and the side alley to the patisserie, are two chafing dishes. In one the juice from carving tables where roast ducklings have spent their succulence is combined with wine jelly. This is stewing up through toast laid on a perforated drainer, over which toast is spread a thick purée of Italian chestnuts. The breasts of duckling, touched with the juice of limes and slightly annoyed with pepper, are keeping hot in the other.

About half-past one, when the public has jazzed itself home and for an hour night is to settle on Manhattan, and the low growl of some outgoing vessel in the North River is miraculously audible, penetrative to his lair within that fortalice of a hotel, even as far-off mountain thunder may enter the lone quietness of a sleeping farmstead—he will sit down in company with the Revue de Deux Mondes, or having invited some brother of the kitchen to join him, as I have known him to do, he will remark that there is no privacy so delicious as that wrested from the roar of the city. Nor can I forbear his urbane philosophy: "Let us be in the city, but never of it. Let us never be anywhere but in New York or Paris. Let us always cook our own supper."

That, of course, is a Gallic way of talking. One feels most of the time with French people that they are speaking for publication and he doesn't mean anything at all about the great cities. He adores the country, even as did the Augustan poet who wrote of oat cakes and home-brew down on the farm while lounging through the fifty courses of an imperial banquet.

So the illustrious chef waxes eloquent about rural simplicity and looks longingly to the country from the hotel windows. What he is sincere about, however, is the line about cooking our own suppers. That's what Bill Stannard Quimby thought, down in Peachtree, Tennessee, where the early strawberries grow. He came to the conclusion that cooking our own suppers and breakfasts, too, might lead to some startling results, and we shall see what they were. Moreover, the exquisite Frenchman, thus speaking, has Bill in mind when he reiterates that stuff about cooking and being independent; particularly since one of Bill's productions—a ruddy little bun with a liquid heart, a rarity of a confection—constitutes between the great chef and myself a sort of bond international.

A honeydew bun. Monsieur breaks the fragile thing and holds it just so the light shines through its dripping heart, its translucent, shaly crust.

"*Quelle tendreté*," he murmurs. "And you say the flag of Tennessee does not embody this creation? What an oversight! Are there not four cheeses on the shield of Ryswick, and a butter churn on the arms of Bâle?"

As a matter of fact, that honeydew bun, which compresses to itself all the richness of blue-grass pasture and wilderness flavor of a pioneer achievement, has mystified its thousands. Yet I'll warrant that every one of the few living souls besides myself who know its manner of making are Bill's relatives and that it long ago ceased to appear on their tables. It's too much work for colored Sappho and her more colored Tuck; it looked too elaborate for poor Cousin Annie Bramhall, who said perpetually that everything was doubly hard for her and anybody was welcome to make buns that wanted to waste the time. But it wasn't too hard for Bill, who discovered the recipe in an old beaver top hat up attic. And in it he saw his redemption.

One might revel in the contents of that umbrageous attic, but the hat, a beaver of 1850 vintage, was the center

He Opened a Large, Squarely Folded Sheet, Upon Which Was a Spencerian Piece of Penmanship, Headed, Jefferson Quimby's Honey-and-Butter Cakes

"Let Us be in the City, But Never of It.
Let Us Never be Anywhere But in New York or Paris. Let Us Always Cook Our Own Supper"

of Bill's interest. Turned upside down, it had been made to hold some ten quarts of old letters and pocket-worn papers. In respect to one thing it was a rare hat, for its label gave forth to the world trade words which I have looked in vain to see elsewhere used—Top Gear. Barton, Piccadilly, Gentlemen's Top Gear. If footgear, why not top gear? Fine words, even in these days of freshly minted nomenclatures, coined by the adsmiths while you wait.

There sat Bill on the attic floor, pawing over papers and ancient account books, when he opened a large, squarely folded sheet, upon which, with wide, meticulous margins, was a Spencerian piece of penmanship, headed, Jefferson Quimby's Honey-and-Butter Cakes. And—what spirit had prompted it?—whether we may assume it to have been the peculiar readiness of a generation that kept a text for every occasion as handily as we have matches and cigarettes, or whether it was playfulness, the long-drawn directions for making these dainties were headed with: "And he shall eat butter and honey and shall know that which is good from evil."

An Unconventional Introduction

AS TO the recipe itself, it required practically a tub of butter and a crate of eggs and a pail of honey—not to mention a very practiced hand. Bill knew on the instant, as he has told me, that he had struck pay metal. So convinced was he of this, so suddenly possessed with an idea and an ambition, that he grew oblivious to all but the most trivial of his surroundings and noted with delight that a mouse mincing at him from a corner was distinctly to his right and a spider, plying his sullen trade at a nailed-down window, was in the act of capturing a fly. Never were omens more truly dexter. For Bill's mind would run that way—straight to Homeric portents.

Why Bill reacted in so peculiar a manner to his grandfather's recipe for a pastry that looked to him like sure enough money is apparent from a glance at his circumstances. Some people are in easy circumstances, some in straitened and some in no circumstances at all. The last was Bill's situation, and he defined the position himself as common to his townsfolk.

"I could easily pass sixteen of my creditors between the front gate and the courthouse, going down the main street of Peachtree," said Bill. "Any other white man could do the same." And the result was the most beautiful carefree condition this side of Utopia. Everybody took a good nap after dinner and dreamed of the money that was coming to him. No tossing around worrying about what he owed. I might say, indeed, that promissory notes blew around the streets and lay in windrows in the fence corners.

In these present days of a prosperity so diffused that the kindergarten class cuts its coupons instead of its paper dolls, it is a pleasure to record such a sweet and easy poverty as that of Bill's native county twenty years ago. As for those afternoon naps, I can personally testify that the first of my experiences with honeydew buns, otherwise old Jefferson Quimby's honey-and-butter cakes, my introduction not only to them but also to certain other rarities began with a rude breaking in upon the sleeping town of Peachtree.

It was a yellow afternoon, for such is the light, beginning to wester, of a July day in midland Tennessee. Foliage shone metallic; unpainted houses, weathered for all the world like sycamore logs on the river bank, were baking. You could smell them baking. Everything was open—doors and windows and the mouths of three old gentlemen asleep in tilt-back chairs on three separate porches. In case a breeze sprang up it had every chance of penetrating the houses and persons of Peachtree. To walk abroad, even from the station to the Junction House, was to be seized with a heavenly stupor; and within the hall, which was long and dark, with a rear door opening to a splash of light and the kitchen purlieus, a certain uselessness of all further exertion overcame you.

To ring the bell on the counter was vain. At three o'clock old Cuffy, the porter, always removed the clapper. Not because I was a familiar of this household, but because I knew what acute distress would overtake any householder in that region to know that either guest or intruder had been hanging around hungry or athirst. Bearing in mind that extreme case recorded of a certain blue-grass baron who, regretting the theft of his silver spoons, was more deeply affected because the purloiner had disdained his wines with the decanters right in sight, I felt it a kindness to go foraging for myself.

Under a mosquito netting, cleverly supported by halved barrel staves to arch like a tent, and occupying all the surface of a big square table shoved to a corner of the dining room, where the barred sunlight through old blinds illumined a delicious gloom, were about forty pies—among them that rarity known to few pie collectors, a gold-and-silver cherry pie, of which I shall have much to say later on—and a plate of buns. Queer buns, rather flattish and almost transparent on the edges. One bite of that bun and it drooled; drooled buckwheat honey—or was it wild honey?

To pass from that initial taste of a honeydew bun to the scene of its making was to leave Peachtree and journey seven miles back and along a shelving upland to where Quimby's tavern stood solitary in its ruin on the grass-grown turnpike. A good many journeys are like that. You get within seven miles of the end and there you stick, waiting to complete the last and shortest lap. So are a great many undertakings.

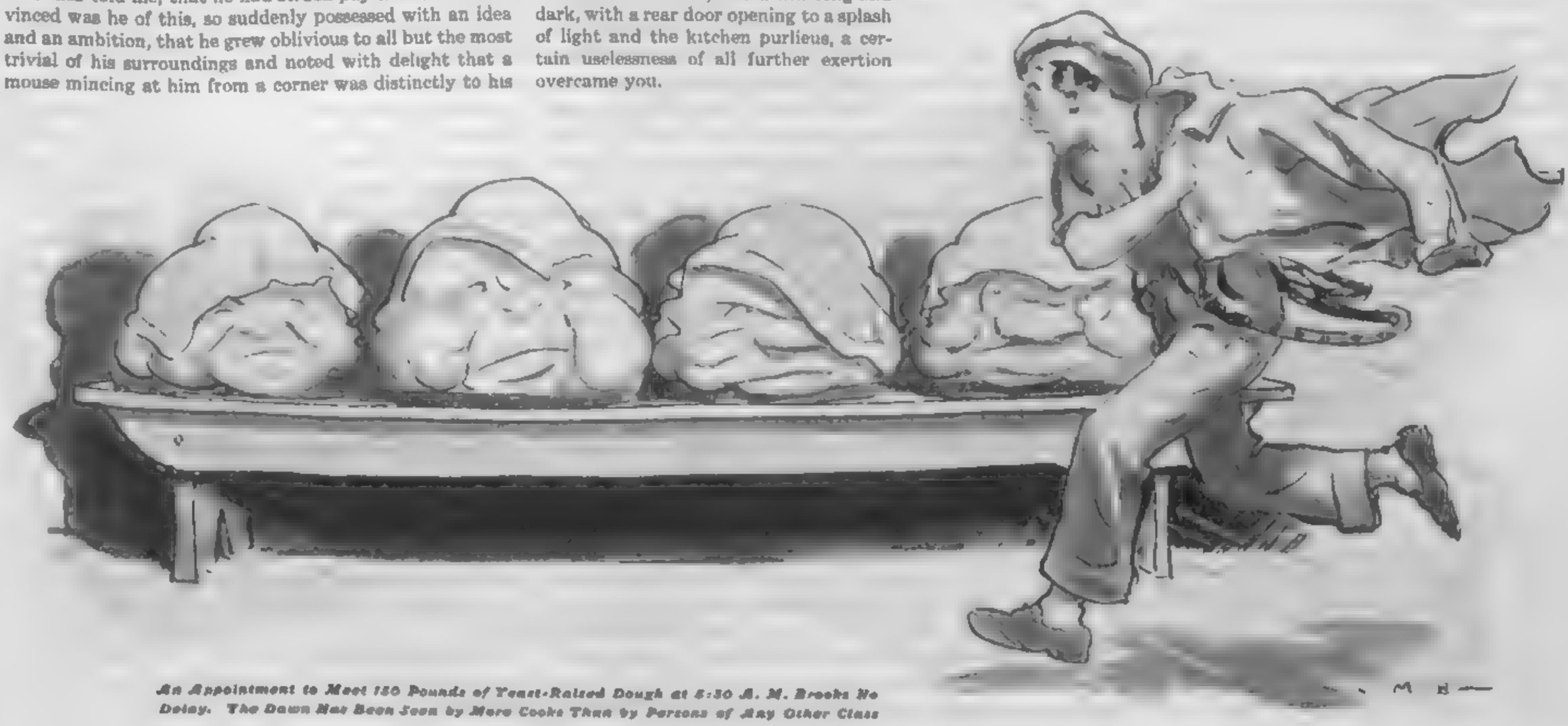
In the Presence of Sleep

I HAVE a friend who has had her portrait painted by one of the most fashionable painters alive at this moment. It took him long and many hours of sittings, and he said he was only going to titivate her nose and little finger, so the next sitting would complete the business. Truly her nose must have been difficult. He put twenty hours to its completion, and then she told him if the portrait was only to be finished in her dotage she would cancel the order. Thereupon he painted the nose—and perfectly—in just ten minutes.

Had time come to a standstill in Peachtree, I wondered. The old kitchen was dead to the world. Black Sappho snored on the doorstep. Within, a neglected dripping pan on the stove held chops and panned cream that had passed through their little geologic era to a delicious gummy crystallization. Gone to candy, teetotal, while the cook slept, the dog slept, even the flies on the ceiling dozed in patterns and stationary quadrilles; and an old horse, with head and neck thrust through the unshuttered window, was trying to wake up and pick a little lettuce from the slop bucket. Sleep overtook him every time; his lip would tremble and his neck would sag.

As by a doomsday blast, however, all this green-and-amber somnolence was shattered by the ear-cracking whistle of the Gudge and Marbleton daily train. Midget train that it was, it could raise more ruckus than fifty

(Continued on Page 241)



An Appointment to Meet 150 Pounds of Yeast-Raised Dough at 5:30 A. M. Brooks No Delay. The Dawn Has Been Seen by More Cooks Than by Persons of Any Other Class

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926

The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

THE world is indebted to Miss Gertrude Ederle for one of the most satisfying thrills in the whole summer's news. The fact that she was the first woman to swim the English Channel, her extraordinary speed, which lowered by nearly two hours the record of the best male swimmer, her youth and her gay courage, captured the imagination of all the continents. The detailed story of her epic swim, from the moment she plunged into the water at Cape Gris Nez until she found her feet on British shingle, is a narrative which sparkles with evidence of clean grit and tenacity of purpose. In all the annals of sport there is no finer record than that hung up by this young American girl.

Miss Ederle was in superb physical condition. Under one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, she has highly developed and perfectly coördinated muscles. She has a chest expansion of eight inches. She is the mistress of an easy and powerful stroke which gets her through the water with the smallest outlay of energy. All these things contributed to her victory; but it was her blithe courage and laughing pluck which made them function so effectively and finally brought her through. It was not physical strength alone that gave her power to withstand the surge of twenty-foot waves hour in and hour out, the chill of the waters and all the hardships of storm, gale and darkness. It was not mere muscle that made her twice refuse to come out of the water when the elements seemed too much for her, or which prompted her, when at last her feet pressed solid English gravel, to swim back to the escorting tug to greet her friends. At no time while she was in the water did she appear to slacken her efforts.

There is every reason to hope and believe that Miss Ederle's great achievement will intensify interest in swimming as a sport for both men and women. There is no outdoor activity better calculated to develop the entire body, none which brings fewer evils in its train and none which is more perfectly adapted to the needs of young people.

At least one of our larger universities makes swimming a compulsory subject and requires a certain degree of proficiency in it before it will confer a degree upon an able-bodied student. Every college rich enough to afford a swimming pool might adopt this rule with advantage. Every youngster should be taught to take care of himself in the water and in case of accident to keep himself afloat until assistance arrives.

Protection from drowning is not the only immunity the frequent swimmer enjoys. Swimming not only enlarges the lung capacity and develops wind and muscle but it builds up a stubborn power to resist disease. The more swimming we do, the better our national health will be. We owe Miss Ederle a vote of thanks for the thrilling and spectacular manner in which she has drawn attention to its possibilities.

The Whole Nation's Job

MR. HERBERT S. HADLEY in publishing the report of his subcommittee of the National Crime Commission made some oral comments upon it which concisely set forth the more fundamental shortcomings of our existing code of criminal procedure and judicial administration. His explanations, brief as they were, shed much light upon the reasons for the twenty recommendations sponsored by his committee. Speaking to the New York Times, Mr. Hadley said:

"There are two theories upon which codes of criminal procedure are founded. First, there is the theory that a code of criminal procedure should be framed primarily for the protection of the citizen against possible injustice and oppression by the State. Second, there is the theory that a code of criminal procedure should provide for such a judicial investigation of a charge of crime as will lead to a prompt and definite decision as to guilt and punishment. I believe it can be fairly stated that the code of criminal procedure that now obtains in practically all our states belongs to the first class, although present conditions seem to demand that the second theory is the one that should obtain if society is effectively to protect itself against its enemies."

It would be impossible to frame a clearer statement of the technical conditions which often make the most aggressive prosecution of criminals futile and foster the miscarriage of justice. Under the present procedure the criminal has almost everything his own way. His rights are so guarded, he is so hedged about with technical defenses, and such burdensome restrictions are imposed upon the prosecution that many criminal trials cannot even pretend to be procedures for the rational determination of guilt or innocence. In many instances the state is endeavoring to prove the self-evident after having been deprived of all effective means for doing so. If by skill or chance or overwhelming evidence the state gets a verdict, the defense will appeal. If the verdict is "Not guilty" no appeal is allowed to the prosecution. There is nothing for the district attorney to do but to murmur "What's the use?" and call the next case.

On this side of the Atlantic, Anglo-Saxon love of fair play has gone to such lengths in protecting the accused that it has left his accusers—that is to say, the people as a whole—at his mercy. Crime has thus become largely a sporting proposition, with all the odds in favor of the criminal. There is no reason to suppose that this state of affairs will undergo much alteration until we so change the rules as to give the victims of crime as good a chance of being avenged as the bandit or murderer now has of getting off scot-free.

We have known these things all along. If we have allowed conditions to go from bad to worse it is because we have shirked the work of enforcing our criminal laws without sentiment or pity. The reason we have so many cases involving the death penalty is because we inflict it so rarely. Crimes of violence thrive on our tenderheartedness.

Nothing has more deadly results than the persistent shirking of an obvious duty; and nothing brings swifter or more certain rewards than manfully taking on unpleasant tasks and seeing them through. If our national health is reasonably good it is because we did not shirk the unsavory job of cleaning up our pestholes, abolishing sources of contamination, installing pure water supplies and scientific sewage systems. The moment we realize that the habitual criminal is a social plague spot, a focus of deadly contagion, and deal with him as we should deal with Asiatic cholera, our local crime waves will flatten out.

Since time out of mind we have heard endless talk about projected legal reforms, but to the average layman it seems like a case of great cry and little wool, though here and there some improvement has been made. But we have, it is to be feared, made the mistake of leaving the law to the lawyers and of failing to exert upon them that constant pressure of public opinion which alone can overcome the inertia of an ancient profession.

Live and Let Live

A GENERATION ago transportation, gas, electric current and several other forms of public service were commonly sold for what the traffic would bear. Grave abuses arose and became worse from year to year. The establishment of Federal and state control through commissions and boards became necessary for the sound development of the country. These bodies rendered service of high value; but as time went on they displayed a tendency to think more and more of the immediate interests of the public, less and less of the rights of stockholders of corporations under their control, and nothing at all of the future of the industries themselves.

Not many years ago one-sixth of our American railway mileage was operated under receiverships. Hundreds of street-railway, electric-lighting and gas companies were starved into insolvency. Scores of millions invested in presumably sound utility enterprises were forever lost. The shrinkage in market values of utility securities swept away other millions. Utility securities got a bad name; and for a while it was difficult to finance the legitimate development of thriving communities.

Public inconvenience operated much more effectually than any love of justice and equity to open our eyes and turn the tide of sentiment in favor of giving public-service investors some semblance of a square deal. This new attitude was presently reflected in the altered activities and rulings of local utility boards, and the Federal courts, in a series of momentous decisions, have thrown the weight of their authority behind the principle that the investor is entitled to receive a fair return upon his investment. Various Federal commissions have also swung into line with current sentiment and are showing much more restraint than they once did in the matter of harassing corporations on trivial grounds. Many of the railroads, which had apparently gone down for the third and last time, came to the surface again. Farsighted utility men have effectively nourished the delicate young sentiment in their favor by working for customer ownership, improved service and lower production costs. By developing new fields of operation and by equalizing loads they have introduced economies which a dozen years ago would have been regarded as iridescent dreams.

The live-and-let-live policy is all very well as far as it goes, but it cannot go far if it is not sufficiently liberal to provide for the expansion which will inevitably be required by the increase of population and our rising standards of living.

Moreover, these provisions must be on a scale which will permit of the purchase of additional ground in a rising market and the installation of larger, heavier and more efficient units of every description. Quantity production—whether it be of electricity, transportation or motor cars—declining costs and rising wages compose the all-powerful trinity which is making American industry what it is today and what it should be tomorrow in even fuller measure. Nearsighted policies which are focused on the 1926 dime and cannot perceive the 1936 gold piece should no longer be permitted to stunt the splendid national development we have a right to expect if our own shortsightedness does not make it impossible.

There is no real danger that a more liberal application of the policy of live and let live would result in the public's being gouged as it was in our Age of Innocence, when transportation and the operation of public utilities were great adventures rather than great industries. Publicity, standardized accounting, clearer conceptions of the respective rights of labor, capital and the general public, assisted by tons of judicial opinions and commission rulings, have flooded with light the places that once were dark. There is far less opportunity for the sinister hole-and-corner work that was so common a generation ago.

Pearls and Colored Stones

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

IF YOU are fortunate enough to own a diamond, the chances are that at some time in its history it rested in a vault in London or Amsterdam, for those two cities are the world's centers for diamond buying. But if you own a pearl or a colored stone—ruby, emerald, sapphire—it is likely that your gem came to you by way of Paris. And when it stopped in Paris on its way to you, almost certainly it passed through a certain colorful establishment in the Rue de La Fayette called the Café of the Gem Dealers.

The Café of the Gem Dealers is to the Paris jewel trade what the Stock Exchange is to New York, the Bourse to Philadelphia, the Board of Trade to Chicago. From the front it looks like any other Paris café, but a little larger than the average, and busier. There are chairs and marble-topped tables on the sidewalk, occupied from morning till night by earnest-looking men who display to one another their emeralds, their rubies, their pearls; who talk, gesticulate and jot down columns of figures on the table tops. Inside, there are more tables, more earnest men who show their merchandise, and talk and figure. Those who cannot find seats gather in groups to hold impromptu conferences or to peer excitedly over the shoulders of the sitters. A corps of waiters with towels on their arms hover about to attend the material wants of the traders. Hawkers go from table to table, selling magnifying glasses, green olives, tweezers for handling gems, salted almonds.

The Cafe of the Gem Dealers in Paris

For three generations the café has been a center of the Paris gem trade. There is no membership fee. Any person with a jewel to sell is welcome to enter and to match his salesmanship against the acumen of any other person, professional or amateur. The café is privately owned and gains its profit entirely from the sale of its food and drink. On a certain afternoon in February of this year every retail food shop in Paris closed its doors as a protest against a sales tax contemplated by Parliament. The proprietor of the Café of the Gem Dealers is a member of the Retailers' Association and acted with his fellow retailers.

The Gateway for Precious Gems

DURING a long afternoon the unhappy professionals had no place in which to transact their business. The more zealous ones, unable to bear the enforced holiday, straightway went en masse to the municipal auction house in the near-by Rue Drouot to bid on casual jewels there offered.

Twenty years ago the majority of the professionals at the café were French. Today 90 per cent are foreigners from the Near East—Turks, Syrians, Arabs, Oriental Jews—super-traders who have crowded out the native on his own ground. The *doyen* of the gem dealers is still a Frenchman, eighty-seven years of age, seventy years in the gem trade. A prominent and prosperous veteran is the fat Rumanian, whose equally fat wife invariably accompanies him and directs his trading. There is the Turk, reputed to be a multimillionaire, who reads and speaks twelve languages and is generally conceded to be the café's most gifted operator and the best judge of emeralds in all Paris.

If a person wishes a $20,000 sapphire, a star ruby, a pear-shaped pearl, some one of the more important professionals is always in position to accommodate him. But less weighty transactions are not scorned. There are traders who specialize in tiny stones no larger than pinheads, used by manufacturers of jewelry to decorate the shanks of rings or to set about the dials of wrist watches, and who sell in quantities ranging from a single stone to packets of 100 carats.

Lesser traders offer bargains in gem-set jewelry picked up at the *mont de piété* or at the municipal auction house. Shabby hangers-on go about with secondhand silver teaspoons sticking out of coat pockets.

Manifestly, the professionals of the Café of the Gem Dealers cannot exist by trading with one another. One wonders where the business comes from. The answer is that it comes from everywhere. The lesser traders carry their entire fortunes in their pockets during business hours, and at night give the merchandise into the keeping of the bank next door. The more important ones maintain headquarters in near-by office buildings. In the neighborhood are also the offices of commissionaires—representatives of jewelers throughout the world—who are constantly on the lookout for unusual gems.

How the Café of the Gem Dealers gets its business may be visualized by the description of a transaction that took place on a certain morning of March during the present year. One saw a young man step casually in from the Rue de La Fayette and speak familiarly to three or four of the older traders. Without being told, one knew something especial was in the air. Professionals who had been conferring across the marble-topped tables hurriedly folded up their packets of stones and crowded about the young man, shouting, gesticulating. The hawkers of secondhand jewelry and silver spoons ceased their efforts and looked on enviously. The old lady who keeps the kiosk at the curb left her newspapers and stood peering through the doorway. Several of those who surrounded the young man suddenly broke away and dashed for the telephones.

The young man was a commissionaire, sent by a famous jewelry establishment on the Rue de la Paix. The Rue de la Paix firm maintains a connection in Buenos Aires. From the Buenos Aires connection had come word that one of its valued clients would be in Paris on a certain date and desired a fine emerald. The emerald must weigh no less than ten carats, must be square cut, must be reasonably free from flaws.

A Big Sale

THE client had already arrived in Paris; but the firm on the Rue de la Paix had no emerald that met the requirements. If any trader of the café possessed such a gem and was willing to offer it at a reasonable price, the sale was practically assured. But haste was necessary, lest the gentleman should fall into other hands.

Of all the professionals of the café, the Turk who speaks twelve languages appeared the least concerned. While the excitement was at its height he rose deliberately from his accustomed table and strode confidently toward the commissionaire, ordering lesser individuals out of his way in half a dozen different tongues. He spoke to the commissionaire in French, and the latter, after a brief conversation, left the place. The Turk returned calmly to his table, ordered and drank a glass of black coffee, and then sauntered out upon the street. One could not help the thought that in his actions there was a bit of the actor, a conscious parading of his superior attainments for the benefit of his poorer contemporaries.

Yet if there was a hint of showmanship, the gesture justified itself in practical results; for late the same afternoon the Turk returned, wearing an air of deep satisfaction. Seating himself at his marble-topped table, he ordered the saucer of white cheese sprinkled with sugar that is his only dissipation, and stolidly responded to the excited queries of his fellow traders. It was not necessary to ask if he had made a sale. The only question was, how had he done it?

Well, it was this way: When he heard it announced that the jewelry firm in the Rue de la Paix required a ten-carat emerald, he did not allow himself to go wild with excitement as had some others. Neither did he dash off to a

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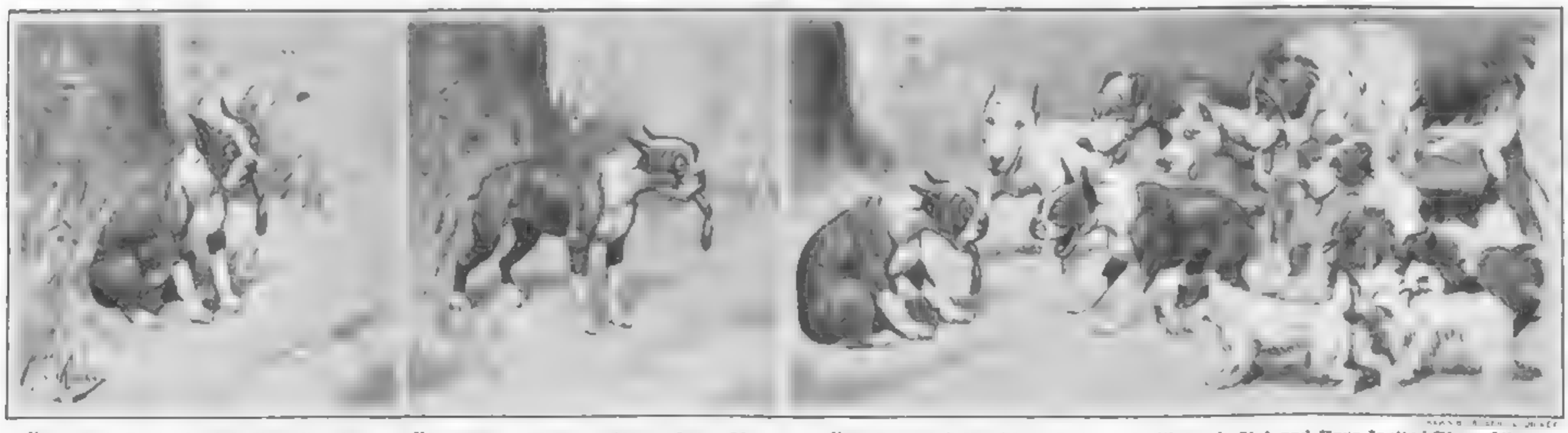
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Now Isn't Vi the Limit? Here I've Sat Over an Hour Waiting to Surprise Her With These Sausages"

"Just Like a Woman. Always Late. If She Don't Show Up Pretty Quick, I'll Eat 'Em Both Myself"

"Oh, Beans! I Met These Girls at the Woman's Club and Have Invited Them All Over to Have Lunch With Us—Aren't You Delighted?"

Ye Shoppe

A MAIDEN rosy as a poppy
Maintained a Tea & Waffle Shoppe.
Near by, a youth whose arms were knotty
Displayed a sign: Ye Coffee Potte.
The maiden cried in accents choppy,
"How dare you imitate my Shoppe!"
The youth rejoined, "You must be dotty!
For years I've run a Coffee Potte."
The maiden wept, her tears fell sloppy:
"Alas! my Tea & Waffle Shoppe!"
The youth implored, "Oh, dearest Lottie,
I pray you take my Coffee Potte!"
The twain conduct, with none to copy,
"Ye Coffee, Tea & Waffle Shoppe."

—Arthur Guiterman.

Oh!

"SPIKE, dear," announced the burglar's wife, "if you want me to attend your trial next week, you'll have to get me something decent to wear."

"Sufferin' tripe, babe!" exclaimed her fond husband. "What's de matter wit dat swell outfit I jes gotcha?"

"I took it down to have the skirt shortened and they recognized it."

Appropriate

MOSE JOHNSON, who had been walking the floor with his newly arrived but lusty carbon copy, marched into the bedroom and awakened his sleeping wife.

"Iodine," he announced, "Ah has changed mah mind 'bout callin' dis chile Anæmia."

"Which one ob de others will we take den," Mrs. Johnson inquired; "Boudoir or Au Gratin?"

"Neither one," declared the head of the family. "Dis chile's gwine to be named De Trop."

Ballad of the Imperfect Slangster

MY REPERTOIRE of slang is comprehensive;
I master all the gags as they appear;
"Skiddoo" was once my vocable defensive;
"I get ya, Steve," survived at least a year.
Although I greet my friends "Old top," "Old dear,"
And salutations similarly flighty,
Let those who scan these solemn presents hear:
With all my faults I've never said "All righty."

My "Attaboy" has always been incensive;
My "Cheerio" has never failed to cheer;
"The cat's meow," a phrase quite inoffensive,
I've bracketed with "bee's knees" as a peer
Of picturesque expression. Neither fear
Nor prudence squelches "cutie," "kiddie," "nightie";
In fact, I'm just two slang words in arrear:
With all my faults I've never said "All righty."

I would not seem unduly reprehensive,
Nor pose as unbecomingly austere;
My zeal for better slang should be ostensive;
With "jazz" and "pep" I strive to keep in gear.
One gem alone, amid this pioneer
Vernacular from Puget Sound to Blighty,
Has failed to captivate my subtle ear:
With all my faults I've never said "All righty."

Envoy

Prince, when I pass I crave no doleful tear,
No muffled drum, no homage of the mighty,
But place this humble tribute on my bier:
"With all his faults he never said, 'All righty.'"

—Otto Freund.

Autres Temps, Autres Mœurs

HOW hopeless is their mortal state
Who do not strive, with soul impassioned,
To keep themselves right up to date,
Nor let their homes be called old-fashioned.
I'm up to all the latest capers,
I learn them from the Household Papers.

You may find blackbirds that are white;
You may find weasels prone to slumber;
You may find pigs achieving flight;
But none shall call me a back number!
I follow experts' wise dictation
About Interior Decoration.

Perhaps a year or so ago,
It was, that Fashion set its strictures
With an inviolable No
Against the use of household pictures.
And, though I called for my stepladder,
Seldom, I vow, have I felt madder!

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Labor Day on the Chicken Farm—No Eggs

Mexican School-Teacher: "The Very Next Boy That Fires a Revolver at Me I'll Have to Send Out of the Room"

The most delicious vegetable soup you ever tasted!

FIFTEEN of the finest vegetables that grow, all blended in this one appetizing, tempting, substantial soup! Every hot, invigorating spoonful adding to your contentment and revealing to your taste the skill of master soup-chefs!

No wonder you do not stop to think of all the different ingredients, of all the care and effort and money it has taken to produce such a treat for your appetite. Who ever does at such a time? You simply know that you never tasted such wonderful vegetable soup before and that you are enjoying one of the most completely satisfying dishes ever placed before you.

Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Country Gentleman corn, aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots from the finest gardens in the land. White and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Because it takes no less than thirty-two different ingredients to make the best vegetable soup!

This soup, with its ideal combination of vegetables, cereals, beef broth and condiments is the wholesome kind of food from which good health and bodily vigor are built. Usually in the home kitchen, the water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away. Yet that water has absorbed valuable mineral salts. Of course all of these are retained in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, to build bone and muscle and tissue.

How often do you serve vegetable soup on your table? Do you fully realize what a useful dish it is to you in planning the daily meals?

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal dish—so filling that often you will want very little else—so welcome to the appetite—so easily served that you are grateful for the time and trouble it saves you. At dinner it provides a generous portion of the needed nourishment, again making your task that much simpler.

And the children! What a problem they often present to the mother so anxious that their food shall give the most benefit! Let them eat often, and freely, this most healthful of foods. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains, in a form easily digested and readily assimilated, nutrient elements which active young bodies require.

The Campbell's kitchens are a national institution of service and helpfulness to the housewife. Giant soup tureens of pure nickel and all the latest inventions of science to insure supreme quality and richness of flavor. Colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, saving for the smooth purees only the most delicious and nutritious portions of the vegetables. French chefs in spotless white. Everywhere a cleanliness that would fill with pride the soul of the strictest housewife.

It is our wish and our hope that you will think of these Campbell's kitchens as your kitchens. Every day they can supply your table with the best food that money can buy, adding new brightness and enjoyment and healthfulness to your meals. Your grocer will supply you at 12 cents a can.

If only every housewife realized that soup belongs in the diet, with the meal or as a meal! It would mean better appetites, keener pleasure in the food, sounder digestion, healthier children. Serve soup daily!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL—SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

BY REMOTE CONTROL

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

There He Stood With a Queer Expression, While the Eleven Other Horses Dashed by Him. We Groaned in Unison

WE BEGAN working for the Barney Mills Wild Animal Circus on the first day of August, and within a month Omar Gill had proposed marriage to Irma Mills, the only daughter, and was accepted -why, I do not know. In explanation Omar said that it looked like a good chance. Conditions changed rapidly later and the good chance began to have hollows under its eyes.

For some time Barney paid our salaries regularly, small as they were, and ceased only when the circus began to totter. He had a great many troubles and we were fond of him, so we continued with the organization and did the best we could. Harmony Childs sold tickets and handled what cash there was. I had charge of the men and Omar Gill helped feed the animals, and for some time I felt sure Barney would pull through and the sun would shine again.

It was a regular circus at first and seemed prosperous, which led Omar into the somewhat hasty proposal. There were girls to ride horses, dance in the ballet, work animal acts and sing. We boasted a lion trainer, an elephant expert with new ideas, a dog-and-monkey trainer, single wire, iron jaw, trapeze and contortion acts, boss hostlers, producing clowns and plenty of props. In spite of all this the Barney Mills Wild Animal Circus began to slide downhill, and day by day Omar contemplated his forthcoming union with Irma and saw fewer reasons for plunging into wedded bliss. Irma was a decided woman, just past the fourth flush of girlhood. She wore eyeglasses, knew a good deal about the failings of men, and had about concluded to take one of them and make him over.

"Let's us quit this show," Mr. Gill suggested, after long contemplation of the facts. "I don't mind washing off an elephant, but I'm fond of money in small sums, and there's none around here."

"You can't quit," said Harmony unsympathetically. "You're practically one of the family. Barney's having hard luck, and I hate to jump a man when he's down. Suppose we linger awhile longer and maybe business will revive."

"I made a slight mistake about Irma," murmured Omar. "Still, if business looks up and the show begins making money, I'll marry her."

"You will anyhow," I said.

Business did not get better. Business continued to grow slack and slacker still, and eventually the sheriff had a brief chat with Barney Mills, and the days of the Mills Wild Animal Circus were over and ended. The enterprise came to a natural finish and died with its boots on, leaving us all stranded high and dry in the beautiful city of San Marino, which is just six loud yells this side of the Mexican line. When the immediate creditors had ceased their furious line plunging there wasn't an unclaimed pailful of sawdust left, and Barney took us aside.

"Boys," he said despondently, "I'm leaving you. We put up a strong fight, but we were whipped by fate. Nothing remains of my late circus except some wagon tracks, a few sad memories and Starlight. There is also my daughter Irma, but her future is in good hands."

He looked pointedly at Omar, who gulped. We surveyed Barney sympathetically, in spite of the arrears in pay. He was a red-faced widower with black whiskers and a blunt nose. He had watery eyes and had to wipe tears from his cheeks even when he wasn't crying.

"Boys," he continued, "I am going away. I leave you Starlight, which is the only thing that escaped the sheriff. Do as you wish with him, for he is one grand horse. Irma will be all right, because she's going to marry Omar."

"Where are you figuring on going?" we inquired.

"If you read in the paper that a heavy-set man jumped off the rear end of a boat," said Barney, "that's me. I know when I'm licked. I am going far away, because the problems of life are too heavy. I leave you Starlight, a young horse and a meritorious one, trained by myself. Irma will not be much trouble. Good-by, boys. Starlight is now up in Joe Sullivan's livery, where there is a small bill against him."

"Just one moment," began Omar.

"No," said Barney, "I am on my way. I like you all and I wish I could have paid your wages. Be good to the horse."

He strode rapidly down the main street of San Marino, leaving the three of us leaning against the white pillars of the Dry Ranchers' Bank, looking at one another in surprise.

"That's that," remarked Harmony. "We now appear to have on our hands, in addition to some feverish board bills, one young horse and one woman, not so young"

"You believe he'll jump into the ocean?" asked Omar. "He sure sounded querulous."

"If he does we ought to be right behind him. He's no more ruined than we are. In fact," I pointed out, "we are worse off than Barney, because the aforesaid horse is no good to man or angels, and the daughter will be an expense."

"I'll see that she eats," said Omar. "That's the least a man can do for the woman that means to marry him."

"And while you're at it, see that we eat, too," urged our leader. "Let's have a look at Starlight and find out how much we owe Joe Sullivan for livery."

"You two look," Omar said. "I'm going back to the rooms to get Chicago."

He was, at the time, a radio maniac, having caught the disorder from a slack-wire performer who knew about aerials and dry batteries, and as it was a harmless pastime we permitted it to continue. Omar had reached the stage where he was building small sets from stray things he found in vacant lots, so his new passion cost us nothing, though his conversation wearied us. He was also on familiar terms with the broadcasting fraternity, and whenever we arrived in a new city with a microphone station he trotted up and made himself chummy with the announcers.

Harmony and I strolled over to the Sullivan Livery Stables and met Joe, who took down his ledger and announced without looking in it that the bill against Starlight was now thirty-four dollars and some cents. Starlight was in a stall, eating steadily, and unconscious of the change in his fortunes. His circus days were ended, and had he known, he probably would have whinnied, because here was one animal that hated the circus and all its works. He was a faded roan with stringy hair and a tail that came down to a corkscrew.

I never knew a horse, a trained circus performer, that so detested the smell of the arena, and there was good reason for his antipathy. A lion had once assaulted him. It was in the days when Barney first had the horse, and it seems a sulky lion had sneaked up and chewed Starlight on the back of the leg; and from that moment the spirited beast went insane whenever a lion roared. In prosperity there were four lions with the Mills show, and during Starlight's act they had to be led two blocks away and parked behind a barn. This made it awkward at times.

"I hear your circus has blew," said Joe Sullivan, lighting a black corncob pipe and displaying no sorrow.

"It has," we admitted, and we told him the facts, concealing nothing.

"I suppose I'm to get my money from you, am I?" he asked.

"If you get any money at all, you get it from us," I said. "We have been forcibly bequeathed this circus horse, and Barney Mills is on his way to jump off a boat."

"The feed bills don't stand still," remarked Joe. "He eats so much every day, some days more than others."

"The bills will be paid," said Harmony in his lofty manner, which would have been loftier coming from a man without a rubber collar.

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He Bounded Like a Kangaroo, Almost Unseated Rodeo and Fled Westward With His Mouth So Wide Open You Could See His Thorax

Double action
Single cost

Double Cleanness!

1. Sunbrite scours and polishes
2. It also sweetens and purifies

There are a hundred things about the house that need more than soap and water to keep them perfectly clean.

The cleansing method which women have found most successful for kitchen and bathroom use is **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser.

Sunbrite gives the very two kinds of cleansing needed. It takes off surface dirt, just as soap suds does. But it does more than this surface cleansing.

It has a sweetening, purifying action—destroys every trace of stale, strong odor and flavor. It leaves things fresh and sweet.

It is this sweetening, purifying power of **Sunbrite** that makes it doubly effective. It is economical of time, of labor, of cost. With every can you get extra value in a United Profit Sharing coupon.

You'll find "double action" the most effective way to clean. Use it wherever you want a scouring powder—and more—wherever you want things sweet and fresh beyond question!

Swift & Company

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips makes a quick suds that gets the dirt!

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SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUMS

(Continued from Page 42)

We returned joylessly to the center of town and gave ourselves over to prolonged contemplation of an unsmiling future.

Omar was up in our rooms at the Settlers' Hotel, working a new set which he had ingeniously contrived out of some wire off a hotel broom and the top of a milk bottle, and there we found him listening in corpselike rigidity to what he said was Chicago. Reluctantly he gave up his static and joined the conference.

"It is plain," declared Harmony, "that we are up against it."

"Correct," said Omar.

"You don't actually hanker to marry Irma, do you?"

"Not any more. While she was a going circus I saw what I thought was a way to lead a gentlemanly and refined life; but now that Irma is plain Irma, I would willingly withdraw. She's the kind that would get me a job of manual labor."

"You cannot go back on your word and side-step obligations. Barney treated us nice."

"If there is no out I will certainly marry the lady," said Omar seriously. "But I would rather let Perry Beall be the lucky bridegroom. He seems wild about her, and my wildness has passed."

"Will she marry Perry?"

"She will, the minute he can guarantee board and lodging."

When the circus failed, Irma had moved to a rooming house on a side street. She was an amiable woman, and in the beginning had been trained for trapeze work; but gave it up on account of a weak heart, thereafter devoting herself to watching the employes, especially the ones who handled her parent's money. It was our unanimous intention to see that somebody married her, for Barney had given us as square a deal as he could, considering his financial tumult.

"We might sell the horse," suggested our leader in thought. "There are several circuses around that could use a trained dancing horse, accustomed to either the fox trot or the one-step."

"No," said Omar firmly.

"No what?"

"No circus. Every tent man in America knows Starlight, and also knows he's rabid on the subject of lions. What good is a dancing horse that has fits the minute a lion coughs? Do you remember the day he climbed all those seats and went out through the roof after stepping on a letter carrier from Seattle?"

We recalled the circumstance minutely.

"Omar is right," I put in. "You cannot sell Starlight to a circus organization, for they all know his failing. But there is one thing you might do and earn an honest penny."

"Which is?"

"Race him," I said thoughtfully.

"Don't talk hooey," said the boss.

"I am not talking hooey. The animal was originally a race horse and was trained for the track before he fell to Barney Mills, as you well know. He became a circus horse by mere chance, didn't he? Sure he did. He may still be able to win a horse race, and if so, it solves our problem, repays Joe Sullivan and enables Perry Beall to wed the lady in question, saving Omar."

Harmony grunted.

"The Seaside race track is just sixteen land miles from where we sit, and if Starlight can still run on four legs with any degree of continuity, we ought to know it right away."

"Seems to be sense to that," admitted Omar, winding a piece of wire about his wrist.

"You'd think so," grumbled Harmony.

"Let's talk it over with Irma," I suggested. "She knows more about the horse than we do, especially his early days."

We did talk it over with Irma later, and she remained calm. Was he a race horse? He was. Had he ever been any good at it? Not to get into headlines. Just a plain race horse, as she recalled it.

The human wreckage that had been cast ashore by the stranding of Barney's circus was now adrift in San Marino, unable to go anywhere else and exceedingly worried over the subject of food and rooms. They were all looking for honest salary, employment no object, and when they heard we were thinking of putting Starlight back into blinkers, there was raucous laughter.

"That goat!" snorted Eddie Mulqueen, the elephant man, recalling the day Starlight had suddenly stopped his dancing act. A lion had roared in the offing while the horse was one-stepping with a beautiful girl on his back, and before they could retrieve him he had gone through two drums, a safety net and forty dollars' worth of seats.

"How do you know he's a goat?"

"If he ain't a goat, I am," said Eddie, his bitterness probably accentuated by the lightness of his daily rations.

This was plain libel on an innocent horse. Starlight was not unsightly—all but his tail. He was lean, to be sure, and a good counter could give you the sum total of his ribs without effort, which is the way a race horse ought to look. He had, at times, a grand and gloomy manner, and his eyes didn't match perfectly; but outside of his lion complex, he was sensible and friendly.

As a dancing equine there was none better. Barney Mills had personally trained him patiently and with great skill, and eventually brought him to a state of terpsichorean perfection that caused other circus men to envy. Starlight learned to dance the one-step first with his forelegs and later with all his legs, and often I stood under the big tent, marveling to see him keep step while the band played—the same band that was now wandering forlornly about San Marino, trying to swap tubas and bass viols for the simpler necessities of life. The fox trot was really Starlight's finest accomplishment, and he did it with a verve and brilliance that caused audiences to rise and cheer him to the echo—when there were audiences.

We presently discussed details with Irma, informing her that she had been left in our care.

"You probably know," Harmony said tactfully, "that your old gentleman has gone away."

She removed her eyeglasses and nodded.

"What do you think about taking this horse, which is all we have in the world, and racing him?"

She smiled. "I doubt if you can make any money that way," she said. "But do as you think best. Don't worry about me. I suppose it will work out somehow. Omar and I will be able to struggle along."

Omar said nothing, but took on a hunted look, and presently announced that he was hurrying back to the rooms, where he felt pretty certain of getting Detroit on two tubes and part of a wringer. We talked further with Joe Sullivan about the uncertainty of life in general and gently led up to the subject in mind.

"He might be a race horse, at that," Joe admitted. "He don't look like a race horse, but you never can tell."

"We know he is," affirmed Harmony. "That's what he was before Barney got him. He's still a young animal, and what we want to know is, has he got any real speed?"

"There's money in a race horse," I said brightly, and I told the story of the one-armed bootblack in Newark, New Jersey, who got completely rich on one race horse and later went into Wall Street.

"Why don't you do it?" Joe naturally inquired. "If you're set on running this horse, why don't you go ahead?"

"Well," explained Harmony, "it requires a little coin to start this animated gold mine, and right now we're the least mite short."

"Oh," said Joe, "that's it!"

We set more propaganda before him, using our best efforts. The horse plainly was of little value where he stood eating Joe's oats and bran mash. We could pay no bills until we converted Starlight into a producer, moved him out of the Sullivan livery, over to the Seaside track and discovered if he was really a running animal, or merely a lean trick equine with certain circus accomplishments.

It required definite sums to plunge into the racing business, even with one horse. Somebody had to pay his room rent, training fees, jockey hire, oats bills, and so forth, and we were unable to do so at the moment. Mr. Sullivan had the money, and before we finished with the propaganda, he had the desire to see what there was to this light-waisted roan.

"If he's any good," he said warmly, "we may all come out of this rich."

"And," added Omar, "I can buy me a twelve-tube set and get Trenton. Perry Beall needs ten thousand dollars to buy a service station, and Irma ——"

"That's enough," we said, and he quit.

Once we had actually won Joe Sullivan over, the path was rose-strewn, for Joe turned out to be the world's leading optimist and an easy spender. When we led Starlight from the stable and headed for Seaside, Joe went along, bringing his check book. We became race-track men without an effort and from then on spent our time on feed boxes in front of Starlight's stall, exchanging lies with the other racing gentlemen.

They treated us as equals, but no one seemed to regard Starlight's arrival as the beginning of a new era in racing history. Experts looked him over, felt of his legs and stated that somebody had stacked the cards.

"This thing is not a race horse," they said, chuckling at our simple belief to the contrary.

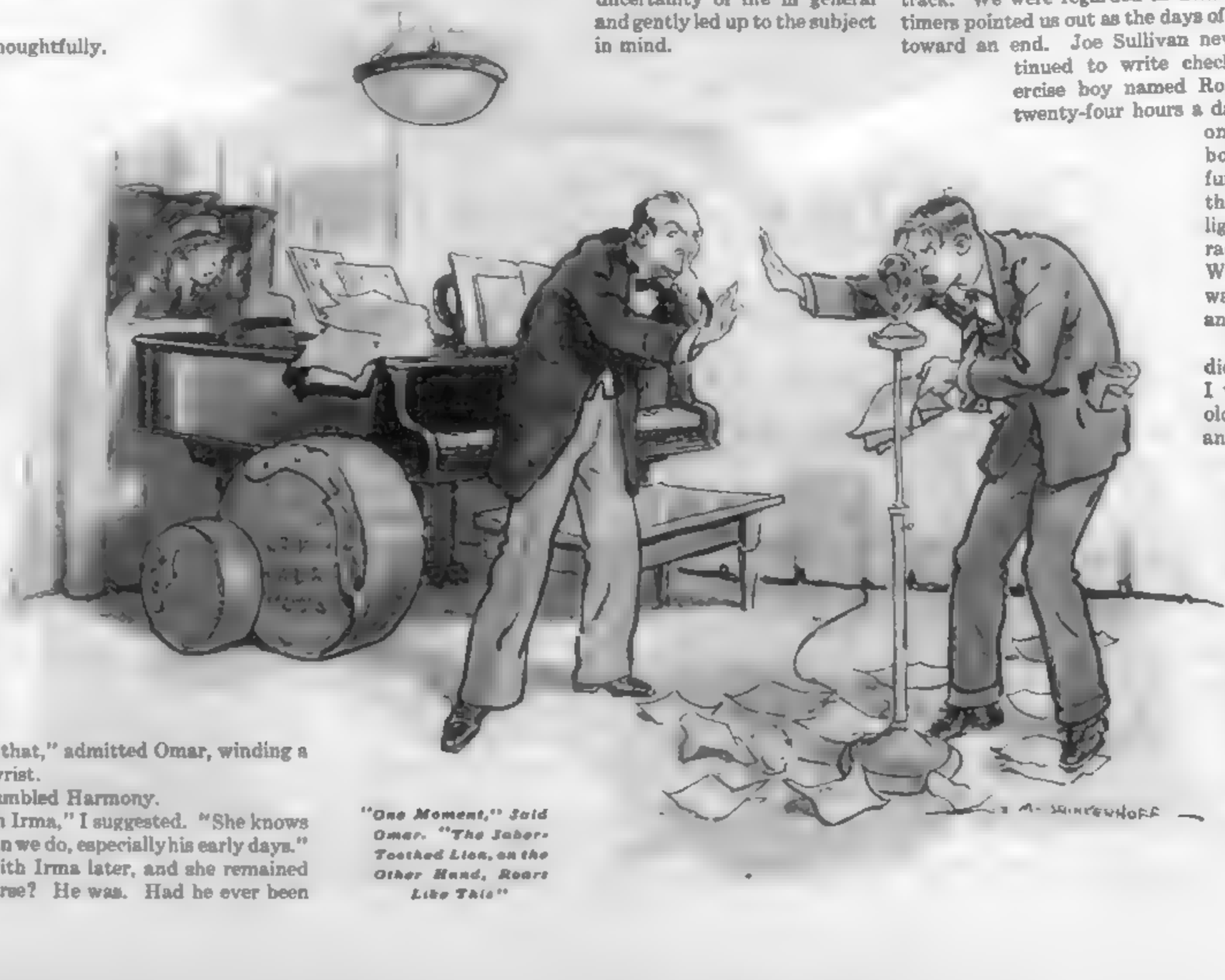
"How do you know he isn't?"

"Because he hasn't got any legs," replied the foremost expert. "He hasn't any lungs either."

We replied fittingly to these obvious falsehoods, but thereafter our horse was a standing joke at the Seaside track. We were regarded as deluded amateurs, and old-timers pointed us out as the days of the racing season drew toward an end. Joe Sullivan never wavered, and continued to write checks. We hired an exercise boy named Rodeo, who would sleep twenty-four hours a day if undisturbed, and one morning when nobody was looking, we furtively sneaked out on the Seaside track, and in a light mist we gave our race horse his first gallop. We timed him, using three watches and great care, and got three results.

At full speed, Starlight did the trial mile; and if I was seventy-one years old instead of what I am, and could run in my summer underwear, I could have carried the top of a cistern for weight and beaten Starlight just seven lengths. I forget what the time was, but it was scandalous. Briefly, we learned that what we had was a running horse, steady and sure, but inclined to dignified moderation. We said nothing to Joe Sullivan for fear of giving him writer's cramp.

(Continued on Page 68)



"One Moment," Said Omar. "The Saber-Toothed Lion, on the Other Hand, Roars Like This"

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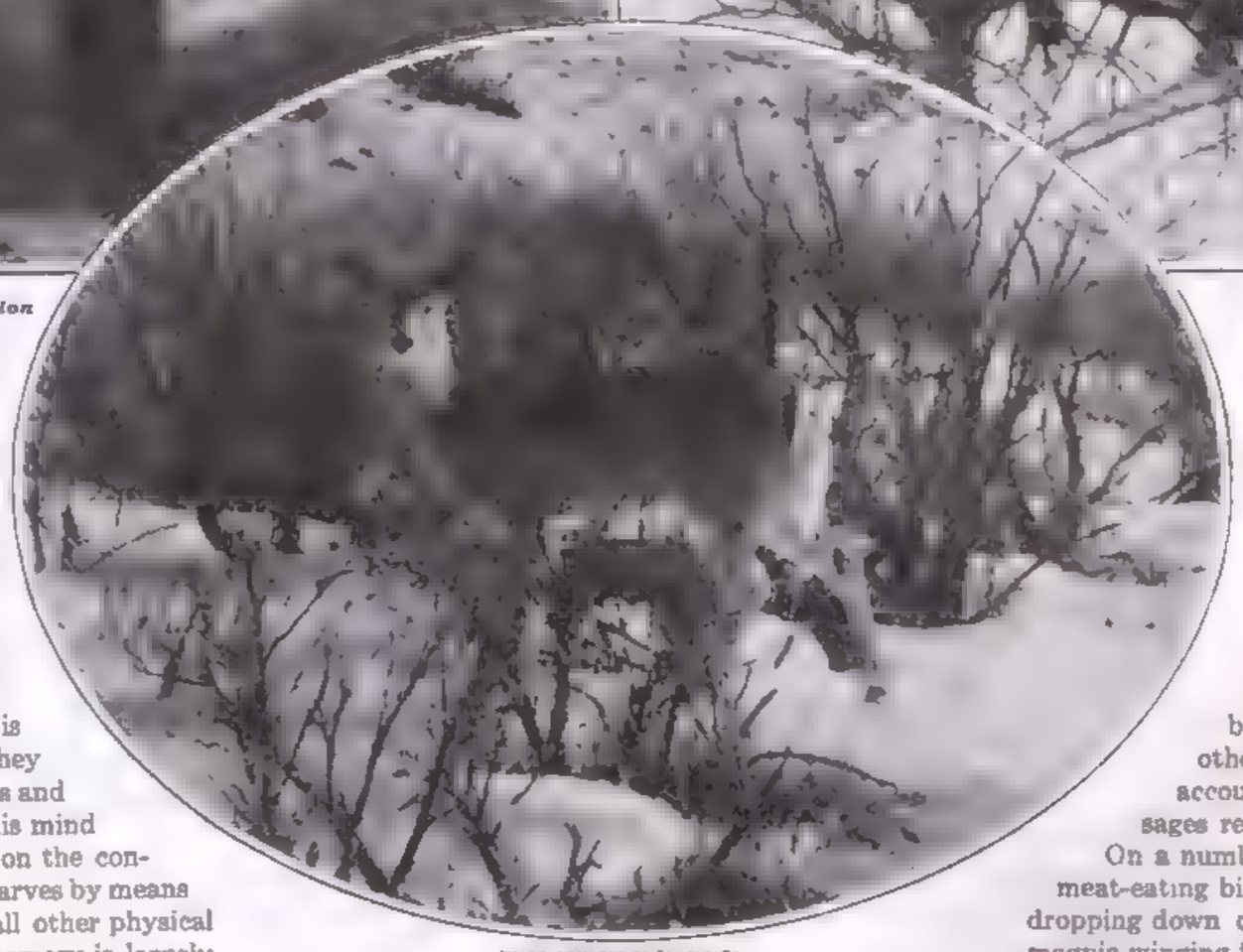

A White-Tail Deer in the Early Spring, near Bozeman, Montana

By Hal G. Evarts

MAN classifies and identifies largely by means of his eyes, distinguishes between any two faces that have met his gaze in a lifetime. Thus the things that are poured into his mental stream and filed away are those acquired by the sense of sight to a greater extent than by those of his other physical senses. As a natural consequence his memory is composed largely of visualizations, and in recalling them to conscious thought it is by a process similar to that by which they were received—the scenes, buildings, ships and faces he has seen being conjured up in his mind as mental likenesses. The animal world, on the contrary, identifies, loves, fights, feasts or starves by means of scent to a far greater extent than by all other physical senses combined, and I believe animal memory is largely composed of impressions received by the sense of smell.

A bear or deer having seen many men may still stare stupidly, even if uneasily, at one at a distance of fifty yards and still be unable to determine whether it is man or stump, but will flee from a spot ten times as distant at the faintest whiff of man scent. An animal follows the track of its prey by scent, and when pursued itself, it breaks its trail for scent, maneuvering to delude the nose, not the eye, of its pursuer. A dog may growl upon the approach of an acquaintance, then become partially mollified by some familiar gesture or a friendly hail, yet must verify the identification with its nose.

Each species of animal has a scent differing from that of any other, some so highly developed as to be easily identified by the nose of man, such as the beaver, the muskrat and the skunk. Even those animals whose scent glands are of less pronounced nature nevertheless differ sufficiently in scent to be readily detected, one from the other, by man's nostrils at close quarters. Any trapper will testify as to the different odors of all fur bearers. There is no more similarity, for example, between the odor of a mink and that of a coyote than there is resemblance between the fragrance of boiled cabbage and the perfume of a rose.

Scents and Sensibility

THAT even the scents of individual animals of the same species differ sufficiently for purposes of identification to the keen noses of the animal world, the same as the faces of humankind differ sufficiently to permit of visual identification, there can be no doubt. Take the beaver, for example. That animal has a habit of clawing up a heap of mud, known as a sign heap to trappers, and castorizing it, the castor being the scent gland of the beaver tribe. It is so well known that the members of one colony of beavers recognize the scent of a foreign beaver and repair to the spot to investigate the intruder, that trappers make use of it by scenting the bank near traps set in one colony with the castor of a beaver from a different locality—an almost infallible lure.

Eventually I became convinced that of all animal acts and customs in all matters pertaining to the three great actuating impulses of the animal world—avoiding danger, locating food when hungry and finding a mate in the running moon—at least 85 per cent must be ascribed to the sense of smell instead of to some mysterious agency known as instinct.

What then of the other 15 per cent? The other physical senses played their part. Birds, of course, having very little sense of smell, rely mainly upon sight and hearing. Most animals use their ears to a considerable extent. Mate calls to mate, and the young obey the inflection of the mother's voice. Some few animals that range in open country, such as the bighorn sheep and the pronghorn, use their eyes to a greater extent than their noses, and so on. These factors contribute a good portion of the remaining 15 per cent. Still, it was apparent to me that the full 100 per cent had not yet been accounted for to my satisfaction on the grounds of the physical alone.

There were instances when game—located with glasses and approached with the wind in one's favor, the nature of the terrain such as to afford absolute concealment, and with earth, moss or grass so soft as to muffle all sound of the stalker's approach, precluding the possibility of the game being warned by nose, eye or ear—fled before the hunter had attained within half a mile. There were instances when the tracks of coyotes in fresh snow revealed the fact that they had turned and traveled down wind for more than a mile straight to a hunter's kill; no possibility that they could have scented the food, no chance of previous knowledge of its whereabouts, as they could not have been summoned by the voice of another coyote, since no other had visited the spot. How could one account for such matters on grounds of messages received over the paths of physical senses?

On a number of occasions I observed the flight of meat-eating birds converging upon one point—a raven dropping down out of the blue, then another, perhaps a magpie winging toward the spot, or an eagle—and I have investigated to determine the nature of the carcass that was responsible for this conclave of meat-eating feathered folk.

Rangers and game wardens make use of such flights to locate the kills made by poachers.

A Squirrel

The Original Heliograph

ONE acquaintance of mine, watching from a lofty rim with his glasses, noted a gathering of birds high in the hills and investigated, to find the hide and entrails of a steer that had been killed for beef, which resulted in the detection—and detention for a period of six months—of the responsible person. A coyote is too smart an animal to fail to interpret such conclaves of feathered meat eaters as certain indications of the presence of food.

One time I discovered two antelope kids cached in the sagebrush. I knew less of their tribe than of most other big-game animals. Suddenly the mother charged to within thirty yards of me, emitting a gruff barking sound. In her fear and anxiety she arched her back and crouched with her hind quarters almost touching the ground. The long white hair of her rump patch flared fanwise, similar to the way in which a dog elevates the bristles along its spine when angry or alarmed. The sunlight, striking this glistening field of white hair, is reflected in a manner that causes it to be visible for miles. I have heard old-timers refer to the phenomenon as an antelope flash. It constitutes a signal that may be interpreted at great distances and it warns other antelope that danger

(Continued on Page 49)

The Modern Idea! *Pretty rugs -yet easily cleaned-throughout the house!*

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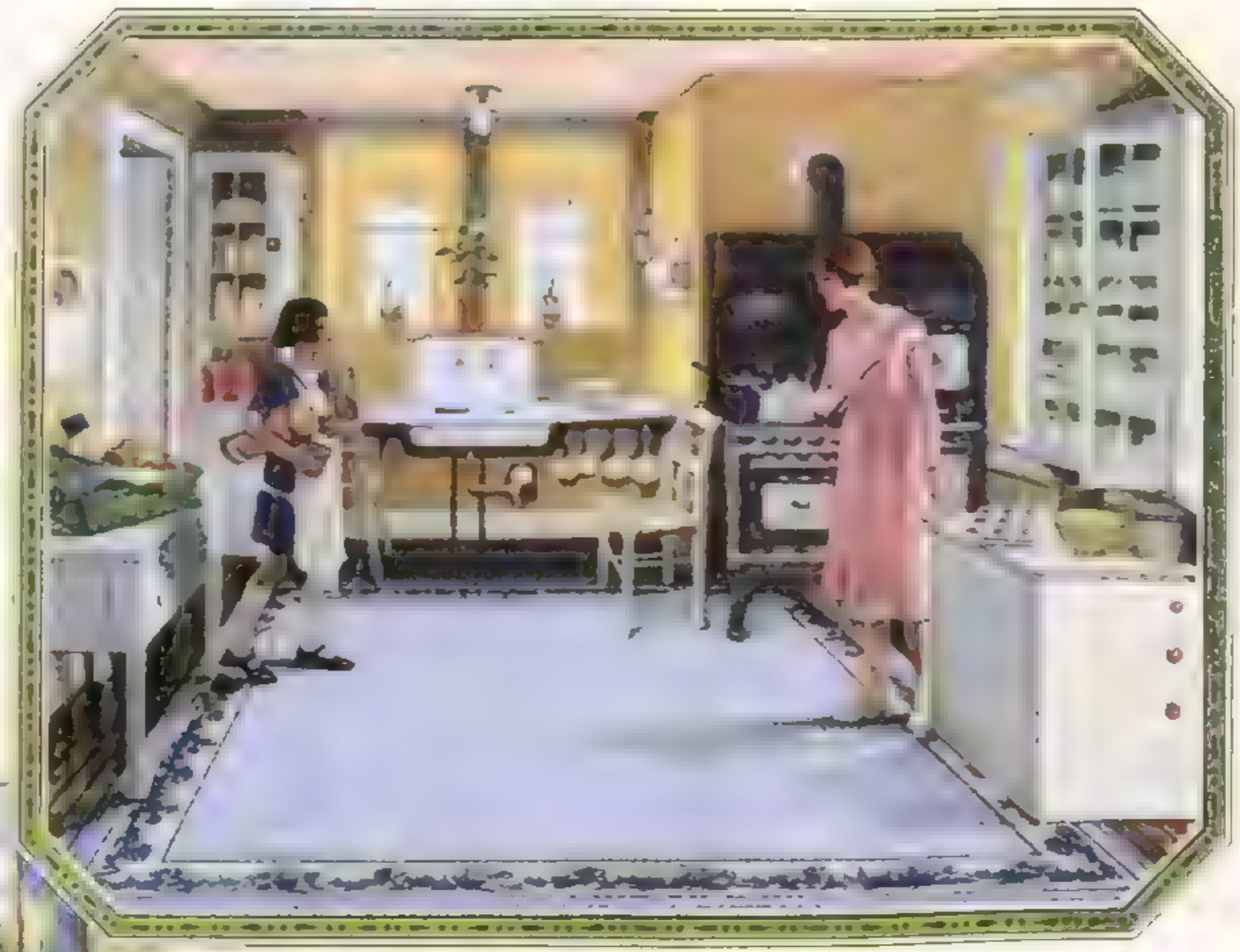

With its tidy blue and white Dutch tiles and refreshing border of quaint windmills —the "HOLLAND" design shown above ideally carries out the spick and span atmosphere so desired in up-to-date kitchens. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 594.

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(Continued from Page 47)

lurks on the range. Also, the white flag of a fleeing deer flips frequently aloft and this signals the message of panic to all the creatures of the hills.

It is quite certain that animals and birds have a language of their own—not the language of the spoken word but of varying inflection of tone. A dozen times I have seen young foxes dart into the den in great haste at the warning note of a parent and issue forth again at the note of assurance. What hunter has not seen a marsh covered with wild fowl, their gabbling converse rising in a sustained and contented hum, only to see every bird take the air with a roar of wings at a single alarm note from the throat of some wary old Canada goose or mallard drake? That birds readily interpret the voices and actions of species other than their own is evidenced repeatedly.

The Universal Language of Birds

A CHORUS of excited bird voices once caused me to stop my car and investigate, to find a snake that had rifled the nest of a pair of brown thrashers. All the feathered folk of the vicinity had gathered in response to the angry and frightened outcry of the parent birds. On another occasion my young son caught an owl and we tethered this marauder of darkness upon a stump in the broad light of day and retired a few feet to await developments. A robin uttered a shriek of discovery and the response was startlingly swift. Within five minutes a dozen varieties of birds were represented in the throng. Innumerable illustrations might be cited. In any event it is a relatively simple matter for a bird or animal to receive a warning of danger from many sources—the startled note of a bird, the scolding chatter of a squirrel, the white flash of a deer's tail on a distant sidehill, any one of a host of things that might serve to warn it of the approach of man or other foe in lieu of actually sighting, scenting or hearing the intruder in person.

Nevertheless, just when I imagined that I had narrowed matters down to an equation of 100 per cent control by messages delivered over the paths of the physical senses as against no fraction whatever of instinct, I was confronted by the fact that there is something else—some subtle quality that cannot be pinned to the physical senses as we know them.

Simple enough to trace warnings of danger to the physical perception, but what of the migratory flight of birds? What guides the migrants on their way? Not the short-stop, land-traveling hosts that might be guided by landmarks, but the long nonstop flights by sea—what steers the feathered sojourners? One might, of course, ascribe it to astronomical reckoning and assert that they steered by the stars. What is it then that enables birds to weave delicate materials into cunningly contrived nests for the first time?

If one were merely out to win an argument instead of actually trying to ascertain the truth, it might be credited to the observations by young birds of the nests in which they themselves were reared. That would be a bit thin, wouldn't it? The late Gene Stratton Porter wrote that she could distinguish between the nests of older birds and those that were results of the first efforts of young birds of the same species, the product of the latter being more loosely constructed and showing amateur workmanship.

All craftsmanship improves with practice, and this is relatively as true in the case of animals and birds as it is with man. But the initial knowledge of birds on the score of nest construction must be an instinctive faculty. What of the engineering talent of beavers, the absolute ability to gauge flows and water pressures and the skill to dam, retain, deflect or otherwise control water to serve their ends? What leads the salmon to leave fresh water to spend years at sea, then guides them back from the far depths of the ocean to spawn and die in the very stream that gave them birth? If one credits migratory birds with a knowledge of steering by the stars, he might also credit the salmon with a knowledge of ocean currents. That is, again, if he were merely out to win an argument.

What of the common impression that a dog instinctively recognizes anger, fear, hatred or friendliness in a man who ably conceals his true emotions from a fellow human? There is no question of a dog's ability in that line, but is it instinctive? Apt at reading the lightest tone inflections, why is it not more reasonable to suppose that the dog's ears detect hidden voice vibrations that are undiscernible to the ears of his master? Also a dog will point an unhurt bird and retrieve a wounded one. A difference in the scent, perhaps.

PHOTO FROM BIOLOGICAL SURVEY
A Pronghorned Antelope

Coming Down After the White Flag Is Up

A man's physical system reacts to his mental or emotional state. The instant his brain receives a message that causes anger or fear, it automatically occasions additional activity of his adrenal glands, which forthwith discharge into his system added quantities of epinephrine. Anger and fear being closely allied, he is then prepared to fight or to run, as seems most expedient. Why then should not this change in his physical system become instantly apparent to the sensitive nose of a dog?

When the Dog Leads the Man

BUT all that fails to explain how a dog is able to lead his master to the nearest human habitation in an unknown region where no familiar landmark may guide him, and with conditions such as to render it impossible for his ears to catch a vibration of sound or his nose a stray ribbon of scent from the camp toward which he is heading. It cannot be explained away on the grounds of the physical senses—not all of it. There is something to that reputed sixth sense, after all.

Far from being disappointed by my failure to prove a pet theory 100 per cent proof, it served to open up a field of still greater interest—the pursuit of an understandable analysis for the mysterious 2 per cent that outweighed in importance the easily understandable 98

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PHOTO FROM BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

A Beaver, the Archenemy of Forest Conservation, Caught at Work

An Elk in Pasture Near Eureka Springs, Arkansas

Above—Br'er Rabbit Looking Out From His Winter Retreat as Hunters Approach

1776-1926 at the Sesqui-Centennial

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

Whose hands inscribed that charter of mankind
Through which the thunders of the Atlantic roll?
No rebels they, but England's living soul;
Their names with all her memories are entwined.
—ALFRED NOYES.

THIS splendid eulogy from across the sea is now the generally accepted English point of view of that immortal challenge, penned in 1776 by that ardent, impetuous young red-headed statesman and lawmaker, Thomas Jefferson, which affected six continents and changed the whole modern world. For home consumption, let us change the little pronoun "her" in the last line, which means Britain, to "our," which means the United States of America, so that the line runs thus: "Their names with all our memories are entwined"—and we have the keynote which dominates the entire Sesqui-Centennial; the keynote which inspires its exhibits, its pageants and its vast palaces given over to displays of liberal arts and manufactures, to education and science and the progress of government.

Looking Up Broad Street at the Sesqui-Centennial Grounds

For, boiled down, the Sesqui-Centennial is nothing more or less than a great history lesson, the flesh and blood of those past events rendered visible to our eyes, so that we may the more readily grasp their inner meaning and check up our present status as a nation, our defects, our problems, our spiritual and moral shortcomings, by a close perusal of what our founders intended us to be.

This constant juxtaposition of the present beside the past, which is the dominating note of the exposition, is, in a manner of speaking, somewhat like an adult man looking down upon the dim, faded photograph of the boy he used to be. Is he still the same passionate idealist that clear-eyed lad was? Has he kept faith with himself, with his clean, high intentions? Or have life and the struggle for material prosperity blunted his fine edge and transformed him into a thick-hided selfish egotist, content in his own drab little windowless cell of clay?

An Exhibition of Contrasts

THESE questions, these contrasts, come crowding all unbidden to the mind of the visitor at the exposition, for extraordinary efforts have been made to revivify old scenes, to picture an era and personify its types, to steep the present in the mellow atmosphere of the past, with the result that quite distinctly 1776, its very spirit and mood, seems to emerge out of the mists of time like a great impalpable ghost and to hover broodingly, austerely questioning, over 1926. In that old Quaker City one seems enveloped on all sides by an innumerable cloud of witnesses of those who in the beginning took our chaotic clay and breathed into us the breath of life of a new nation; mute, their mouths sealed forever, they still speak to us with undiminished power; dead, they are still quickened into life through us, their descendants; mortal, they have clothed themselves in the immortality of great deeds which are still ringing down the centuries; and in that bustling, clanging modern city once their own, they still inhabit the scene, great spirits whose voices cannot be stilled; and they question insistently of this feverish, confused, unsimple generation which today is sweeping from all corners of this fecund country in a vast, culminating tide to visit the place of our nation's birth: "Have you kept faith with this thing we started? Have you kept the nation on its ways? Is 1926 bigger than 1776? Bigger in spirit, in democratic justice to all men, in vision, common decency and right? The truths we held to be self-evident for the government of a great, free people—are they still self-evident to you? Answer, 1926, are those truths still self-evident to you?"

The Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures

Greatness

AND it is these ghosts, shapers of our destiny, and the straight answers to the deep questions they propound which constitute for Americans the real and permanent importance of the Sesqui-Centennial celebration. If, walking through the vast palaces crowded with exhibits of art, commerce, education and industry which mark the milestones of human progress on this whirling little planet of ours, the casual visitor does not perceive these great, austere, immaterial presences, hear their voices, nor ponder his own inescapable responsibility for carrying on the work they began, then, for him, the hundred-odd million dollars spent on this noble memorial have been expended in vain.

It was Antony who is alleged to have said, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." What cheap little counterfeit philosophy! How thin and hollow it sounds when rung down on the solid gold characters of those sturdy, broad-gauged old founders who, by their own examples, prove that the reverse is more apt to be true. The good that men do lives after them, enduring monuments on the banks of time; and the cheap, petty, insignificant evil is washed, like silt, down the big stream of humanity and dissolved in the eternal sea. Evil carries its own seed of destruction; good, which is health, lives on. And if these pages seem strewn with allusions to those immortals whom we are prone to shut up between the leaves of dull history books, it is because on the days I visited the exposition those great old spirits would not down. They dominated the scene. They permeated their old home town. They were like big mountains seen on the rim of flatlands—almost too big of stature. They dwarfed the little pygmies who each day by tens of thousands clicked through the turnstiles to see the sights. And still they seemed calling, calling to us all.

It was a glowing hot day in midsummer when I arrived, bag and baggage, in Philadelphia to visit the exposition. "There are two ways of going at this thing," said my friend, who had been mixed up in it from the beginning. "One is to dash in hit or miss and try to gobble down everything in one big miscellaneous bit, which will result in acute indigestion, not to mention blistered feet."

"And the other?" I inquired.

"Is to work out some sort of systematic program. It will take at least three days

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EMINENT ENGINEERS WHOSE CHIEF INTEREST
LIES AWAY FROM HUPMOBILE HAVE SAID THAT THE HUP-
MOBILE EIGHT REPRESENTS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT
ADVANCES EVER RECORDED IN THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

BEAUTY, COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY, IN SEVEN ENCLOSED AND OPEN
BODIES, $1945 TO $2595 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
8

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to see the exposition properly and carry away any definite idea of what it all means. And there's only a certain amount of sight-seeing which the human system can stand each day and assimilate. So we'd better save the mornings for looking around and keep the afternoons free for trips, pageants and the various sporting events—the ones you're particularly interested in. Of course there's something going on at the Auditorium and the Stadium every day. The world's championship rodeo is on right now with competitive cowboy sports in bronco busting, trick roping, trick riding and bulldogging. And after that come the horseshow, the greatest ever held in this country, the mounted police and gymkhana contests, motorboat and yacht races, the national air races and the international championship tennis matches—just to mention a few of the important events to fill in your afternoons. As for music, there's the Philadelphia Orchestra of more than one hundred men, which gives symphony concerts; and at different periods there are famous choruses and bands under world-famous leaders.

One of the Towers on the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures

"And now for the mornings. Well, a little system will help us here also. If you consult your map you will see that the exposition site proper is composed of park land beautifully landscaped, with lakes and swimming pool; and in this park are located the principal buildings in which the exhibits are held. Chief among them are the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; the Palace of Agriculture, Food, Civic and Foreign Exhibits; the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, which also contains the United States Government exhibits; the Palace of Education and Social Economy; and the Fine Arts Building, containing a superb collection of contemporary paintings from all over the modern world. There are about fifty rooms in the building, half of which are devoted to American art."

Buildings From America's Past

"IN THE remaining galleries cross sections are given of modernist art in foreign countries, which are as nearly as possible true indications of the present trend in Russia, Germany, France, England, Japan and the Far East. The German modernists are perhaps the most radical, and as illustrative of a phase of contemporary art, seventy of their canvases will occupy a conspicuous place among their fellows. French moderns will uphold the Paris traditions with an interesting collection; and the Slavic arts, which reveal so distinctly their kinship with the Orient, will be represented by appropriate selections, including the work of their great leader and prophet, Mestrovic. In this Fine Arts Building great care has been exercised to stamp out that dread disease known as museum fatigue, which usually attacks the visitor in the second gallery and sends him staggering out into the open air. The physical arrangements are such that the visitor may pause at innumerable places on his pleasure tour, sit down comfortably to ponder the pieces at his leisure and finally emerge stimulated and refreshed.

"In addition to these great palaces of arts and industries, there are the foreign and state buildings scattered over the grounds, each containing its own particular display. Here are to be found exhibits demonstrating the human progress in practically every phase of civilized life, each exhibit telling its story from the beginning and with an expert on hand to explain to the visitor its workings and reasons for existence. It would require weeks to view properly and assimilate all these modern exhibits, for here is the whole march of civilization concentrated in a few acres of land.

"And then there are what we might term the historical backgrounds, replicas of famous old historical buildings and streets."

"You mean High Street," I interrupted, "which the women of America have reconstructed exactly as it was in 1776?"

"It's not a literal reproduction of the street as it then stood," he corrected. "What the women did as their contribution to the exposition was to look up the records and search out the quaint old historical dwelling places, now vanished, of famous men who lived in the Quaker City in 1776 and then group the replicas of those ancient houses in one block called High Street, which was the most desirable residential section of the city 150 years ago.

"In those days doctors, lawyers, merchants, bakers and candlestick makers had their business in their homes, so that in one single square, even in fashionable districts, there existed a great diversity of buildings and occupations; beautiful residences set in picturesque gardens rubbed shoulders with blacksmith shops, taverns of the better class, hardware stores, bakeries, duck ponds and public gardens. In the Street of 1776, which the women's organizations of America have reconstructed, only the President's house and that of Robert Morris were actually in the relation to each other that we now see them; but each house is a reproduction of the original standing in or near that street; and the mellow atmosphere, the quaint furniture of the period and the sweet old-fashioned gardens have been faithfully copied, down to the final picturesque detail, so that the picture of the era as a whole is genuinely authentic, and the Street of '76 is justly considered one of the most successful and attractive features of the entire exposition.

"After High Street in importance comes the reproduction of Sulgrave Manor. As George Washington was the outstanding example of those who laid the foundations of this country, so the old manor house of Sulgrave is the type of home from which many of our forefathers sprang. It is a faithful reproduction from exact measurements erected by the Colonial Dames of America. All the pieces of furniture are genuine antiques of the Jacobean period, as nearly like those in the original manor house as it was possible to procure.

"Then you should take a glimpse at the replica of Mount Vernon erected by the Y. W. C. A., stroll over to the New Jersey State Building, a superb reproduction in stone of the old barracks in Trenton of Revolutionary days, and look in upon the splendid paintings of historical scenes in the replica of Tun Tavern, erected by the United States Marines to mark the site of old Tun Tavern which was the birthplace of the Marine Corps in 1775."

An Alcove of the Pennsylvania Building

An Army of Visitors Each Day

"SITUATED on the west side of Edgewater Lake we find the Wicaco Block House, an exact replica of the original that was built in 1669. It is made in the early manner of hand hewn logs put together with wooden pins. The Swedish Colonial Society of Philadelphia erected it in commemoration of the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania—the third birthplace of America—who from 1642 to 1655 lived under Johan Printz as Governor. This building was dedicated by the Crown Prince of Sweden when he visited Philadelphia recently.

"Finally, as a climax to this part of your pilgrimage, you should spend a quiet hour in Independence Hall, that fine old example of Colonial architecture, saturated with the atmosphere of the past, where our charter of liberty was signed.

"There is, you see, a distinct cleavage, a definite and conscious contrast, between the old and the new, which is the fundamental idea upon which the whole exposition is based, since it is first of all a great memorial celebration and after that a great world's fair; and the visitor would do well to build his program of sight-seeing around that central fact, taking first our backgrounds, then our modern foregrounds, and then perhaps returning once more to the Street of '76 for a final farewell glimpse of the picture of that era which has made us what we are."

Our program thus decided upon, we took a taxi to the entrance of the fair grounds. It was early—and hot and yet already a continuous stream of sightseers were entering the grounds.

"About how many visitors are you getting a day?" I inquired

"Well, last Sunday 100,000 clicked through the turnstiles. On excessively sultry days we have fewer, on fine days more, but the stream is steadily augmenting by tens of thousands every day; for now all the buildings are completed, the exhibits on display and every department, every phase of entertainment and sport is operating at 100 per cent efficiency. Gone and forgotten is that unfinished state, with uncompleted buildings, which cast a gloom over the opening days—which has

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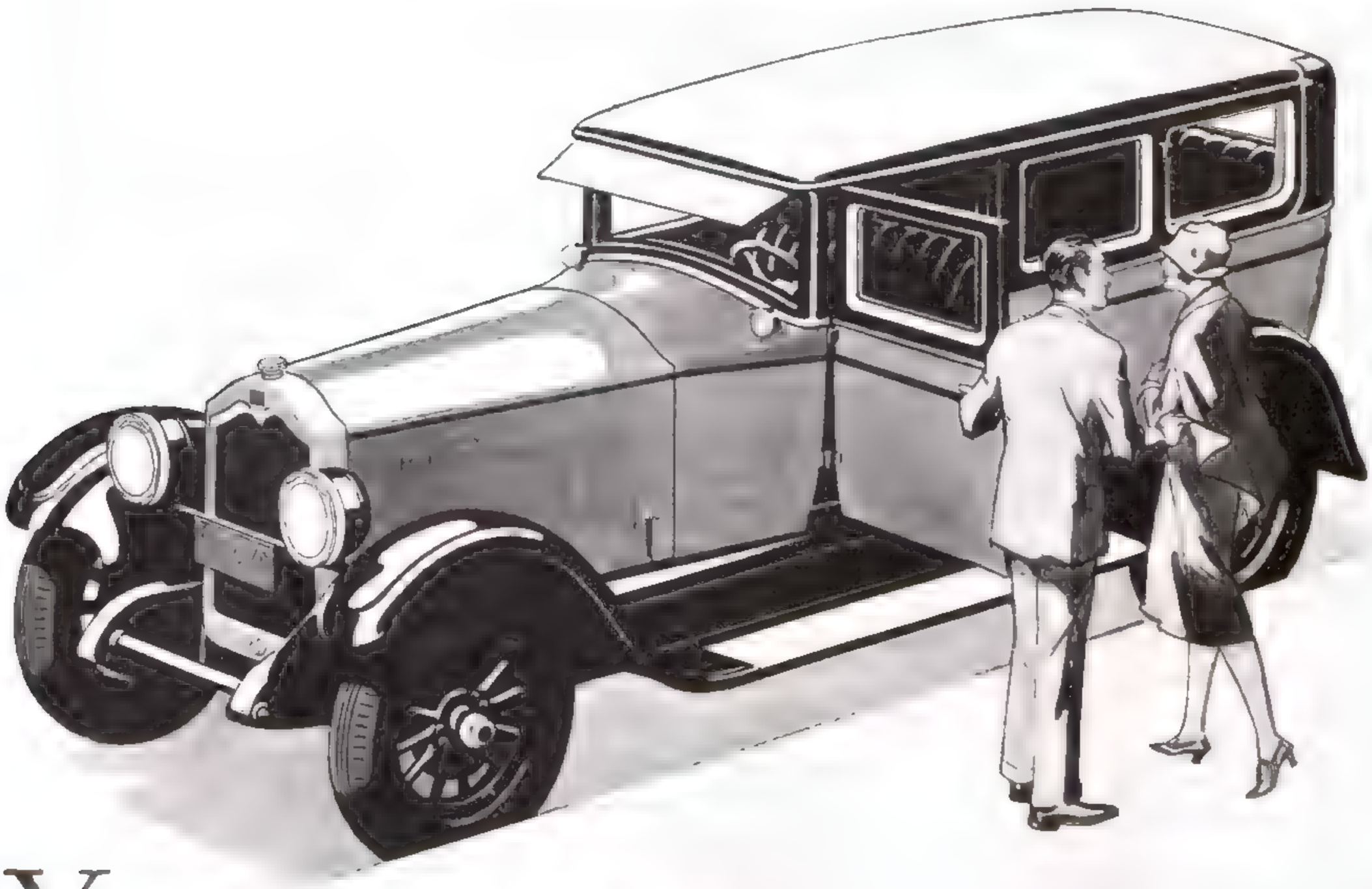

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THE GREATEST VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

MOTOR CARS

SCIENTIFIC NEWS

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MORBID PROLOGUE

I WENT to my dentist's one morning in May
With an upper bicuspid so very distrait
That I felt every bone
In my cerebral zone
Knocking together like marbles at play.
The office was crowded with wretches a-prey
To too-gnashing gloom as they cursed the delay
And hoped Doctor Fuller,
The ivory-puller,
Would get in his work, if he could, right away.

A neat little man with the air of a banker
Petted his jaw as he groaned for the yanker;
A white-bearded sage
In a quaint little rage
Winced like a schoolboy awaiting the spanker;
A lady, who smiled like a saint, only blanker,
Stroked a fair cheek which had swelled like a tanker.

Bracing myself in a manner heroic
To show my companions that I was a stoic,
I picked up a paper and solemnly read
A headline which said:

"GERMAN INVENTS NEW AIRSHIP FUEL"

Muttering something which wasn't quite nice
From the Hymnal of Hate,
I grunted, "That's great!
Always inventing some silly device
Which, far as I see, doesn't cut any ice.
Now, if some darned biologist, cold-eyed and ruthless,
Invented a practical jaw that was toothless,
I'd pay him, by gum,
A whale of a sum."
Just then in the doorway a pretty trained nurse
Smiled on me brightly—it made me feel worse.
"You're next." And her giggle resembled a curse.

Will someone explain, though the truth may be fearful,
Why eminent dentists are always so cheerful?
Good Doctor Fuller, with optimist air,
Pleasantly easing me into a chair,
Remarked, "Oh, that's splendid!
The tooth can't be mended,
So I'll give you some gas and the pain will be ended."
A sad looking bag thing he strapped to my face,
Remarking "Breathe deep!" with a sunshiny grace.
I sniffed
And whiffed,
Then stopped.
Something popped.
"Oh, bother," said Fuller, "the gas has run out!
I'll phone to the Gas Works. They'll fix it, no doubt.
Here's a fresh morning paper to read while I'm gone."

My head was a-whirling like swallows at dawn,
But I held up the paper, becoming quite solemn,
As I read what it said on a double-spaced column:

"SAVANT PREDICTS MECHANICAL FUTURE

"Henry D. Hubbard, Secretary of the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce, says: 'Automatic factories will take the place of farms and produce food supplies sufficient for the world. Airplane, ship and automobile speed will be controlled by a radio beacon, devised by the Bureau of Standards. . . .'"

Just then Doctor Fuller returned with a chuckle.
"The Gas Works has broken an armature buckle.
While they're making repairs
Let's forget all our cares
In light conversation
On Civilization
Or the Bearing of Science on Human Affairs.
I see you've been reading that statement of Hubbard's
That mill-turned potatoes will soon fill our cupboards."

"Piffle!" I snorted.
The dentist retorted,
"Nothing's impossible, sir, any more.
Let's take a short walk, if it won't be a bore.
Right 'round the corner I'll show you some scenery—
Carrots and peas being made by machinery."
So the next thing I knew we were out in the street,
Mounting the steps of a factory neat.

II

THE FARM PRODUCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INCORPORATED

Wheels, wheels, wheels,
Dynamos and chutes,
Ranks and ranks of tar-black tanks,
Where men in rubber boots
Climbed like cats to fill the vats
With chemicals that smelled
The hundredth power of cauliflower
By radio propelled.

Roar, roar, roar,
A noise that seemed to burn;
And they were pouring vitamines
Into a monster churn,
While up aloft a foreman stood
On an asbestos pipe.
"Men, pull the fires in Number Ten—
The sparrow grass is ripe!"

We met the sweet-faced manager,
Who showed us through the works,
'Neath seven miles of green-glass roof,
Past corps of busy clerks.

"We're now inside the Mixing Room;
Our process here begins.
The garden truck, now liquid muck,
Is forced from vats to bins.
Pea, beet and grape are pressed in shape
After they've passed along.
Yon acid tank makes onions rank
By a solution strong.
Experiment Station Number Two,
Up on the platform there;
Head chemist, Doctor Macaroo—
The fellow with the hair—
Is working on a formula
Which heavy brain requires—
A parsnip new which one can chew
Or use to mend your tires."

"Oh, manager, my manager,"
I shouted all in vain.
That busy cuss just beckoned us
And we followed in his train.
With whirligigs and thingmajigs
Machines like printing presses
Were working almost humanly
At certain formless messes
Which from the other end did shoot
Ripe vegetables, also fruit—
Oranges, turnips, rhubarb, plums,
Bananas thick as giant thumbs—
While sweating workmen labored by,
Wheeling them to the vats of dye.
All by itself one huge machine
Its mighty problem tackled.
By heaven, it was laying eggs,
And as it laid, it cackled!
"But won't they break?" I wildly asked.
The manager said, "No.
The shells are cushioned as they fall
By force of radi-o. . . ."
Just then the great machine-made hen
Blew up with force emphatic.
"Oh, plague it!" wept the manager,
"We've struck another static."
So the dentist led me out of there,
For he was diplomatic.

III

SOME BABIES

Out in the street, as we looked for a cab,
We saw a small newsboy a-selling a tab.
So we squandered a penny, the dentist and I,
And got a noon extra with headlines so high:

"SCIENCE PROMISES SIX-FOOT BABIES

"Drs. Thomas B. Osborne and Lafayette B. Mendel, of New Haven, have discovered an amazing diet system, which they have been trying on rats. This diet, if it works, would produce six-foot babies in six years. . . ."

"That's rather amusing," I started to say
When a seven-foot baby,

(Continued on Page 254)

"Toots Want to Play," Said the Magnified Tot

The pleasant, deadened thud of closing a door on a Body by Fisher tells the experienced ear that Fisher inner construction is solid and enduring. Building for supreme safety and value, Fisher achieves supreme safety and value in every car price division

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

FISHER

Athletics—A Profession for Girls

By FRANCES FISHER DUBUC

WE ARE going to be in the field shortly for an A-1 rattling good leader to take charge of the general girls' athletic and social activities in the city and to handle dramatics and direct pageants," writes a supervisor of recreation in a California city to the personnel director of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. "The salary is from $225 to $250 a month. We want her to supervise also evening activities in the community houses."

"Please recommend immediately, by night letter, a community-center director to take charge of girls' athletic activities, also general dramatic and social activities," a telegram reads, from the secretary of a community center in a New England town. "Young, strong and capable of enlisting and working with volunteer student leadership. Thirty-five a week."

From a superintendent of recreation in Illinois: "I need a girl assistant. One who has had some experience and training in dramatics, pageantry and social recreation and field sports. Salary $100 to $125 a month."

From a superintendent of recreation in Florida: "We want a young woman to organize neighborhood clubs and when necessary do neighborhood work, leaving the playground activities temporarily to her assistants. A knowledge of folk dancing, field hockey and other sports would be helpful. Salary $1800 to $2000 to start."

"We need a girl capable of taking charge of playground work," says a director of recreational activities in Ohio. "She must know how to handle Girl Scout work and athletic and social activities for girls' and women's clubs. Salary $150 a month."

These are typical of the requests that pour into the national headquarters of the association in New York from all parts of the United States for girls and young women to fill positions in the recreational field; assistants to superintendents and supervisors, directors, play leaders, specialists in dramatics, folk dancing, story telling and athletics, which includes Girl Scout work and all indoor and outdoor sports, all forms of natural and rhythmic dancing. Handicraft, organizing and directing children's clubs and recreation, and camps and clubs for older girls also are phases of this wide and varied field, offering occupation to the girl possessing good health, a sane outlook on life, a spirit of helpfulness and the desire to earn her own living.

Interest Increasing

Ten years ago there were only forty-one cities having community playground and recreational organizations. Today there are 758. With an increase of more than 700 cities and towns the need for trained workers has increased greatly. This nation-wide development has created a new profession.

During 1925, 275 cities asked the Playground and Recreation Association of America to help find people to fill several hundred jobs. It is significant that of more than 19,000 inquiries on public recreation, how to organize and direct all kinds of sports and social activities, one-third came from communities of 2500 population or less. Most of these small towns employ resident young women in the work as assistants at first to a trained organizer or director, who may be either a man or a woman.

In thirty-five states there are training courses in normal schools and women's colleges, or special schools which give intensive training covering a period of a few months. In all these the tuition is moderate and in some places merely nominal.

"Our association serves as a national clearing house for the entire recreation movement," said Mrs. Ora G. Weir, head of the personnel bureau, when I talked with her recently at the headquarters in New York. "It has been in active operation for twenty years. The association conducts training schools, national and local institutes, and maintains a placement bureau and a staff of field workers to help communities solve their recreation problems. It publishes the Playground Magazine and handbooks of information. We aim to develop the cultural simultaneously with the athletic phases of the work. Thus, we include instruction in handicraft, music, community singing and dramatics.

"The association helps to find trained workers and train volunteer workers," she went on. "It conducts physical-fitness tests for boys and girls in any community, helps to secure state legislation requiring physical education in the schools, and organizes and conducts leagues, mass athletics, and other physical recreation activities by securing summer playgrounds and camp sites. We are in close contact with 700 cities, and therefore this is the headquarters where many people apply who want to go into this field as workers, or who need information and help in organizing their communities."

Money Not Everything

"Our executives and staff field workers study private agencies to find out what recreation can be furnished to assist in games and meetings, and to provide instructors or help to train play leaders. They coöperate in establishing Boy Scout and Girl Scout and Camp Fire Girl activities, and work with school authorities, helping boys and girls in school athletics, track, basket ball, soccer ball, and make opportunities for them to learn handicraft and occupy themselves in leisure hours with constructive play. It is obvious therefore," said Mrs. Weir, "that all these varied activities create positions for girls and young women who have athletic training and experience."

As all recreational organizations are supported either by private subscriptions or local taxes, the salaries vary according to the community somewhat, every locality having its own individual problems and special needs. Women superintendents in seventy-six cities with a population of over 50,000 are receiving salaries ranging from $2700 to $4400. In fifty-eight cities of 5000 up to 50,000 population the salaries for the same work are $1800 to $3600. These are fairly typical. Staff positions which may be considered typical in recreation systems include recreation supervisor, in some localities called department head, $1200 to $3500 a year; recreation director or general manager of a single playground or recreation center with assistants, from $1200 to $2500 a year, and occasionally maintenance is added; play leader or recreation assistant having charge of play activities of children, athletic games, and so on, from sixty dollars to seventy-five dollars a month to $1800 a year, according to time; that is, whether year-around or summer-season work.

For specialists in folk dancing or dramatics, directors of pageants and festivals the salaries vary according to the time given by the instructor and the quality of work expected.

The following is a complete salary schedule in one city with a population of about 275,000, which is typical of others in the same class:

Superintendent of recreation	$4000.00
Assistant superintendent and supervisor of sports	3300.00
General supervisor of girls' activities	2400.00
Director of special activities—dramatics, dancing, and so on (per day)	$4.00 to 8.00
Playground director, Class A, full time (a month first year)	$125.00
Playground director, Class A, full time (a month second year)	135.00
Playground director, Class A, full time a month third year)	150.00
Playground director, Class B, three-quarters time (a month first year)	85.00
Playground director, Class B, three-quarters time (a month second year)	95.00
Playground director, Class B, three-quarters time (a month in summer)	125.00
Playground director, Class C, three-quarters time (a day)	4.00
Playground director, Class C, three-quarters time (a day in summer)	5.00
Playground substitute, Class C, three-quarters time (an hour)	.50
Community-house director, Class C, three-quarters time (a month)	150.00

To secure the personal viewpoint of workers in this interesting and varied profession, the writer interviewed many young women holding various positions in different sections of the country. "There are several ways of getting into this work," said Miss F., athletic director of a recreational organization in Tennessee. "I lived at home and therefore could afford to do part-time work in the beginning. I started on a local playground, getting paid three dollars for my afternoons. I had always been fond of outdoor sports and liked children. In the fall I attended a course in physical and recreational training, which included dramatics and dancing, organizing and directing sports for older girls and boys. This took nearly a year. I then secured a position as supervisor of playgrounds and general recreation in a small city, at $1800 a year. My living expenses were small in that town. Two years later I was asked by the chief supervisor in this city, who had visited the other town and noted my work, to come here and be his assistant at $2300. Though these salaries may seem small as compared to other professions and various lines of business," she added, "you must take into consideration the many pleasant features of the work, which more than overbalance any aspects of it that might be a little trying at times—long hours occasionally, or dealing with stupid or unresponsive people, though they are very few, because by the nature of the work you will not often come in contact with persons of that kind. Probably no other occupation open to women is more healthful."

Always Room at the Top

"Girls become very experienced who remain for any length of time on playground work or in recreational camps, and this will help them to secure higher positions, but if they hope to fill general executive positions it is practically indispensable that they take a course of instruction in some school or women's college or normal school. Frequently these may be completed in less than a year, and while the girls are studying they can do part-time work by applying to the headquarters of the recreational system of the city or town they are in, and reduce their tuition to a negligible amount."

A summer playground supervisor in Illinois said she was being paid $150 a month. She expects to attend a training school in Chicago this fall, or may go to New York, where she will live cheaply at a girls' club and attend a certain school of play and recreation which gives practical courses of training for playground directors, camp counselors and community workers, and specializes in recreation administration, drama and pageantry, and institutional work. "If I decide to take the course in New York," she said, "I shall do part-time neighborhood work in a recreation organization maintained by one of the Episcopal churches. This course takes only eight months, and the tuition is but eighty dollars."

"The work is always interesting," said the assistant to one of the department heads of a recreational center in a Pennsylvania city. "There is something new developing every day almost, which prevents one from ever getting bored or indifferent. There is, too, always a chance for promotion," she went on, "because of varied demands in the field. Sometimes, most unexpectedly and suddenly, will come a request to serve in another part of the country, in a different department of the work. I came here upon graduating from a two-year normal-school course, specializing in the theory and practice of physical education and recreation activities in community and social centers, which included athletics, dancing, scout leadership and games. My salary is $1500, but I am considering an offer in a smaller city, but a higher position—supervisor of girls' sports, with a salary of $2100. With an increased income in this town, my living expenses will be less, so that I figure I shall be making about $2400 a year. When a position is offered to a worker she should always carefully consider the standard of living in any place before she decides to make a change." She added, "You have asked me what are the minimum qualifications for entering this athletic and recreational field. First, I would say, an educational equipment equivalent to that represented by graduation from a four-year high-school course, and, in addition, either a full-time intensive physical-training course of from eight months to a year or one year of playground experience, and of course, more than anything else, good health, also a pleasing personality and the ability to get along well with people."

Personality Most Important

When I repeated this statement to the director of a successful training school, she said, "That summary of qualifications is correct, although I would lay more stress on personality, because I believe it counts the most for success in this profession. No matter how well trained and equipped a girl may be, if she lacks personality she will not succeed. Resourceful and versatile workers are greatly in demand. If I find after a month or so that a girl lacks the true principles of good sportsmanship and does not impress me with her sincerity and a genuine interest in her work and those she is associated with, I recommend as tactfully as possible that she had better drop out of the classes. But in many years I have not had more than five or six of these cases. The majority of our girls come from high schools, not always immediately following graduation, which makes the age vary from eighteen to twenty-four. Our course begins in October and ends in May. Our students always find plenty of summer work as camp counselors, giving athletic instruction, teaching games and so on, also on city playgrounds and in new suburban developments, like some of those on Long Island, in Westchester County, in suburbs of Chicago, and Boston and Los Angeles, in Daytona, Florida, and Nashville, Tennessee, where recreation is splendidly organized and specialists in athletics and all phases of dramatics are employed.

"We train our girls so that they will give those under their care opportunities to act in situations that are physically wholesome, mentally stimulating and socially sound. We train them not to exercise isolated muscle groups, but to participate in vigorous purposeful exercise as a part of a social group."

"Our chief aim," said the physician at the head of the physical-education department in this college, "is to develop the highest intelligence in the freest body."

GUARANTEED
the longest wearing *heel

Fall, and the opening of school!

Stairs and streets and playgrounds echo to the thud of children's feet —scuffing, kicking, *piling up the shoe repair bills.*

Send your children off to school in good stout shoes equipped with the heels that outwear any others —Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

Chock-full of downright, lasting, springy wear, Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are bound to save you money. You can get them on new shoes made by hundreds of good manufacturers, or have them put on any shoes quickly by your shoe repairman. They wear longer —we guarantee.

What's good for the children is good for you. Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are made in black, tan and white for everybody—men, women, boys and girls. They have style and fit, and their quality never changes.

Get these springy, long-wearing heels today! Ask for WINGFOOTS.

Goodyear Wingfoot Heels won't cost you any more than ordinary rubber heels—and you can tell they are far better from the simple fact that more people walk on them than on any other kind

*Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are guaranteed to outwear any other kind

GOODYEAR
WINGFOOT HEELS

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The raw silk is taken from the cocoons, wound into skeins, packed in bales and shipped by fast liners from the factories in Japan, reaching this country in . . 9 DAYS

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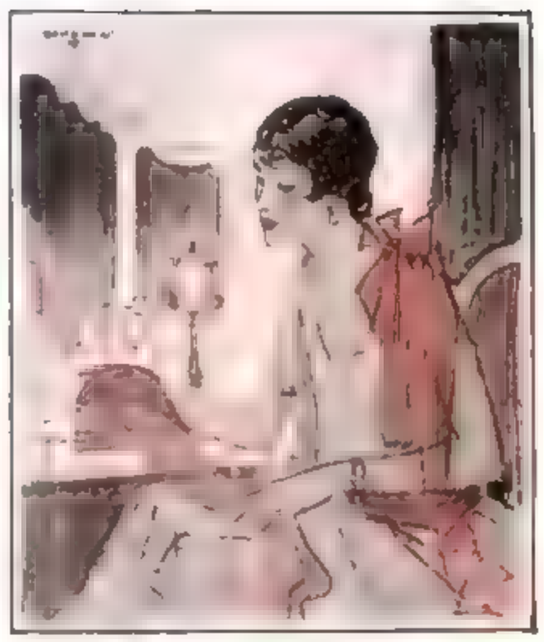
Landing at Seattle, the cargo is transferred immediately under heavy guard to special express trains and rushed with all haste to the Real Silk Hosiery Mills in Indianapolis, arriving . . . . . 4 DAYS LATER

Upon receipt at the Mills the silk is at once put into production; manufactured into hosiery, tested, dyed, inspected, and mailed from the special U. S. Post Office Branch at the Mills . . . . . 6 DAYS LATER



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silk! . . . 24 Days *from Filature to Foot* . . .

The secret of long wear and lasting beauty in the hosiery you buy *direct from our mills*

TODAY, on the sunny hillsides around the filatures in far off Japan, millions of tiny silkworms are spinning their cocoons of shimmering silk . . . Tomorrow, perhaps, the deft hands of Japanese women will unwind from these cocoons their treasure of silken skein . . . In a mere matter of 24 days this identical silk will have been transported to our shores; fashioned into sheer, lustrous silk hosiery, and delivered to Realsilk customers throughout the land.

Truly, what Realsilk has accomplished to make all this possible seems almost unbelievable . . . Yet, it is the secret of long wear and lasting beauty in Realsilk hosiery . . . and an unheard-of achievement until Realsilk's unique and DIRECT method of selling made it possible.

Think of it! . . . FRESH silk . . . seldom more than 24 days from Filature to Foot . . . virtually less than 4 weeks from the time the silk leaves the cocoon until you are wearing it . . . when you buy your hosiery direct from our Mills through the Realsilk Service Representative who calls at your home or office!

But, you inquire, why all this *rush?* What are the specific advantages to *me?*

You may or may not know that silk does NOT improve with age . . . Pure, FRESH silk is noted for its mirror-like sheen, its vibrant animation, its enduring lustre . . . and retains its initial strength and vitality.

Silk as *fresh* as you find it in the Realsilk Hosiery you buy direct from our Mills can be relied upon to afford utmost service . . . Its very *freshness* accounts in a great measure for its enduring beauty and unrivaled wear.

So remember—in addition to careful manufacture, employing the most modern methods . . . in addition to vigilant inspection and rigid tests, which assure quality . . . Realsilk Hosiery is FRESH silk . . . All in-between steps, which might give the silk a chance to *age* before you get it, are avoided by Realsilk's direct-to-consumer plan of selling . . . for Realsilk Hosiery is *shipped direct* to those who are to wear it . . . The other advantages of convenience and economy which you enjoy when you buy your hosiery the Realsilk way have been pointed out many times.

You will find it a mighty good investment to say "*Come in*" to the Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office . . . for only through him can you obtain this FRESH silk hosiery *direct from our Mills*—seldom more than 24 days from Filature to Foot—and at savings that are unparalleled.

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

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HOSIERY AND LINGERIE

CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS *and* MEN'S SOCKS

Drive a New Car ALL the Time!

The Super Finish for Automobiles!

WHEREVER fine cars are seen, at the Salon, in the Show Room and on the Highway, certain models stand out pre-eminently for their perfection of finish—they are finished with Nitro-Valspar.

Their brilliant, deep lustre is remarked by all who see them and the striking beauty of their finish is more than "skin deep." For the Nitro-Valspar System is nitrocellulose lacquer throughout—the Primer, the Gunglaze and the beautiful Color Enamel coats.

With all coats made of lacquer materials, there is naturally a greater affinity between them, a greater adhesion, than in a system where several types of material of unbalanced elasticity, expansion and cleavage capacities are applied one on top of another.

A Nitro-Valspar Finish combines to the *n*th degree those three greatly desired qualities—Brilliant Finish, Beautiful Color, and Hardness which is the secret of long life.

And the speed with which Nitro-Valspar can be applied is a great boon to car owners. Your Automobile Painter can completely refinish your car with the Nitro-Valspar System in a few days instead of the usual two or three weeks.

Lacquer Finishes have recently come into vogue and there is one lacquer System that you can be sure has no flaws, no weakness—Nitro-Valspar. For Nitro-Valspar is the result of experience gained by Valentine & Company in ninety-four years' production of high grade finishes and colors.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Detroit W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

NITRO-VALSPAR

The Valentine Lacquer Finish

Plupy, With Rare Judgment, Spoils a Horse Trade

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SATERDAY May 15, 186— well i dont know yet what they are going to do with me. father hasent sed ennything to me yet but he and mother talked about sumthing till verry late last nite. i herd them. Keene says she gesses i am in a scraip this time that will taik moar then General Marstin to get me out of but mother told her to keep quiet. Cele dident say ennything xcept that she dident think i had done ennything verry rong. ennyway she sed if i had done rong she had done rong two.

Aunt Sarah she sed that old J. Albert Clark had told sumbody that he gnew that sumtime that Shute boy wood go two far and he gessed that this time he had went altogether two far. old Tabitha Wilkins sed i was a abandond retch whitch shood be put outside of the pail of the chirch and old Woodbridge Odlin he sed it was about time a xample shood be maid of sumone. Aunt Sarah she sed she dident cair what they said and it wasent enny of their bizziness ennyway.

What i am most interested in is what old Francis will think about it. he can maik it prety lifely for me if he wants to. ennyway i dident know the wirds of those tunes but i dont suppose ennyone will beleeve me. but honest i dident.

this morning in school i drdent know what wood happen. the fellers all laffed and seamed to think i had did sumthing prety smart. i wish i cood think so. i wunder what father will say when he gets home. Saterdays he comes home on the haff past two trane. i met the reverent mister Barrows today. if i had saw him in time i woodent have met him. ennyway he dident notice me. he was talking with old Sam Hall and had jest come out of old Smith, Hall and Clarks office.

i had jest come out of Dan Ranlets grocery store and when i saw them i steped back where they coodent see me and lissened. old mister Barrows he sed i think you done rong mister Hall to maik a mock of a serius thing. and old Sam Hall he sed it was the duty of a newspaper to correc enny rong staitments and so he looked up his facs cairfully and gnew he was rite.

then the reverent Mister Barrows he sed it is all rite to correc rong staitments but he dident see enny good in making a goke of religus matters. then old Mister Barrows went away and old Sam Hall went upatares into his old printing shop.

well this afternoon father come home and as soon as he had his dinner old Mister Barrows come to see him and he and mother and aunt Sarah had a long talk. after awhile father called me in and asted me if i gnew about the tunes and i sed the only thing i gnew was that Bruce Brigham rote out the tunes for me and sed they was himm tunes. then father asted me why i rote the himms the way i done and i sed i thougt i had a rite to and he sed where did you get that fool idea and i sed you told me that onct. and father he sed i never told you ennything like that and i sed honest father you did and he sed jest what did i say wird for wird and i sed well one time we was talking about ministers and you sed ministers had a auful eezy time. all they had to do to wright a sirmon was to reed a chapter of the bible and then chainge it round so that nobody cood tell what it ment and so i thought i had to rite to maik up sum himms that way.

well father begun to tirn red and redder and the reverent Mister Barrows begun to look more sorrowfuller and Aunt Sarah and mother tride hard not to laff with their mouths but did with their eys and father begun to scratch his chin and say hem hem haw. then he sed well parson the goke is on me and the reverent Mister Barrows sed i do not consider lite and frivolius conversation about servants of the lord to be a goke and i will bid you good afternoon.

well father he sed he was sorry and asted his pardon and he sed that he did say that to me but he was goking and Mister Barrows sed he was sorry to dout my wird but he was afrade i gnew about the himms and jest then Cele up and sed that i dident know about the himms but she gnew all the time.

well when mother herd Cele say that she sed why Celia Eliza Shute what do you meen and Cele sed she ment jest what she sed. and mother sed how did you know about the tunes and she sed she herd the hoalers sing them and when i played what Bruce Brigham had rote she reconized them at onct. well then Aunt Sarah sed did you ever hear sutch a thing Joanna and mother she sed she never did and father dident say ennything but he blew his nose verry hard and the minister drawded 3 or 4 long breths.

then mother sed i dont understand Celia. those tunes sounded jest like himms and Cele sed if i play them twice as fast they dont sound like himms and she done it. and they dident sound a bit like himms. then the minister sed it was a grate disappointment to find a young girl whitch has so good a naim as Celia Eliza Shute did sutch a indefenceless thing as this and he thougt that her sunday school

Continued on Page 94

Bimeby Father Called Me Over and Sed Josiah Says You Can't Drive Nellie and You Bring Her Over and Show Him

BETTER THAN EVER

Following their traditional policy of constant improvement with no yearly models, Dodge Brothers, during the past eight months, have vastly bettered their motor cars in many vital respects.

Indeed, there has never been an equal period in Dodge Brothers history when so many refinements of a popular and fundamental nature have been made.

The public is registering its appreciation of this progressive industrial service by purchasing every motor car Dodge Brothers can build—in spite of the fact that Dodge Brothers production, during these months, has broken all previous records by an impressive margin.

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Coupe $845—Special Coupe $895
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Fireproof the wooden framework of any house you build by using *mineral* lumber.

Sheathe the framework with Gyp-Lap—*fireproof, strong, lasting.*

Gyp-Lap is mineral lumber made from gypsum rock. It comes in broad, thick sheets ready for nailing to the framework of all walls and roof. It goes up so easily and quickly. No building paper is required with it.

Because it is so economical to erect, Gyp-Lap offers you the extra fire-security of *rock* sheathing *at no more cost* than wood, in fact, usually for *less.*

Gyp-Lap's broad, thick units fit into one another with a tongue-and-groove joint—the U S G patented interlocking edge—that makes a tight, wind-proof, weather-proof wall. Gyp-Lap provides *the strongest structural insulation known.* It makes a rigid, insulating inner wall that saves on fuel bills. It makes perfect backing for wood, brick or stucco.

Your dealer in Sheetrock, lumber and builders' supplies sells Gyp-Lap. It is made only by the United States Gypsum Company.

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72 designs from National Architectural Prize Contest have been compiled in an attractive book. Send $1.00 and this coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Send me sample of Gyp-Lap and free booklet, "Protected Homes."

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1776-1926 AT THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

(Continued from Page 52)

cast an equal gloom over the opening of every world's fair in the memory of man, for the simple reason that in such a vast and complicated enterprise, involving as it does foreign powers, Federal, state and municipal governments, appropriations and politics, it is humanly impossible to line up all these diverse and often antagonistic powers, induce them to cooperate with the efficiency of a private corporation and be right up on their tiptoes ready to start the race when the whistle blows. Such perfection never has been reached, and never will be reached this side of the millennium. Well, all those troubles are happily over and as a world's fair we are now in full bloom.

"I think," he continued as we paused inside the entrance gates while the gay, good-humored crowds swirled and milled about us, "the best thing to do is to take a sight-seeing bus—a party car, as it is called—and get a bird's-eye point of view of the whole grounds, locate the principal buildings and exhibits and then return and take them up one by one. On account of traffic problems private cars are not allowed inside the grounds; but the party cars go everywhere and stop everywhere."

We swarmed aboard a picturesque low-slung bus, gay with striped awnings, with seats along both sides and an iron-throated rubber-neck man in the rear, who bawled out the points of interest as we passed. Everybody now recognizes the architecture of a world's fair; it has a special formula all its own; Mohammedan mosques, Chinese pagodas, Roman arches, Arabian Night palaces, Taj Mahals and German beer gardens are scrambled not unpleasingly together and sprinkled liberally with glowing colors, miles of bunting, twinkling lights and war flags. That is the good old-fashioned recipe, but the architecture of this exposition, romantic and colorful, with its columns and arches and terra-cotta-tinted palaces, has a definite unity.

Of all these structures the Pennsylvania State Building is undoubtedly the most striking and spectacular. Exemplifying the modern vertical note in architecture, with its audacious yet beautiful use of strong primary colors, its arcades and inner courts decorated with mural bas-reliefs of historical themes depicting the illustrious rôle the old Keystone State has played in the development of the nation, it constitutes an art exhibit in itself and demonstrates what modern public buildings may be when our architects are inspired, not by alien Greek temples or Roman forums or medieval Gothic cathedrals, but by our own native American genius, based, as true art must always be, upon our own native needs and impregnated with our own history and environment.

A Broadcasting Station

After a circuit of the thousand-odd acres which compose the fair grounds we left the party car and entered the quaint little Street of 1776.

"We'll go up one side of the street," suggested my friend, "taking the houses one by one, and then come back on the other side. Here we are at the old Town Hall, the original of which was built in 1709. In olden times a jail stood in its front yard and it was the custom to parade the prisoners in chains on market days. The public enjoyed that. Also, out in open view stood a pillory and a whipping post."

A shrewd, humorous-faced visitor, who, with his wife, had paused to listen, commented with a Western accent:

"They weren't so dog-gone sentimental about prisoners in those days. The law had red pepper in it then—or was it the men?"

"Both," said my companion. "From that upper balcony," he continued, "the Colonial governors made their speeches and public proclamations and announced the deaths and accessions of our gracious Majesties, the monarchs of England."

"Our gracious Majesties!" muttered the Westerner with a grimace. "That kind of language is sure queer to hear. Of course I know we were in on all that gracious-majesty stuff once; but I can't seem to get the picture; it's movie dope; I can't even imagine those old royalist birds. I mean, as part of us."

"Well," smiled my friend, "I can give you one concrete picture; it happened at this old Town Hall. It was one of the Colonial governors; he stood leaning heavily against the railing of the balcony, a stout, pompous figure with a bushy wig and a large, red-veined nose, and droned off his dull speech to the indifferent crowds below. Among those who listened was a thin, dark young fellow, with his hands and feet fast in the stocks. And during the speech a big, buzzing fly kept tickling his nose until at last he burst forth in curses of rage, which the governor mistook for the insolence of those hot-head rebels who even then dared dream that America could manage her own affairs. And years later that same prisoner made the supreme sacrifice at Valley Forge. Once also, from that same balcony, the famous preacher Whitefield preached so eloquently on hell-fire that his voice was plainly heard in Camden, a mile away."

"Some broadcaster," murmured the Westerner. "Think of it, mamma! That beats old Uncle Ben."

A Cross Section of History

Turning to the left, we paused at the Friends' Meeting House, with its plain, severe interior, where silence and godliness reigned, a replica of one built by the Quakers in 1695. We dropped into the quaint old Dame School in the first house in Philadelphia built of bricks, where once dwelt Letitia Penn, and then passed on to the Paul Revere Forge, the village smithy, erected in memory of the patriot whose forge and foundry supplied the bolts, spikes and copper hull of the famous frigate Constitution.

"And don't forget," said my guide, "that these early blacksmiths were artists in their own line; they had a fine, sure hand with iron. That is why we prize so highly the old hinges, locks and scrapers—not merely because they are ancient but because they are so truly wrought."

The next house in the row was the Ben Franklin Print Shop.

"That's what I want to see!" exclaimed the Westerner. "I've been reading a new book on him. Printer, editor, maker of proverbs, philosopher, economist and one of the greatest diplomats America has ever produced."

Some time was spent in visiting the Free Society Store House and the First Infirmary. The First Infirmary was established in one room during the yellow-fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1750, but out of this grew the Pennsylvania Hospital of today.

In Loxley House we heard again the story of Lydia Darrah, the little Quaker girl, who notified the American Army at Valley Forge of the British plan of attack.

We came to the Stephen Girard House, the fine old original of which was built by Stephen Girard, a young Frenchman from Bordeaux who arrived in Philadelphia in 1776, commander of his own ship. He became an American citizen, married, settled down and amassed what was one of the greatest private fortunes in the world at that time, and was noted for his patriotism, philanthropy and financial sagacity.

The hostess showed us around the beautiful house, furnished with exquisite taste and faithfully reproducing the original even to the picturesque old marine wall papers set in panels in the ivory-tinted walls. "These scenes," she explained, "are reproductions of originals depicting the old docks on the Delaware River. Girard was a sailor; he loved the sea. One of those ships in that dock scene was his own, in which he sailed to America. He had an artist paint the cartoons and then sent them back to a famous wall-paper manufacturer in France."

"What an infinite amount of research and labor has been expended by the women of America in the reconstruction of this street," commented the Westerner's wife, "in order to reproduce so exactly, with such a wealth of detail, all this quaint old atmosphere and charming taste. Every woman who has ever furnished a house knows that perfection does not come of itself; it's a slow and laborious process. It has taken me three years to furnish my country home in the Colonial period, and I haven't completed it yet. Think of the time and energy expended, the hunting through musty old records to get the proportions of the houses, the exact descriptions, the furniture, the correct details and ornamentation. Why, it's the work of years!"

"And yet it has been worth while," said the hostess, "for it shows the American public, thousands of whom never step foot inside a museum, exactly how our forefathers lived. One sees fine old pieces of early American furniture stuck away in an antique shop or set forth with a label in a museum, but without any of those warm, vivifying touches of a private home; and having forever drummed into our ears the savage hardships of the early pioneers, we forget that our forefathers had handsome, aristocratic homes furnished in excellent taste with fine furniture, rare damasks, silver and paintings done by the foremost masters of the time.

"It needs an actual street like this, reconstructed before our eyes, to reveal the fine heritage of beauty and dignity in ordinary everyday life which our ancestors have passed on to us. It proves that our beginnings were not chaotic, lawless, cheap or tawdry, but essentially noble, dignified. But above all, what those early leaders reveal as we throw the searchlight of history upon them, is character—character in the quality of their homes as well as in their outer lives. And it is this character which is the nation's real wealth. When we cease as individuals to have character the nation will go bankrupt. So these homes of another era are in reality symbols of the solid, unspectacular integrity of our forefathers, which we believe still exists in our people today."

Presidential Receptions

We strolled on, pausing to admire the sweet, gay, old-fashioned gardens planted in the rear or to chat with hospitable hostesses dressed in the billowy costumes of Colonial days, and arrived presently at the Slate Roof House, a reproduction of a fine old mansion which possessed the added distinction of having the first slate roof in Philadelphia.

Here Penn dwelt during his second visit; Trent, founder of Trenton, was one of the owners, and, later, the famous Norris family. Within, experts had reproduced the interior practically as it stood in 1701, with genuine antique furniture, rich, dim old damasks and time-yellowed maps. This house is the headquarters for women coming from every state in the Union to the exposition, and special State Days have been arranged when the governor of each state, attended by four distinguished women who have contributed most to the progress of women in their own state in civics, art, literature or music, presents his state flag with appropriate ceremonies.

At the door of the Slate Roof House the chairman of the States committee greeted us hospitably.

"And now," she said, after she had shown us about, "you must register. Everybody who visits the Slate Roof House registers by placing a red, white or blue pin in her state on the great map of the

Watch This Column

LOIS WEBER
Director of "The Marriage Clause"

I wonder if you will be as deeply interested as I am in a forthcoming Universal LOIS WEBER production entitled *"THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE"* which has to do with the play-folks and the mysterious realm back of the stage. I think you and your friends will argue over it as thousands argued when the story under the title of "Technic" appeared in The Saturday Evening Post from the pen of Dana Burnet.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

MISS WEBER, in directing this picture, naturally approached it from a woman's viewpoint, and her technique has been so artistic you will find it difficult not to agree with her interpretation.

She was singularly happy in her choice of BILLIE DOVE, FRANCIS BUSHMAN and WARNER OLAND to portray the leading characters, and I am pleased to say that these three players have covered themselves with glory.

The theme is intensely interesting and highly dramatic, revealing, as it does, the life behind the scenes. BUSHMAN takes the part of a famous stage-director who makes a star of BILLIE DOVE. At the time they exchange pledges of mutual affection, she is called upon to sign a three year contract which contains the "marriage clause" in which she agrees not to become engaged or married during the life of the contract.

Their love endures for three years. But the girl has by then become famous as a star and the stage director is pushed farther into the background. The end is left to your imagination but like most Universals it leaves a sweet taste in the mouth.

BILLIE DOVE

Other Universals which have been chosen to represent this Company in Greater Movie Season are *"The Flaming Frontier,"* reproducing Gen. Custer's last battle with the Sioux; *"The Midnight Sun,"* a brilliant drama of the former Imperial Russian Court, and *"Poker Faces,"* a comedy of unusual power. I am anxious for your opinion of all of them. Write me a letter.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Billie Dove and Francis X. Bushman

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

A Steel Blue Chin Wins

Mennen Prize

If you've got a good face

Mennen

Talcum for Men

will improve it

It took a steel blue chin and keen sense of appreciation for a good thing to win for Mr. Paul S. Ellison, 45 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., the prize in the Mennen Bag Contest, No. 2. Here's his letter:

"My prehistoric grandfather was a hairy man. So am I. He needed his whiskers to keep warm, but I'm the bird who has to scrape 'em twice a day. All of which gives you an inkling that my school-girl complexion is usually a midnight blue.

"An hour after shaving, the irrepressible little shoots of my private and personal rubber plant are coming up again for air. I've found that the judicious use of Mennen for Men (the Neutral Tint Talcum) hides my steel blue chin without looking like a lacquer of Chinese white. It's great! Thanks!"

Mr. Ellison rests his case on one virtue only. But he knows, as you will when you try it, that the value of Mennen Talcum for Men is not confined to the face alone. It's an all-over powder that is a real masculine delight. If you talked with Mr. Ellison, he'd tell you that Mennen Talcum for Men spells COMFORT wherever it's used. On the body, it absorbs all the excess moisture the towel doesn't quite reach after the bath. On the face and neck, it constitutes a soft, soothing film which protects against rain, wind, sun, hail and the effects of a scraggly collar.

A large tin costs 25 cents and lasts longer than the patience of a stoic. Matches the color of your skin—doesn't show. And gives the "super" well-groomed look that helps you borrow money at the bank.

As for Mennen Shaving Cream, it is quite serenely holding first place in the hearts of millions of our solid fellow citizens. The real reason for this is that *Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen principle of absolute beard softening—gives that quick, smooth shave. An easy shave, with water hot or cold, hard or soft, that leaves the face clean, clear and comfortable. 50 cents for a large tube. Five months of economical shaving, at ¼ inch of cream per shave. All druggists.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

P.S. Just a line about Mennen Skin Balm for after-shaving. Cooling, refreshing, antiseptic, astringent. 50c tube.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

United States that covers one wall, so that the attendance can be seen at a glance."

We added our quota to the rapidly increasing young forest of pins and, passing the busy market stalls, we entered the Washington Stables Theater. This building is modeled on the lines of the one in which Washington kept his horses and carriages. Daily puppet shows for the children are held here. Thence we entered the Washington House, built under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution and furnished throughout as it was when Philadelphia was the seat of government.

"This house," explained the hostess, "belonged to Robert Morris and in 1776 was the largest and handsomest in town. Washington paid $3000 a year rent for it, unfurnished, and lived there seven years. After he moved to Mount Vernon, John Adams took possession as the next President and lived there until 1800, when the official seat of government was changed to Washington, D. C.

"In this house, every two weeks Washington held a formal levee in the great dining room, thirty feet long. The President stood at the far end, facing the door, his back to the fireplace. He always wore black velvet, yellow gloves, handsome knee and shoe buckles and a dress sword. His hair was powdered and gathered in a black silk bag and he carried a three-cornered hat with a black cockade and a feather edging.

"At precisely three o'clock the door was opened, and closed at precisely a quarter past. Visitors were announced at the door, bowed, but never shook hands with the President in those days, but arranged themselves in a discreetly silent circle around the room. When, at a quarter past, the door was closed, Washington began with the guest on his right and moved around the circle, chatting amiably, and those who had been spoken to could then converse with one another in low tones. When the President completed the circle and arrived at the fireplace again, his visitors approached one by one, bowed and departed.

"In addition to the levee, at four o'clock every Thursday afternoon the Washingtons gave a formal dinner party, at which the President—unless a clergyman was present—asked a blessing before the guests were seated. The President ate only one course, never more, and drank one glass of wine during dinner and one afterward. This dining room, as you see it now, is practically as it was in his day, and overlooked the lovely old-fashioned gardens in the rear."

The next port of call was the Jefferson House, standing originally on the outskirts of town. Here, for the thirty-five shillings a week, Jefferson rented the corner sitting room and bedroom on the second floor, and wrote what he himself described as "the genuine effusion of the soul of our country."

"In that little sitting room," the hostess took up the tale, "were held many meetings of the Committee of Five appointed to draft the Declaration. Franklin, Adams, Livingston and Sherman used to join Jefferson and discuss the problems which arose."

"And is this the actual table on which he drafted the Declaration?" I inquired.

Inventing for Comfort

"No; but it's the exact reproduction of a special chair and table which Jefferson designed for himself in order to be comfortable while at work. You see, first of all he was a writer, as well as politician and pamphleteer, and second, he was a long-legged young man, and his muscles became cramped sitting so many hours with his extremities tied up in bowknots or wrapped around the chair. So one day he decided to design a chair especially to fit his legs. It's really a chaise longue, you see, in two parts, the second part made to slide under the table so he could stretch out, and the chair comfortably upholstered and arranged with a swivel so he could lean back at his ease or even take a nap.

"But he didn't stop with the chair, for he was a thorough young man. He wrote so much that all his papers would get massed in one spot, with the result that he would be forced to move his chair to a clean spot or else disturb what he'd already done. So instead of moving himself around the table, he devised a scheme by which the table top revolved. But here he faced a problem, for he did not wish the candle to revolve each time, but to remain stationary directly in front of him. So he contrived this little extension slide attached to the table opposite his chair to hold the light. It is said to be one of the best combinations of chair and table ever invented for a writing man."

Next in the row was the Shippen House, the original of which was a typical city house of the well-to-do American professional man of that period, comfortable, spacious and furnished with sober yet excellent taste. Here was the home and office of Dr. William Shippen, Jr., who started the first classes in anatomy and dissection in Philadelphia, after a sojourn in the medical institutions of Edinburgh and France.

"He had a hard time in the beginning to obtain his subjects for dissection," said the hostess, "and more than once his house was mobbed. At first he was permitted to use only the bodies of criminals, of which there were very few."

"We could accommodate him better in that respect today," remarked a visitor grimly.

A Signal Honor

The interior of this house, one of the most splendid mansions of its day, with a wonderful garden abounding, as the record says, "in tulips, carnations, roses and lilies, with a summer house in the middle of it," has been decorated to show how the distinctive charm and mellow atmosphere of the past can be graciously combined in a modern home with the solid comforts and improvements of today. Here are the headquarters of the chief executive of the women's committee of the exposition, who, coöperating with some twenty other national committees, which in turn touch hundreds of thousands of American women throughout the country, have made this quaint picture of a past era one of the outstanding successes of the fair.

Refreshments of the Indian Queen Tavern disposed of, we threaded our way through the throngs to the replica of Sulgrave Manor, the old home in England where in the heart of the pleasant Midland country Washington's ancestors lived within twenty-five miles of such famous centers as Kenilworth, Warwick, Rugby, Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon. The original property was presented to the Washington family by a grant from Henry VIII.

"This house," said our hostess, "was erected by the Colonial Dames of America and we have tried as far as possible to reproduce the architecture and furniture of the original manor house. Of course," she laughed, "we couldn't reproduce the picturesque environment, the magpies chattering on the velvety lawns, the rooks calling from the ancient elms or the fragrant hawthorn hedges bordering the pleasant countryside lanes. But all the pieces of furniture are genuine antiques of the Jacobean period, and upstairs is an old oaken four-poster bed which bears the date 1616 carved on the headboard. In just such a bed slept the forbears of Washington when Queen Elizabeth was alive.

"The old records state that when Elizabeth was a girl she used to visit Sulgrave Manor and play with the young Washingtons. And once, years later, when hotly pursued by Mary, she sought refuge at the manor house and hid in a closet which you can see at the top of the stairs; and as a token of appreciation of this act of friendship, when she became queen she permitted the Washingtons to inscribe over their door the royal coat of arms, bearing her initials, E. R.—Elizabeth Regina—to show that they were especially honored by her protection."

"Is that story true?" I demanded.

"We believe it is," smiled the hostess. "It was handed down in the annals of the family; and besides that, we have another proof. Step outside a moment. Do you see that replica of the royal coat of arms above the door? Do you see the E. R., signifying Elizabeth Regina? Now no Englishman would dare to put the royal coat of arms above his door save by express command of the crown. And that permission was not awarded except for some signal service which touched closely the personal safety or honor of the ruling monarch.

"Here is a copy of the prayer of Washington at Valley Forge," she continued, and she read aloud the supplication of the great chief in behalf of his country struggling in the agonies of birth:

"'Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for each other and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large; and finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

"Did you observe," remarked my friend, "that Washington did not ask anything for himself—not for victory, nor even food for his starving troops. Not a single materialistic demand, though he might have been pardoned, in that dark moment, for praying for material aid. But he was concerned only with the spiritual needs of the new nation. 'That Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government.' It's a grand prayer for 1926."

A Permanent Building

Threading our way slowly through the steadily increasing throngs, we came to the New Jersey State Building, replica of the old Trenton barracks, constructed of weathered stone, with a slate roof of picturesque gray-green slabs. This is a permanent building. On the cool, wide piazza scores of foot-weary sight-seers sat listening to old-fashioned airs played by three girls attired in Colonial costumes. Here also the charming old interiors of the past were reproduced with painstaking faithfulness, not as a museum, but as a comfortable, gracious home to be lived in. Under the guidance of the hostess we made a tour of the bedrooms, papered with quaint-patterned wall paper and furnished down to the last quaint detail in the spirit of its era. High Street, Sulgrave Manor and the New Jersey State Building, with their charm and mellow atmosphere, where the very spirit and mood of the past seem enmeshed like a fly in amber, stand forth as signal successes in the exposition; they picture an era and personify a type of character infinitely precious to modern Americans.

Later we took in the modern exhibits, foreign and domestic: The East Indian and Bagdad bazaars, with their wealth of Oriental treasures and precious and semi-precious stones; the exquisite little royal palace of Titania, Queen of Fairies, a piece of unparalleled miniature art by Sir Nevile Wilkinson, of England; the magnificent collection of modern paintings in the Fine Arts Building; the exhibits of the Federal Government, each bureau telling its own story as to why it exists as an arm of government; and the stupendous development in industry, in education and the liberal arts—wonders enough to confuse the eye and amaze the mind.

Yes, we are advancing, at least materially. And for our spiritual progress we can do no better than to accept as our guide the prayer of our great founder at Valley Forge.

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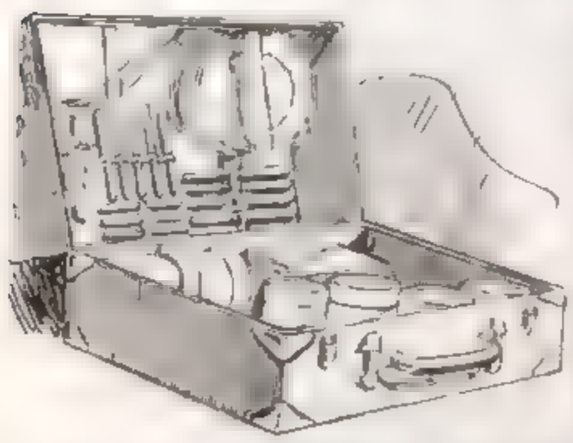

SEALRIGHT
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Paper Containers

BY REMOTE CONTROL

Continued from Page 44

"I told you he was no good," Omar growled, though he had told us nothing of the sort. "He can dance in a circus ring, with a band playing fox trots and a lady patting him with a whip, but he can't run a horse race any more than I can get Cleveland on a pants presser."

"He's too fat, maybe," ventured Harmony, seeking solution.

"If you get him any thinner," I said, "you'll be able to count the ribs on both sides without walking round. He's lean enough."

"Then he isn't trained sufficiently," argued the boss. "He needs more exercise."

"That," added Omar, "and two more legs. The brute is a coward. That's why he can't run. He hasn't any heart. Besides, he don't want to run. He would rather sit in the sun and reflect."

"He is our only asset," Harmony stated, "so try and have cheerful thoughts."

Patiently, we resumed the education of a dancing beast, trained him quietly and in secret to avoid the derision; and when we had him sharpened to a fine point with exercise gallops, we dragged Rodeo out of his comatose state, lifted him into the saddle and once more ran our treasure the full Seaside mile. Again we timed him carefully, sitting on a fence rail, and that morning we virtually ran out of time. He made me think of one of these slow-motion things you see in a theater.

"Maybe he would do better if we ran him in a real horse race," I suggested cheerily.

"Sure," said Omar. "He's just a lonesome horse. He sees a lot of other horses running around here together like little pals, and he's probably mad at us for making a hermit of him. Let's get him some friends and maybe he'll show something."

"He'd better," murmured Harmony. "Joe Sullivan is a liberal spender, but he must have his limits."

Mr. Sullivan was presently notified that we intended to toss our horse into the racing business on a certain Friday afternoon and run him against other animals accustomed to the strain. Without a murmur, Joe produced the entry fee and asked if it would be wise to put down a bet or two on Starlight.

"No," said Harmony, "not yet. He's a little green, but he's ripening fast."

"Like an elderly tomato," murmured Omar.

The contest in question was an ordinary week-end handicap of no importance for eight horses that had never before won a race, and one that never would, and it turned out to be a close contest, with four runners fighting at the finish. A mild-eyed beetle named Escrow won by a nose, and we were interested to observe that even in the company of other lady and gentleman horses, our speed marvel seemed to be spectacularly without ambition or the ability to get from here to there with noticeable nimbleness. He loped contentedly around the dirt track behind the eight others, getting more and more exclusive, with Rodeo slapping him in deep dejection. Soon after the finish, Starlight galloped by the cheering stands, covered with mud he had never kicked up, and we put him gloomily away in his box stall, where he began eating with renewed zest.

"That just about winds it up," Omar opined. "Now we do know."

"Still," argued Harmony, "there is something about this horse that makes me believe he can run—at least run faster than he does. He acts to me like a horse that doesn't want to run, but has it in him."

Omar went back to town in disgust to get Boston on a new set without any outside wires, and Joe Sullivan told us frankly that any further racing expenditures would be in the nature of money tossed to the bullfinches.

"I don't agree with you, Joe," said Harmony Childs. "I'm not at all convinced. Barney Mills informed me that this was a natural race horse, and I think the same thing after seeing him run, bad as he ran. You give us another week, Joe. If nothing happens in the next seven days, we will admit he's a dead goose."

"All right," said Joe. "One more week."

That night Mr. Childs and I sprawled on the ground in the moonlight, smoking Mexican cigars and listening to Starlight eat. Our reflections were mournful, and as we glanced ahead we observed no rifts in the lute, whatever that is. Omar remained in seclusion, somebody having told him that if he skinned the peeling off his copper wires he could get all the bedtime stories for three thousand miles around.

Up to this moment Omar's interest in our problem of making a race horse race was merely academic. He had taken a firm stand, which was that Starlight was a dancer and nothing more, and that we were wasting our time and Joe's money. The moon bathed us in its cheery flood, and we turned the thing over and over. Harmony Childs is a smart man and at one time was a public accountant.

"George," he said, blowing a long thin cloud of smoke, "we have trained this horse right, fed him right, and got him a good jockey in the person of Rodeo. I know he can run, as I often said, because he is built for running; but his mind has never been on the job. He just don't give a gosh-darn whether he wins or not, and it now occurs to me that we have omitted what would be perhaps the main item to awaken Starlight to a sense of his responsibilities."

"Which would be what?"

"Lions," said Harmony, in a dreamy voice, blowing another gentle cloud toward the moon.

I tossed this novel notion about for a while and examined it on both sides.

"I see what you mean, but how would we use lions?"

"Not lions in person, for that would be impracticable and expensive. Merely the low stirring sounds of lions in anger, the baleful noises made by lions seeking whom they may destroy, which noises to this fat-headed horse are the same as lions themselves. We might run him around Seaside tomorrow morning, with the help of a couple of megaphones, or maybe three, if we can drag Omar away from his ether waves. As this race horse passes us in full cry, we can make furious sounds in the megaphones and see if anything happens."

"Roar, you mean?"

"Plentifully," said the boss. "It may be the one thing that will set him in motion. It always did."

"Harmony," I said, giving way to admiration, "you have at times the same quality that made Paul Revere what he is today."

"My old man had brains, too," he said modestly. "Can you imitate a lion?"

"Facing the present deficit," I returned earnestly, "I can spot any lion in Africa two deep breaths and outroar him for money or marbles."

"Good!" said Harmony. "Get the megaphones. Have Omar come over tomorrow morning and leave Memphis where it is."

On the following day, soon after the first streaks of dawn, three adult males might have been seen sitting on the wet railing and facing a deserted race track, each of them carrying a megaphone of the ordinary rubberneck-wagon type. Harmony stationed us forty yards apart on the rail, and Rodeo was instructed to take Starlight and run him.

The results were pleasantly astounding when you consider that we were all tyros and doing our first job of lion roaring. Starlight, under whip and spur, came tearing down the dewy track at an estimated speed of seven miles an hour, and as he passed Harmony, who was first in line, that inventor took a long breath, lifted his megaphone and emitted the hoarse jungle call that has chilled numberless lion shooters in remote Africa.

Starlight laid back his ears, leaped high into the air and sideways, and began to demonstrate what we had always suspected—namely, that he had buckets of speed. As he passed me I gave him another bloodcurdling sample of what I thought resembled an irritated lion paging fresh meat, and he bounded like a kangaroo, almost unseated Rodeo and fled westward with his mouth so wide open you could see his thorax.

Forty yards farther on, Omar Gill shot him again with a third series of roars, and by that time our horse was running like a coal train going downgrade after the crew has jumped and the air failed.

"There you are," Harmony said calmly. "That's all he needs or ever needed. I said this mongoose could run, and he can run, or I'm a Babylonian king."

"For a while," snorted Omar, walking up and joining us. "He can—for a while."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he'll only run while the lions roar. As soon as he passed me and got over his fright, he settled down and quit."

This was a true statement. Our flyer did not continue his frantic effort to break all world records, but eased off after passing the final megaphone.

"And," Omar continued, "I suppose you think we can hire a battery of megaphone roarers and blow this terrified equine around the mile in a real race. I suppose nobody would think of noticing what was going on, including the judges and the jockey club."

"Correct," I said. "You cannot run a horse race, with sixty or seventy persons roaring at your runner. Nobody's going to permit that, Harmony."

"All right," said our undaunted leader. "But we know now what will make him run. If we can ever actually win a race with him, we will all be rich, for he'd be a hundred to one and up."

"You are partly right with the lion stuff," Omar said, in a thoughtful tone of voice, "and partly wrong. There is something in it, but it needs a person like me to finish it up. I will now go into town and investigate, and if I can find what I'm looking for we can run Starlight a week from today."

"In what race?"

"The Admission Handicap. It is a race with a healthy stake and a number of good horses. Don't do another thing till you hear from me. I am now on my way to close up this lion business before it cools off."

He went hurriedly toward town, his manner intent and his face shining with the inner radiance of a man who feels the first stirrings of an idea.

Harmony Childs was a bit disgruntled. It was plain to be seen that his megaphone attack was a fair notion, but had no practical utility. Apparently we now owned the fastest race horse in the world, as long as he thought a jungle king was going to leap out and hamstring him. He became a yellow pup the moment his timidity vanished. It was an interesting problem in horse psychology, and fascinating to us, for it held the keys to freedom and prosperity. With a single win we could pay off Joe Sullivan in full. Perry Beall could cash in, buy his service station, marry Irma and release Omar.

We saw no more of our smallest partner until the following morning, when he breezed into sight, his eyes still sparkling.

"It's all fixed," he said, grinning cheerfully.

"What about the lions?"

"I have arranged everything," he continued, smoking rapidly on his cigarette. "I know that you two have always regarded me as the ball and chain of the outfit, but this is where I come through heavily."

"How?"

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68)

"I have improved on Harmony's megaphone, which was good but crude."

"Keep on," we said, waiting.

"I have taken advantage of the scientific advance of mankind. We broadcast these lion roars by radio."

He looked at us brightly and expanded his chest.

"To a horse?" Harmony asked incredulously.

"Certainly to a horse. Why not?"

Harmony stepped backward into a pan of bran mash, recovered himself and began to sneer.

"That's right," snapped Omar. "Laugh and show your ignorance. Your old man was probably in the crowd that hooted the steam engine. What do you know about radio?"

"I know," said Harmony, "that you cannot hang a young trunk full of electric lights on a running horse in these modern days. Somebody would be sure to notice it. If it was a race for moving vans it would be different, but this happens to be a horse race."

Omar growled. "That is all taken care of," he said crisply. "I have been up to the broadcasting station, where I talked to the announcer, a man named MacDonald. I am already booked to deliver a lecture on Saturday, the thirteenth, at exactly three o'clock. Why? Because that is the day and moment of the Admission Handicap. Is it clear?"

"As mud," said Harmony. "You—deliver a lecture?"

"On Africa. I am Professor Gill, and I have just returned from a hazardous enterprise among the jungles, where I personally bagged forty-one lions, three natives and a zimbock. MacDonald tells me his listeners love adventure stuff, especially about Africa and the wild beasts. Can you see?"

"No," we said unanimously.

"I deliver this lecture at three o'clock and tell the folks about my famous lion hunt, demonstrating how the different lions roar. As I roar, the race is being run. Starlight hears the lion and goes the Seaside mile in nothing and one-fifth flat. We cash in at ridiculous odds, and Irma marries Perry Beall, leaving the rest of us rich beyond the dreams of Lazarus. Is that simple or not?"

"No," said Harmony. "How are you going to broadcast to a horse?"

"If you knew anything," said Omar, "you would know that I am an expert on small sets and have already built one that you can put in a walking stick. I am going to fix up a crystal set, especially for Starlight, with special ear phones, and tuned to pick up the San Marino station where I'll be roaring. A baby could understand that."

"Not this baby," said Harmony, still dubious.

"This is a tiny set, with the crystal inclosed, and is readily concealed. I wrap wires around the harness and bridle, and the ground connection will be the body of the brute. See?"

We shook our heads.

"Did you know that a horse's hoof is a nonconductor?" Omar asked Harmony.

"I did not. But I know why a tightrope walker carries an umbrella."

"So," continued our electrical genius, "I string copper wires from his fetlock to his shoe, which is iron, and there you are. I roar our animated cuttlefish around the track at a general speed of forty-one miles an hour and we win with ease."

He paused for breath. Harmony looked my way and tapped his head.

"George," he said, "did you ever notice before that this inmate had got by the goal tender?"

"It sounds all right to me," I said, "but I'm no expert on the radio racket."

"How did you ever get into the broadcasting station?" we asked.

"I walked in, of course," said Omar. "MacDonald was mighty glad to see me, especially when he heard I'm just back from the jungles. Those announcers have plenty of trouble finding talent, and I'm talent. In fact, he wanted me to step up then and there and give the fans something about the habits of zebras."

"Well," admitted Harmony, in grudging admiration, "I thought I'd heard them all, but this is a new one."

"It required thought," said Omar. "The main thing is Perry Beall and Irma. That is why I am interested."

"First," ruminated Harmony, "we will have to see Joe Sullivan again. He won't die of delight when he hears about spending more money."

The next few days were devoted to wiring Starlight's harness and getting him used to phones in the ears. Harmony took Joe Sullivan aside and showed him the gold mine, ready to be tapped, for Joe knew as well as anyone what the bookmakers and racing public thought of our horse. For every dollar down on Starlight, in any race whatever, we had a hundred coming home. We showed Joe that there was no chance for Starlight to lose, because while lion-scared he was greased lightning and was bound to win, the same as a rabbit would win over a sheep.

Again and again, to make Joe easy in his mind, we tried out the system in the early hours of the morning, and there was no doubt about it. When the megaphones said lion, Starlight slipped himself into high gear and shattered all records.

Saturday approached and we perceived that news of our coming triumph had leaked. Our dismal associates in the Mills Circus strolled out from San Marino to ask if there was anything in all this mysterious talk about the Admission Handicap. Perry Beall was among the questioners, his mind firmly fixed upon the service station.

"You know what this means to me," he said nervously.

"Sure," said Omar.

"I have arranged to buy the Red Seal service station on Dewey Avenue," Perry continued, looking at us anxiously. "I'm willing to take a chance, if there is one, because all I need is ten thousand. About Irma Mills ——"

"That's all right," Omar said generously. "You love her and you take her."

"We're both sort of set on the service station," said the relief husband. "In fact, without it there's no wedding."

"You've got it already," promised Omar. "Don't tell a soul, but the truth is, this horse is going to win by ten lengths or maybe twelve. Get your hundred dollars and bet it all."

The day of the race opened brightly, with a hot sun blistering down and long lines drifting out to the Seaside track. Omar Gill had completed arrangements with MacDonald, the radio man, and I stood by ready to carry out my part of the job, which was inconspicuous but important.

We assembled before noon for a final conference, and Omar looked over the head set and wiring on our horse, declaring himself satisfied. Harmony was to remain at the track and telephone me of conditions. At three o'clock Omar would be discussing the perils of jungle life and I would be near him, listening at the telephone and ready to give the signal. At odd times Omar had practiced roaring until he was fairly good at it. Former employes of the circus had sold this and that, and as Eddie Mulqueen informed us, they were going down hook, line and sinker because of the inside information. It was to be a large day in the lives of many.

"There is no possible chance for anything to go wrong," Omar stated. "This is one race that is over before it starts."

"If the odds are a hundred to one," said Harmony, "there will be about seventy thousand taken from the books this sunny afternoon, and maybe more."

"And me still a single man," added Omar.

We went to lunch, ate hurriedly and separated for our posts of duty. Starlight was in grand condition for a mile race, and so was Rodeo, who had been sleeping for a week and was instructed to do nothing but sit in the saddle and steer his mount to certain victory.

"No whipping," Omar warned.

Crowds were already moving toward the track as Omar and I departed. Harmony went over to the stables, where there was a telephone and where he could observe the start of the handicap. Destitute circus gentlemen appeared upon the scene with ones and twos for immediate wagering, expecting to go back to town in comparative affluence. Irma Mills and Perry Beall were among the early arrivals, Perry clutching his hundred dollars, which, at one hundred to one, meant the Red Seal station and matrimony.

Omar and I reached the broadcasting station, which was known as ZOZ, shortly before the appointed hour and I was introduced to Mr. MacDonald, a serious-looking man with a deep voice, a man who little suspected that his radio outfit was about to be turned into a race-track adjunct.

Omar, now Professor Gill, walked anxiously about the room, shuffling his notes and going over his lecture, and I had time to observe the activities of the place. There was a lady on the air at the moment of our entrance, telling the unnumbered thousands the proper way to make apple turnovers, and it was good stuff. She finished before three o'clock, a bell rang, and the announcer informed the palpitant public that Professor Gill, the renowned explorer, would now entertain with intimate bits about life in the open.

Omar opened with his African tour. It was entirely a fake lecture, but it sounded authentic to me; and why shouldn't it—considering that Omar had culled it from a book called Roughing It in the Jungle, by Gustav Ansbach.

I glanced again at the inmates of the radio station and saw what a small world it is. There was a doctor in one corner who was about to tell people how to prevent their arteries from hardening, a tireless female soprano, a child violin player, Glatzen's Golden Hour Orchestra, ready to plunge into saxophone disturbance, and a literary lady anxious to give away the most intimate secrets about the late novels, and even read from them if urged. I remained where I was, beside the telephone, which I knew would ring on the stroke of three.

Over at Seaside, twenty thousand enthusiasts swarmed, eager to watch the ponies run and add to their bank rolls. There were twelve horses entered in the Admission Handicap, all of them able, under normal conditions, to give Starlight half a mile start and beat him under wraps. Naturally, our horse opened in the books at two hundred to one, and there was a frenzied rush of betters, including Perry Beall, Joe Sullivan and Eddie Mulqueen, with the circus money. Strays who had heard the rumors added to the tumult and the bookies were flooded. They looked at one another in surprise and lowered Starlight to a hundred, then to fifty and immediately to forty.

The news spread that a dead horse was coming to life and the price on Starlight continued to drop, so that at post time he was five to one, with the books still looking astounded. All these facts I had later, for at the time I was all alone at the telephone, waiting.

Our radio program moved smoothly. Professor Gill went on the air at the right moment and began telling his unseen hearers about the fascinations of a career in the tropic jungle.

"Friends of the air," he said, in standard tones, "it gives me great pleasure to be with you today and to talk about my interesting exploits in Central Asia."

"Pardon me, professor," interrupted Mr. MacDonald, who was on the job constantly, "I thought you told me it was Africa."

"I've had them in both countries," said Omar. "There's very little difference."

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

He maundered on about hardships and lion hunting, giving the listeners copious extracts from the works of Explorer Ansbach, and as he broadcast he fixed one eye upon me. When I removed my handkerchief from an upper pocket it meant that the barrier had gone up and Starlight was on his way. At one minute of three the telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" said Harmony. "How's everything?"

"Fine," said I. "Omar is now declaiming about jungles and it sounds pretty good."

"They are parading to the post," Harmony informed me. He told me, too, about the odds and how Joe Sullivan was giving the bookies no mercy. Eddie Mulqueen had scattered circus money all over the ring and stood to win enough to start a fresh circus if he wished.

"Ready here, whenever you are," I said to Harmony.

"In a minute. They are now getting into line behind the barrier."

Omar continued his tale of narrow escapes.

"They're now in line," said Harmony. "Starlight is on the outside and seems full of life."

"The white-maned lion," Omar was saying to the fans, "is the most dangerous beast in all Asia and will attack a man without provocation."

"Hello!" I said to the telephone.

There was a clicking sound, but no reply.

"Hello!" I said again, anxiously.

"The flat-footed, or swamp, lion," Omar continued earnestly, "will bite a zebra in two with one bite."

"Hello—hello!" I said, now thoroughly alarmed. Still no reply came from Harmony. I placed the receiver back upon the hook, glanced at Omar and waited for Harmony to call again. He did so, and as he began to talk, the clicking resumed and the wire failed again. I said "Hello!" desperately and repeatedly. This was no time for accidents. Looking at my watch, I saw that it was one minute after three. They were at the post, but what were they doing at the post?

I stood there helplessly, struggling with indecision. I knew that if I continued so to stand the race would start and our enterprise would fall through with a hollow thud. Omar looked at me uneasily and went on gabbling natural history. I made up my mind that I would wait precisely thirty seconds and would then assume, without word from the track, that the Admission Handicap was under way.

The thirty seconds fled and the telephone did not ring. I removed my handkerchief and Omar instantly stopped lecturing.

"I will now," he said hastily, "show you how the short-tailed lion of the river country roared at me the day I shot him. This is the way."

He roared heartily into the microphone, not once, but half a dozen times. It was good roaring, too—long, loud and penetrating. Studio employes laid down their pliers and came in surprise to see what was making the noise. Announcer MacDonald strolled into the studio and listened in wonderment.

"The red-eyed lion of the steppes is no fighter," Omar stated, "but his roar is a terrifying sound. This is it."

He roared deafeningly, repeating his outbursts with his nose against the microphone and I could imagine Starlight getting it. He paused momentarily, drew a long breath and showed them how several other lions disturb the silences of the night, while Mr. MacDonald began to betray symptoms of unrest.

"Professor," he said, "I think you have given the folks enough of those imitations."

"One moment," said Omar. "The saber-toothed lion, on the other hand, roars like this."

He did it again, wailingly and convincingly.

"Professor," pleaded MacDonald, "will you quit that?"

Omar ignored the manager and went earnestly on with his varied versions. As a matter of truth, all his roars were alike, and this created a certain microphone monotony that bothered the manager.

"For the last time," the broadcaster requested, "will you please cut out that bellowing and resume your lecture?"

"Do not interrupt an explorer," Omar said tartly. "I'm doing this."

"You were doing it," snapped Mr. MacDonald, losing his temper. He stepped to one side and pushed a small button, and instantly, although Omar did not know it, his microphone went stone dead. Our fraudulent companion was no longer upon the air. He was shut off in mid-growl.

"That's that," said the announcer grimly.

He opened a door, looked into a room where there was a fresh microphone and waved his hand. Sounds were heard, and presently the fans were being otherwise entertained. Omar was finished, but I conjectured happily that the race must be over and that we had accomplished what we had set out to do.

MacDonald stepped up to the microphone and announced that the next number would be a piece by Glatzen's Golden Hour Boys. He then grumpily addressed Omar.

"What was the idea of all that yowling?"

"It was part of my lecture," replied Omar. "You evidently do not know how to treat your talent, and it will be a long time before I talk over your radio again."

"It will be longer than that," declared the announcer.

We departed in dignity, and once outside I explained about the telephone.

"I had to guess at it."

"Well," said Omar, "I certainly must have roared enough anyhow. How did it sound?"

"Great!" I said, and we employed an automobile and dashed for the Seaside race track, making the sixteen miles in twenty-some minutes. As we leaped from the machine and ran for the entrance a man slithered out from the shadows. It was Harmony Childs. His face was the color of death and his manner excited. He was breathing like a person who has just finished lifting a safe.

"Get back in!" he gasped. "Back in the car!"

"What for?" we demanded. "Do we win?"

"In the car!" he shouted, pushing us toward our surprised driver. "I'll tell you about it while we head north."

"Where's the dough?" Omar demanded.

"There is no dough," said Harmony harshly. "There is nothing but death and disaster. Everybody concerned is dead broke and several of the circus boys are looking for us with guns. I got away by climbing a fence."

"Didn't he run?"

"Run! No! You may have roared, but you roared at the wrong time."

"Who did?" asked Omar indignantly.

"You did. Starlight went crazy at the post. And they were at the post six minutes before the starter could get them away."

"Six minutes after the telephone broke?"

"Maybe seven. It was a terrible sight," said Harmony.

"I gave him thirty seconds."

"He rose up on his hind legs, kicked the other horses, ran over the starter, bit two other entries and tried to kill Rodeo. He delayed the start all by himself, and I could tell that the roars were coming in strong."

"Then what?" he demanded.

"Finally," said Harmony in agonized tones, "the barrier went up, and at that instant the reception must have been great, because Starlight gave one long leap and I saw sudden wealth. He was clean out in front of all the field in a bound and going like the wind."

"I knew he would," said Omar.

"And then he stopped," said Harmony.

"Where?"

"Directly in front of the yelling grand stand. He stopped dead in his tracks and so suddenly that Rodeo went on over his head. There he stood with a queer expression, while the eleven other horses dashed by him."

We groaned in unison.

"And then," continued our informant, "may I never live to see tomorrow night if he didn't begin to dance!"

"Sweet spirits!" said Omar.

"He went into a fox trot!" snorted Harmony. "With all those people staring, he began doing his old-time circus dance, and that's where I climbed over the fence, because I never want to see Joe Sullivan again, and I particularly never want to see Eddie Mulqueen."

"Hah!" I said. "That would be when Glatzen's Golden Hour Band went on the air. They followed the professor."

"Band!" said Harmony. "That explains it. There he stood, dancing like a fool for the entire duration of the Admission Handicap, dancing away seventy thousand dollars for a lot of deserving people. When the other eleven finished, they had to dodge around him, because he was still fox-trotting. In fact it took six track hands to make him quit."

"We'd better keep right on going," said Omar thoughtfully. "A lot of people will want to ask us questions. Perry Beall is dead broke and his service station is a dream. The circus boys are probably organizing a posse under the stands and Joe Sullivan has been betrayed."

"That," said Harmony, "is what science does for a man. Modern invention is a great thing."

"There was nothing wrong with my scheme," said Omar defensively. "You and George had the chance to help me and you both fell down. Don't blame me."

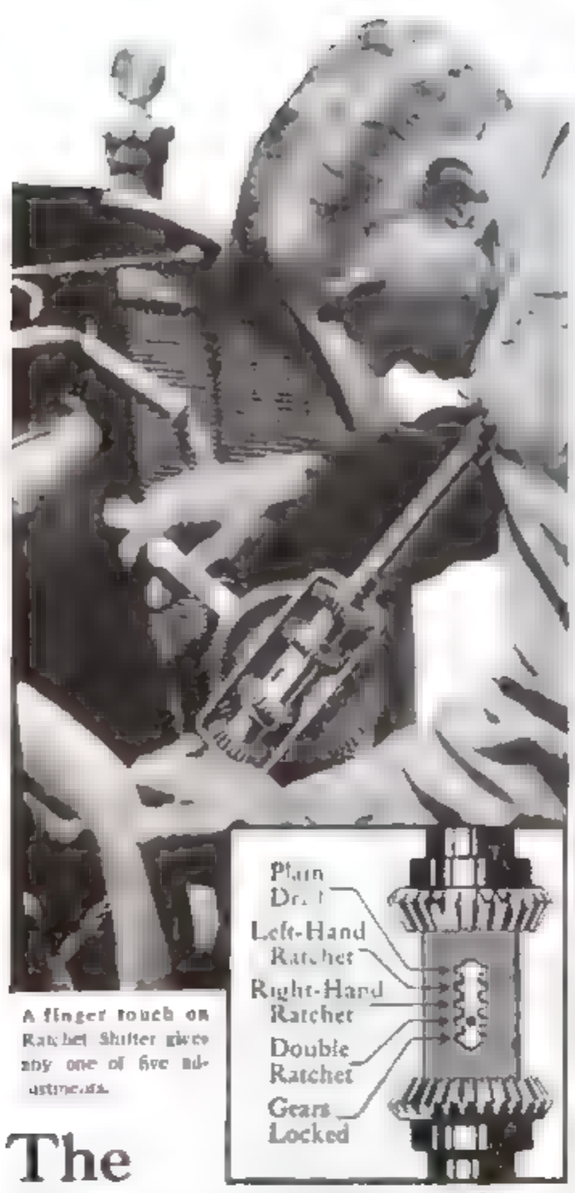
"Irma will be looking for you," I remarked. "She is a strong-minded woman."

"If so," said Omar wearily, "she will be looking in Canada. I feel like trying a new country."

Urging our driver to renewed speed, we continued in the general direction of regions where no one knew us.

"They say," Omar said, "that the reception is fine in Canada. I might be able to get Cincinnati."

"You'll get a broken neck if Eddie Mulqueen and his friends catch up with us," said Harmony, and we rode on and on into the land of the open spaces.



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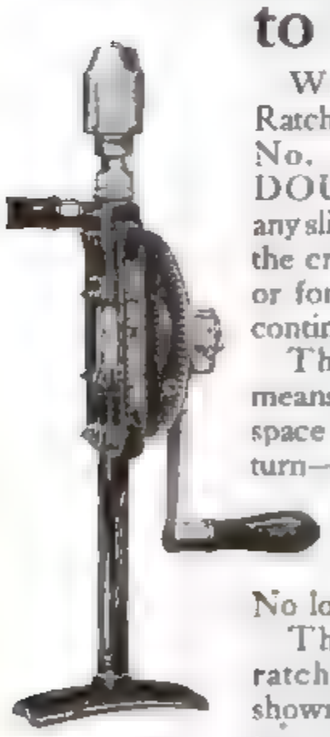
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THE FINE POINT

(Continued from Page 35)

Uncle Howard," she told him reassuringly. "We're going to do everything we can, and I'm sure there's really nothing to worry about. It's just that Mrs. Pane probably made some sudden plan and didn't have time to let you know about it. Nothing has happened to her." She added quickly, "Perhaps she was called out of town. Perhaps she left a note for you. Have you looked around?"

"Yes, we looked around pretty thoroughly," Von Utrecht said. "We didn't find any sign of a message of any kind."

Marian appealed to him. "What do you think we ought to do, Von?" she asked. "We've got to do something."

Von Utrecht looked at the district attorney. "What do you suggest, sir?" he inquired.

Burris said reluctantly, "I suppose it's my professional habit to be a little more ready to suspect something serious. The rest of you don't come in contact with such things, except you, Von Utrecht. But when a person disappears without any explanation ——" He hesitated, then added soberly, "I don't want to alarm any of you unnecessarily, but this may be a grave affair."

Von Utrecht nodded. "My own inclination," he said reluctantly, "would be to advise giving it the utmost possible publicity. I suppose every man has faith in his own work. I think you'll get some trace of her more quickly through the newspapers than in any other way, Professor Pane."

Professor Pane started to speak. "That is impossible!" he cried. But no one answered, and after a moment he went on as though thinking aloud, "I cannot bear to contemplate such a thing. I don't mean, Von Utrecht, to cast any disparagement upon your profession. But I have the utmost abhorrence for the average newspaper. They"—he groped for a word—"they haven't any decent shame," he cried, and hesitated again. And still no one replied to him, till he added apologetically, "Perhaps this is simply prejudice on my part, but I cannot help feeling as I do."

Professor Cammett came stoutly to the defense of his friend. "I agree with you," he said hotly. "I agree with you altogether."

Marian looked at Von Utrecht and smiled at him in a deprecatory way, as though to relieve the sting of these words; and the young man nodded to her reassuringly, and spread his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"Well, that just about rules me out," he said reluctantly, "unless some of you can suggest something. But I think as a matter of common sense that this is bound to get into the newspapers sooner or later. Mrs. Horn will tell her friends, Professor Pane, and her friends will tell their friends. The gossip will get around. I expect the reporters will be after you by tomorrow anyway."

Burris, somewhat to their surprise, agreed with this. "There are matters," he said judicially, "which cannot be hidden. I'm afraid Von Utrecht is right." He added apologetically, "Of course, my instinct is to put the matter in the hands of the authorities."

Von Utrecht reminded him, "That means, of course, the newspapers will get it. We have men covering police, and covering your office, sir; and you know there are leaks everywhere. It can't be kept under cover for any length of time."

Burris nodded. "That's true," he agreed. "Appealing to the police means appealing to the newspapers. There's no escape from that."

Professor Pane exclaimed in a bewildered tone, "I know nothing about such matters. I feel myself completely ignorant. Such a thing has never happened to me before."

Marian crossed to his side, touched his arm. "Von and Walter do know about such things, Uncle Howard," she reminded him. "I suppose the wisest way for you is to let them handle it. What do you think, father?"

Professor Cammett hesitated. "I feel as he does about the newspapers," he said stoutly at last—"that is, if there is to be any wide publicity."

Von Utrecht interrupted insistently. "If there's any publicity it's going to be wide, sir," he declared. "This is a big story. It's going to be spread all over the front page, if it's mentioned at all."

Professor Pane said in a voice full of appeal: "I find myself at a loss. It seems to me Jessica would very bitterly resent any publicity. I think," he continued doubtfully, "she would be full of reproaches."

Marian said with sudden heat, "She doesn't deserve any consideration, Uncle Howard. If she ——"

But her father silenced her with a word. "Marian!" he protested.

She turned on him stubbornly. "Well, you know as well as I do, father, that if she's just gone away without leaving any word it's outrageous."

"I feel sure she hasn't done that," Burris suggested. "I'm afraid we must expect to find something more tangible back of all this."

For a moment then all of them were silent, their minds drawing inexorably toward the conclusion that Von Utrecht was right, that in fact the next step must be to call in the agency Professor Pane so dreaded. It was Professor Cammett who at last put this thought into words, addressing to Von Utrecht a concrete question.

"Just what is it you propose to print?" he inquired. "A simple announcement that Mrs. Pane is missing?"

Burris interjected, "If you will report the matter to the police and let them tell the reporters what they wish to tell, that's perhaps the most obvious way to move."

Von Utrecht replied to this in a deprecatory tone. "You won't mind my pointing out," he suggested frankly, "that if you do that, it's going to mean the story will get in the papers anyway, and if that's going to happen I'd like to have the first crack at it. In our game, you know, we like to get ahead of the other fellow. If something is going to be printed anyway, I don't see any harm in letting me be the first to print it. It would mean a good deal to me."

The others received this in a suddenly hostile silence; but after a momentary hesitation Marian said loyally, "I think that's perfectly reasonable, Von. I think we'd all be glad to let you do that."

"Just a dignified statement," Professor Cammett amended, "that Mrs. Pane is missing. Perhaps a request for information from anyone who knows where she may be."

Von Utrecht smiled a little. "That wouldn't do any good," he replied. "If you gave out such a statement as that, you'd be besieged by reporters. Your house would be surrounded, there'd be photographers snapping pictures of you everywhere you go, trying to get at you for interviews, questioning your servants, picking up all the neighborhood gossip. I honestly think the wisest thing for you to do would be to let me print the whole story, put in everything I know, make it as interesting as I can. Then people are going to read it and they're going to get the facts straight. The newspapers, you know," he added, in an explanatory tone, "can be a lot of help to a person if he knows how to use them. Most of the trouble comes from trying to go halfway, trying to tell them only part of the truth. Naturally they take that as a challenge. It's a sort of a game with them and with the reporters to get at stuff you don't tell them, and to make their stories as interesting as possible."

He looked directly at Professor Pane. "What you call sensationalism, sir, often comes from that sort of thing. A reporter comes to your house and asks for an interview, and you refuse it. He's forced to pick up what facts he can. If they aren't true, he has no way of finding it out; and if he prints the simple fact that you refuse to be quoted, everyone who reads the story interprets that as meaning you have something to hide."

He finished and there was a doubtful pause.

"Just what sort of story would you write?" Marian asked at last.

Von Utrecht hesitated for a moment as though considering. "Well," he said, "I should say that Mrs. Pane is missing. I should like to add that the matter has been reported to Mr. Burris here. That gives it an official sanction, you know. Something to hang the story on. Then I'd like to quote Professor Pane, let him state just what he knows, and perhaps quote Jennie Lake on what she said to me, and Rank, the young fellow who attends to the furnace. In other words," he continued, "my idea would be to print all we know. I'd probably see Mrs. Horn. The chances are that unless you introduced me there, Professor Pane, she wouldn't say anything. But the point is, I don't want to seem to conceal anything. I want to spring the whole story right off. It will be copied all over New England and you'll have a million people looking for Mrs. Pane everywhere. You ought to print a picture of her," he added. "Several pictures of her, perhaps."

Professor Pane made a spasmodic gesture. "Oh, no, no, not pictures!" he cried. "Jessica would be furious!"

And Von Utrecht smiled. "I understand your feeling," he said in a sympathetic way. "We run up against it all the time. As I say, I don't want to urge you. I'm just telling you what seems to me, from the newspaper point of view, the wisest thing to do." He added after a moment, "I should also advise that you refuse to see reporters. Don't tell them you have nothing to say. Tell them to see me. Tell them I'll keep them in touch with anything that comes up."

Burris chuckled. "You want to bottle up this story pretty thoroughly, don't you, Von Utrecht?" he suggested.

Von Utrecht smiled apologetically. "Yes, I do," he confessed. "It's a big story and I'd like to have it all to myself. But I do think," he insisted, "that I'd be able to save Professor Pane a good deal of annoyance, a good deal of irritation, and we'd get the publicity we want just the same."

Marian felt the criticism of his attitude implicit in the silence of the others, and she said defensively, "I think it's perfectly natural that you should want to handle it, Von. And I do think you could make it so much easier for all of us."

The matter was not settled in a minute, nor in an hour; the discussion lasted through the afternoon. But when a little before suppertime Von Utrecht left the house, he was himself a little dazed by the completeness of his own victory. Even pictures he had won.

If these others did not understand to what they had consented, that, he told himself, was not his fault; and he could not be blamed. Marian had even made herself his ally against them, and so long as that was the case he was indifferent to what the others might feel.

When, from the nearest telephone, he called the city editor on the wire, his voice was full of triumphant exultation.

V

WHEN Von Utrecht came to write his story of Mrs. Pane's disappearance—a story which he and his city editor agreed should appear in the noon edition on Monday—he began the task with a very definite intention of handling the matter delicately, and of avoiding any unnecessary offense to Professor Pane, to Professor Cammett, and finally and most important of all, to Marian. The girl, fond as she was of him, was also fundamentally loyal to her father and to her father's friend; and he appreciated the necessity of protecting himself from her anger, of leaving loopholes through which he might evade, as far as possible, the responsibility.

But when he began to write, he forgot these considerations, losing himself in the fascinating business of making the story as engrossing as possible, of setting forth his facts in such a manner that no one could read so much as a paragraph without being led on to read all that he had written. Thus the finished product was by no means the careful and inoffensive piece of work which he had intended it should be. Again and again he was led into those stock phrases which are a part of the equipment of the newspaper writer and by which he disguises his own innuendoes and conjectures. "It is reported," he wrote; and "It is said," he continued; and "It was suggested last night"; and "It was believed this morning." And when he had done, the result was, from his professional point of view, so excellent that he had not the heart to amend it. Thus when the story appeared, it was as sensational as it could possibly be, and displayed in the most conspicuous fashion.

After Von Utrecht had left Professor Cammett's house, Marian had some misgivings, half regretted the decision at which they had arrived and the part which she had played in support of it. But the necessity of heartening Professor Pane led her into such reassurances that in the end she convinced herself that they had acted for the best, and quieted her own misgivings with the thought that painful though notoriety would be, it must result in discovering Mrs. Pane and in relieving the distress of the professor.

Monday morning she got an early edition of Von Utrecht's paper, but found no mention of the matter there, and had a momentary hope that he had decided against its publication. But early in the afternoon her father came home from his last class of the day with the later edition in a tight roll in his hand; and she saw that he was in a wild and passionate rage.

He came into the house and flung his hat and coat to one side; and as she emerged from the living room to meet him, she heard him muttering to himself, and she asked quickly, "Father, what is it?"

He thrust the sheet toward her. "Here," he said bitterly, "here! Look at this! See what your fine young man has done!"

"Oh, is it in the paper?" she asked.

"In the paper?" he repeated. "It's all over the paper, smeared on with a great black brush. Look at it for yourself!"

So she took the paper from his hands and with some difficulty unfolded it, smoothing out the wrinkles and the creases into which his grip had crushed it; and she spread it on a table in the hall and stood looking down at the glaring headlines, feeling for the moment as much horror and dismay as her father felt.

There is a fascination about a photograph. Thus it was the layout of pictures of Mrs. Pane which first caught her eye. A group of three likenesses of the missing woman occupied a space four columns wide in the center of the page. Above them there was a single line of type whose faces seemed to her an inch high. This line read:

VANISHED BEAUTY

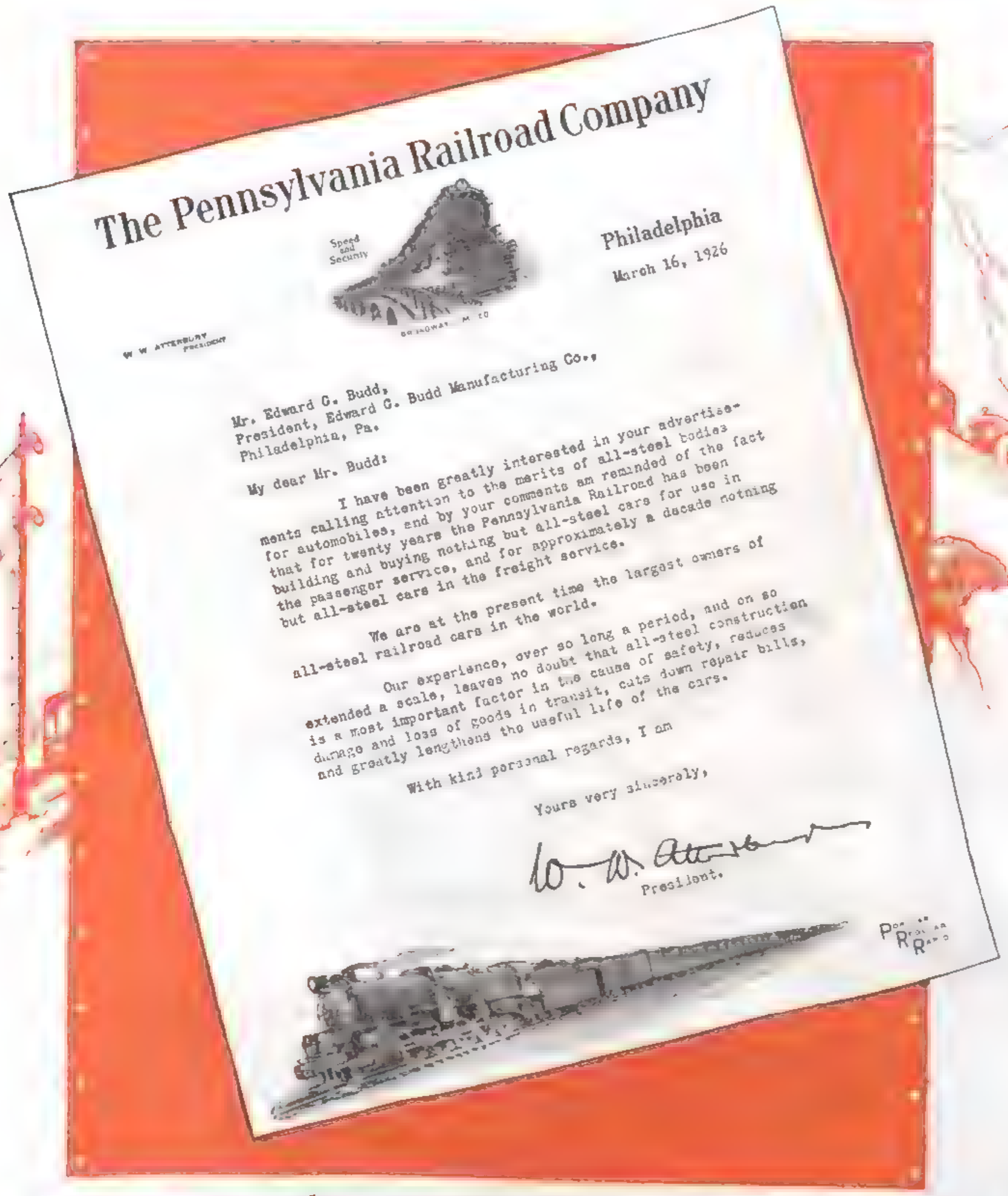
Below each of the pictures other legends were printed, in much smaller type, yet gaining emphasis from the fact that they were in italics. Under one she read:

Former Jessica Marston, Society Belle,
Missing From Her Husband's Home

Under a second:

Mrs. Howard Pane, Wife of Famous
Professor, Who is Sought by the Police

(Continued on Page 79)


The Pennsylvania Railroad Company
Speed and Security
W. W. ATTERBURY
PRESIDENT
Philadelphia
March 16, 1926
Mr. Edward G. Budd,
President, Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
My dear Mr. Budd:
I have been greatly interested in your advertise-
ments calling attention to the merits of all-steel bodies
for automobiles, and by your comments am reminded of the fact
that for twenty years the Pennsylvania Railroad has been
building and buying nothing but all-steel cars for use in
the passenger service, and for approximately a decade nothing
but all-steel cars in the freight service.
We are at the present time the largest owners of
all-steel railroad cars in the world.
Our experience, over so long a period, and on so
extended a scale, leaves no doubt that all-steel construction
is a most important factor in the cause of safety, reduces
damage and loss of goods in transit, cuts down repair bills,
and greatly lengthens the useful life of the cars.
With kind personal regards, I am
Yours very sincerely,
W. W. Atterbury
President.

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RAILROAD authorities no longer consider wood a safe material for railway coaches. So they are made of steel—all-steel. For safety's sake.

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In beauty, in riding ease, comfort and performance the New Essex Coach is proving by all odds the most wanted Essex ever offered.

Standard Equipment Includes:
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Its reception has been instantaneous -overwhelming all past Essex triumphs in interest, enthusiasm and sales. New thousands are riding daily. "A 30-Minute Ride Will Win You" is a fact that sales, sweeping the country to new high records, verify every day more strongly.

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RIDE WILL WIN YOU"

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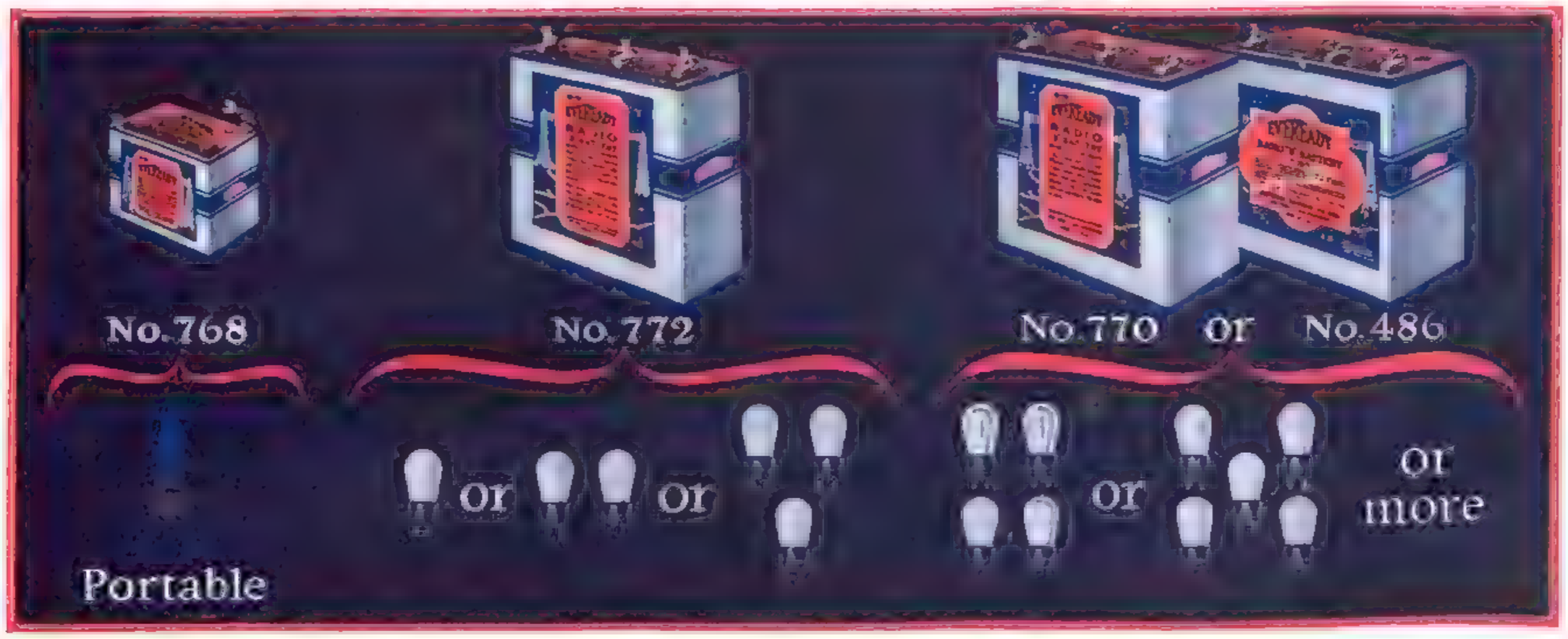
Just follow the chart. It gives you the secret of 'B' battery economy



THOUSANDS of people have made the discovery that Eveready "B" Batteries, when used in the proper size, and on sets equipped with a "C" battery*, are a most economical, reliable and satisfactory source of radio current.

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These figures are based on the average use of receivers, which a country-wide survey has shown to be two hours daily throughout the year. If you listen longer, of course, your batteries will have a somewhat shorter life, and if you listen less, they will last longer.

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WEAF New York
WJAR Providence
WEEI Boston
WTAG Worcester
WFI Philadelphia
WGR Buffalo
WJZ Newark
WBAM Cincinnati
WWJ Detroit

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And under the third:

A Photograph of the Missing Mrs. Pane, Taken at the Time of Her Marriage Some Years Ago

Professor Cammett, at Marian's elbow, was talking steadily. "An atrocious outrage!" he exclaimed. "A vile profanation of all decency. A contemptible piece of blackguardism!"

His phrases ran on and on, impacting dully upon her numbed consciousness. Her eyes swung to the headlines and to the opening paragraphs of the story itself. The topmost line, running clear across seven columns, read:

PROFESSOR'S WIFE GONE

Immediately below this, in type only slightly smaller, a two-line heading extending over six columns read:

FORMER SOCIETY
GIRL IS MISSING

And below again, over the story itself, there was a two-column head:

POLICE IN
WIDE HUNT

Marian's eyes ran swiftly down the opening paragraphs of the narrative itself. Von Utrecht had written:

"The mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Howard Pane, who before her marriage was Jessica Marston, a conspicuous figure in society, and whose husband is professor of English literature at the university, was today reported to District Attorney Burris of Wessex County.

"Mrs. Pane attended a dinner in town on Friday evening. Her husband did not accompany her. Since she left the house where she dined she has not been seen. Her automobile was found in her garage, so that it is believed she returned to her own home; but what happened after that is a mystery upon which the police have thus far been unable to shed any light.

"Professor Pane declared this morning that he had no idea of his wife's whereabouts. He is prostrated with grief. So far as can be discovered, Mrs. Pane had with her no other garments except those she wore.

"No evidence has been discovered to support the theory that she was the victim of foul play, but it was said by intimates of the family this morning that she and Professor Pane had not been congenial.

"Professor Pane did not disclose this aspect of the case, but he said that his wife's absence from home Friday night caused him no great concern. He admitted that she had stayed away overnight before, without letting him know her plans. It was only her continued absence today which prompted him to report the matter to the authorities.

"An added element of mystery was lent to the affair by the statement of Jennie Lake, the maid employed in Professor Pane's household, to the effect that Mrs. Pane had at times showed a lack of patience with her scholarly husband.

"'More than once,' Miss Lake said, 'I've expected him to fly out at her, and a good thing if he had.'

"The servant also insists that three Turkish bath towels are missing from the house, that the carving knife had been used after she put it away, and that a five-gallon can of kerosene which was full on Friday was empty when she examined it yesterday morning.

"The police refuse to discuss the possible significance of these facts, but District Attorney Burris said he feared developments of the utmost gravity."

Marian read this far, her attention so fixed and concentrated that she was scarcely conscious of her father's increasingly violent comments at her side. But after a moment her senses, numbed by the terrific shock, recovered and began to function more acutely. Thus her attention turned to him.

"I've said to you more than once," he was exclaiming, "that young man is a villain. I know his kind. I've known them too long to be easily fooled. I shall never forgive myself for permitting you and him to persuade us to let him print this story."

His anger was whetted by his own words and he continued more bitterly, "He has gone infinitely farther than he had any right to go. No one of us would have consented to such an atrocious thing as this. It's an outrage, unbearable! Give me my hat and coat!"

She was herself bitterly distressed, completely at a loss, sorely wounded; yet almost automatically she tried to quiet him. "Where are you going, father?" she asked. "You don't understand. Wait, let's read this through! After all, there's nothing here except the truth."

"Truth!" he shouted in a storming rage. "Truth! What has that to do with it? There's no truth in it, for that matter. There isn't a true line here! It isn't so much the words themselves; it's what they suggest—it's the impression they give. Don't parry with me, Marian! Don't try to cajole me. You're a girl of sense. You know as well as I that this is outrageous."

"You're not fair to Von, father," she protested.

"He wrote it," her father cried. "You'll not deny he wrote it, will you? You don't deny that? You don't deny that he came here yesterday and told us that he was going to write it, and that you urged us to let him write it? You don't deny that you persuaded Professor Pane to give him those photographs? Look at them, spread there as though they were on a billboard!" He struck the paper ferociously with the flat of his hand.

She said earnestly, pleadingly, "Father, you're upset! You don't know what you're saying—what you're doing! Where do you want to go?"

"Go!" he cried. "I'm going to find that young man! I'm going to tell him what I think of him—what every decent man must think of him!"

"You're not," she insisted. Whatever her own feeling might be, whatever her own hurt and pain, she could not forbear defending Von Utrecht. "You must remember he looks at this differently," she argued. "He's a newspaper man. He knows better than we do how to handle these things. You remember he said he would have to make it sensational, so as to start people talking. He's only written it this way to interest people, to get them looking for Mrs. Pane. That's the only reason he did it."

"Are you going to defend him?" he challenged.

"He doesn't need defending," she protested more stoutly. "He's only done what he said he was going to do. This is only what I expected."

His voice became level and cold. "You expected such a scurrilous piece of defamation as this?" he demanded.

"I expected something like this," she confessed.

"And you advised us to consent to it?" he persisted.

"I think it may help find Mrs. Pane"

"Find Mrs. Pane!" he cried. "Find Mrs. Pane! And what will it do to Professor Pane while she's being found! Who cares about Mrs. Pane? Who cares whether she's ever found or not? It's he I want to protect. It's he I'm thinking of." He caught up his hat, crammed it on his head and reached for his coat. "I'm going to him!" he said stoutly.

Her heart caught with relief. "Do!" she agreed. "He'll need you. He'll want to talk to you. But I think you'll find that he understands this better than you do. I think he must have understood what Von meant to do. Von is going to be terribly hurt if he hears how you feel."

"Hurt?" he cried. "Hurt? I hope he strangles."

She saw the uselessness of opposing him further, and she helped him on with his coat. "You go over to Uncle Howard's house," she urged. "That's the best thing to do. You go over and see him. You'd better take the paper with you. He may not have seen it. Don't let him take it too hard. Don't let him see how you feel, anyway. You pretend to him that you think it was the right thing to do. That's the way to help him. Don't you see, we mustn't make this harder for him than we have to?"

"Marian, I think you're out of your senses!" he cried. "I think you're insane!"

She shook her head vigorously. "No, you don't, father. It's simply that you're angry. You're not used to these things. You don't understand." She remembered how Burris had—at least to some small degree—been inclined to support Von Utrecht's point of view. "Call up Walter," she urged again. "You'll find this is what he expected. Von's paper is a sensational paper. That's why it has such an enormous circulation. They understand the sort of thing people like to read. They understand how to make people read and talk about things. People will be looking for Mrs. Pane all over New England by night."

He cried bitterly, "Mrs. Pane! Mrs. Pane! Don't speak of her again! Don't you realize, Marian, that Professor Pane, that this old friend of mine, is going to be almost out of his head when he sees this blasphemous piece of scurrility? It will come near killing him."

"He'll need you," she reminded him. "He'll need you to reassure him. You go to him, father. Go and sit with him for a while. Bring him home to dinner."

"Have you the courage to face him?" her father asked accusingly.

And she said gently, "Don't be absurd. Anything I've done, I've done because I thought we could help him by doing it. It's going to be hard on Mrs. Pane, perhaps, but she's brought it on herself, being so unfair to him."

He stared at his daughter for a moment as though she were a stranger, and although she tried, she found it hard to meet his eyes. But he said no further word. Only when he was about to depart she sought to thrust the paper into his hand, and he pushed it away with a gesture like a blow. The door banged behind him. She was left holding the crumpled shameful thing.

She had been able to support this interview with her father because she was borne up by the stubborn necessity of defending Von Utrecht, defending him not only against Professor Cammett's reproaches but against the cries of her own heart. Now, however, now that her father was gone and she was left alone, she had not the support of this necessity. She had only her own thoughts for company, and they were bitter and tormenting.

Marian was, as Professor Cammett knew, a young woman of a good deal of fundamental common sense; but she was also one of those young women, one of that generation which has acquired the habit of revolt, of rebellion, of scornful distrust toward all established things. Her girlhood had been serene enough. Her mother had died while Marian was still a child, and the girl's associations had been for years restricted to her father's friends, thoughtful men, men of culture, men with the ability to arrive at their own conclusions; yet men whose mental processes were, on the whole, conservative and conventional.

Her four years in college had begun her emancipation from these influences. That which at that time more than anything else held her in the old sedate channels of thought was her affection for Walter Burris. This affection, which her father fostered, had always seemed to Marian a pleasant and a reliable aspect of her life. She had, even as a little girl, been fond of Burris; not yet in college herself, she had glowed with pride at his prominence in law school and at his early successes before the bar. And when his abilities and his inclination toward a political career led him into public office there was no one more proud than she. But during the last year her contacts with Von Utrecht and with others who shared that young man's point of view had worked a change in her. She had begun to see her father, her father's friends and Burris himself through Von Utrecht's eyes.

Von Utrecht was indisputably a young man of ability, perhaps even of genius, but there was in him an intellectual ferment which made it impossible for him to tolerate the assumptions, the conventions and false premises upon which society is built. He saw only their falsities without perceiving their effectiveness. He was conscious only of the fact that they were unsound; and ignored the circumstance, equally indisputable, that they were necessary.

Burris and Professor Cammett and all of Marian's family friends were of that inner circle which might be called an oligarchy and which, without offense, nevertheless holds itself somewhat outside the law. When Marian, driving her car, encountered the censure of a traffic policeman, she was accustomed to smile sweetly upon the officer, take his number, and telephone to Burris. Burris would then adjust the matter without putting her under the necessity of appearing in court, or under any other inconvenience.

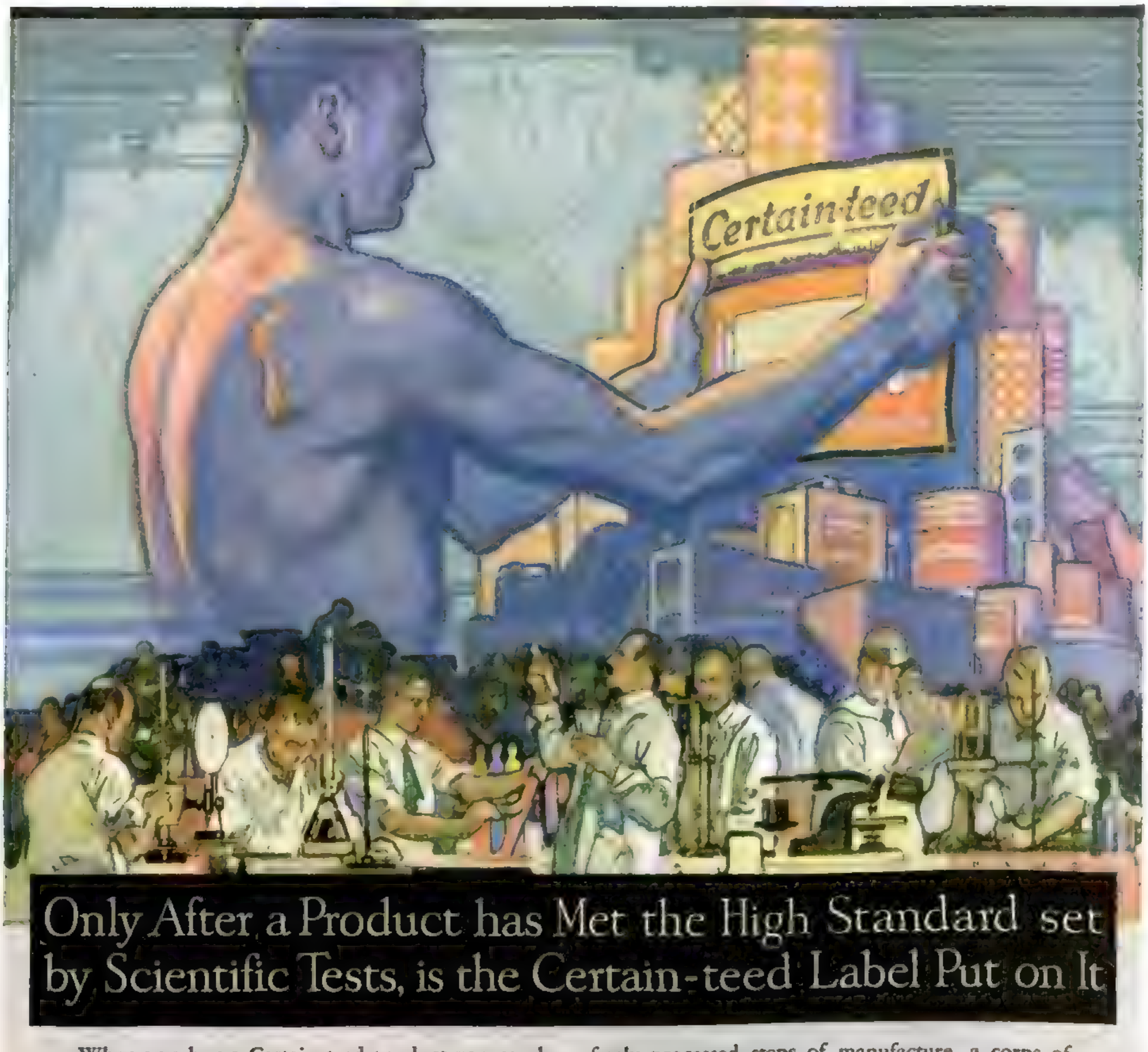
She had accepted this and similar incidents as a part of the usual routine of life until she discovered the reaction which they produced upon Von Utrecht. He had either the wisdom or the courage to abuse her unmercifully for such an exercise of special privilege; to point out that she was evading the censure of the very society she pretended to respect. And he had been able to convince Marian so completely that she had been led to distrust all orderly social forces, and to agree with him that it were better they should be destroyed.

Von Utrecht himself, an intellectual young man and a man who, so soon as his income should increase to a proper figure, would become as conventional as any other, nevertheless thought of himself at this time as the spokesman of the proletariat, and the discovery of a rotten spot upon the polished surface of society inspired in him a very itch to lay this rottenness bare. Whatever his actual motives may have been, whether they were the motives of a selfish man, of an altruist or of a crusader, his reasoning appealed powerfully to Marian. He talked to her so glibly of the justice inherent in truth, and of the duty imposed upon all men of seeking out truth and spreading it for the world to see, that he had captured her mind. Also, obviously, he had a physical attraction for her. She was in the ordinary sense of the word in love with him, and although this emotion brought in its train discomfort, disquiet, anxiety and perturbation, it was nevertheless persistent.

Marian knew his convictions well enough; she told herself now that she should not have been surprised or hurt at this thing he had done. She had been quick to defend him to her father; and she was equally eager to defend him to herself. Yet her sympathies were so keen, her affection for her father and Professor Pane was so much a part of her, that even while she told herself Von Utrecht was right, she could not ignore the fact that he had made her suffer terribly.

After her father had gone, Marian stood for a moment in the hall; then with the paper still clutched in her hand she turned and ran quickly upstairs toward her own room. This with an instinct to escape, to hide, to nurse her wound in private. When she was alone she found herself reading that which Von Utrecht had written; and she read through brimming tears, torn between her sense of Professor Pane's suffering and her desperate desire to justify the man she loved in the thing he had done. At first she thought of calling Von Utrecht on the telephone and begging him to come to her, but upon the thought came also an instinctive feeling that she could not bear to see him now, did not wish to see him until she was calmer, better able to think clearly. So she did not telephone.

(Continued on Page 81)



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OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 79)

But Von Utrecht, who after the intoxication of writing the story had passed had begun to feel increasing misgivings, when he saw it in cold print had had some inkling of how it must appear to Marian. So as soon as he was able to get away from the office he turned toward her home, intent upon seeing her, upon discovering what her reaction had been. He was prepared to use upon her such persuasions as were necessary, and for this purpose he had a further card to play. There was one thing which he had not written in his story, one thing extremely pertinent and more sensational than all that had gone before. With this circumstance in mind, prepared to reveal it at the proper time, he rang, about five o'clock that afternoon, the bell at her door.

Marian was, as has been said, in love with this man. It is probable that he was, so far as it was possible for him to love anyone except himself, also in love with her. But though they had been much together, their relations had been almost wholly impersonal.

Thus when she met him this afternoon, though her whole instinct was to throw herself into his arms and beg him to comfort her, yet she greeted him conventionally enough, and said merely, "Hello, Von," and added a moment later, honestly, "I'm glad you came. I wanted to talk to you."

She had the paper in her hand, and he glanced at it and asked, "About the story?"

"Yes."

"I can see it has made you unhappy," he said adroitly.

"No," she told him. "No. I don't think so. I think I understand, Von, why you wrote it as you did. But father didn't understand, and I'm afraid Professor Pane won't, either. It's going to distress him terribly. Father's gone over to be with him now. He's going to bring him home to dinner."

"I'll stay and talk with him," Von Utrecht offered.

"You mustn't do that," she protested. "You mustn't see him for a while. Wait until he gets over the first shock of it." She smiled almost apologetically. "You could see, yesterday, how he has always dreaded publicity of any kind. It is an instinct with people like him, Von."

Von Utrecht nodded. "I know," he agreed.

"Of course I understand," she said bravely. "I can see what you're after. It's the only way to make people read the story and think about it. And if publicity is going to do any good at all, if it's going to help find out what has happened to Mrs. Pane, it has to be of a sort that people will read and talk about."

Von Utrecht nodded. "That's true, Marian," he said gravely, "that's true, and that's what I had in mind in writing the story." He saw her distress and he continued quickly, anxious to justify himself in her eyes: "But, Marian, there's another side of it. You people don't realize it. As Mr. Burris said yesterday, no one ever realizes that things like this can happen to them. But this is particularly serious, Marian. I'm afraid Mrs. Pane is dead."

She felt a sudden clutch at her throat. She had not the imagination necessary to conjure up such a possibility. The thought had never in any tangible form even occurred to her mind.

"Dead?" she repeated huskily.

"Yes," he said, "yes, I'm afraid she's dead. And if she is, you can see for yourself we've got to do everything we can to get this business straightened out."

"You mean someone's killed her?" she stammered.

"It looks like it to me," he told her.

"But why, Von?" she asked. "What makes you say that? What in the world makes you say such a thing is possible?"

He urged quietly, "Think it over for a minute yourself, Marian. You know what sort of woman Mrs. Pane was better than I do. She was probably not in love with Professor Pane. We both know that. But she was also a society woman, more or less conventional, anxious to keep the good opinion of her friends. She's not the sort to duck out like this without a word. If she went away of her own accord, it's going to give her a black eye with the people whose opinion she values. Don't you see she wouldn't do it?"

"But she's gone," Marian urged stubbornly. "She did do it."

"That's just the point," he reminded her, smiling again at her single-mindedness. "That's just the point, Marian. I don't think she would. And if she didn't, then either somebody took her away, made her go away, took her away against her will, or else she's been killed."

She felt the slow color draining from her cheeks at the repetition of this word.

"But, Von," she protested, "I don't see what in the world makes you think that's possible. If she's been killed"—her voice caught upon the word so that she could scarcely utter it—"if she's been what you think, then wouldn't they have found her by this time?"

"Perhaps they have found her," Von Utrecht suggested. And she detected in his voice a significance which she found horrifying.

"Von!" she cried. "What are you talking about? What do you mean? What is it that you know?"

He said gently, "Marian, you remember there was a terrific fire in the furnace that night?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"Well," he explained, "I went over to the house with the policemen this afternoon, with two officers. Professor Pane was out and they searched the place."

"You mean they found something?" she whispered through stiff lips.

"Yes," he told her, "yes. In the ash barrels."

"What?"

He said gravely, "A lot of pieces of half-burned bones."

VI

WHAT Von Utrecht told Marian that afternoon the whole world knew next day. The story, first served up to them in the morning edition of Von Utrecht's paper, was told and retold thereafter, and embroidered with theories and hypotheses, and discussed and rediscussed from every conceivable angle, through edition following upon edition all day long. And for a week the headlines blared.

Marian lived through the succeeding days torn between her loyalty to Von Utrecht and her pitying sympathy for Professor Pane. Von Utrecht always told her in advance what he intended to print, and he was able to make it appear to her reasonable and fitting that he should exploit the story as he did. But though he commanded her reason, Professor Pane possessed her heart, and sometimes this feeling, unreasonable though it may have been, led her to protest to the young man.

She had said to him on Monday afternoon, when the implication of his words became clear to her, as it was to become so damnably clear to those who read his story next day, "It's as though you were accusing Uncle Howard of killing Mrs. Pane."

"I'm not accusing him of anything," Von Utrecht protested. "I'm simply getting the facts and printing them. That's my job." He added with a suggestion of a smile, "It's up to Walter Burris to do the accusing if he thinks it wise. He's got the grand jury in session this week, and he can put the case before them if he thinks that's the thing to do. But that's outside my province. I'm only interested in facts, Marian—in getting them and in printing them."

"But it's so terribly unjust to Uncle Howard," she urged, "that he should have to endure it."

He said plausibly, "If he did kill Mrs. Pane you don't want to protect him, do you?"

"Sometimes I think she deserved it," Marian said bitterly, "the way she treated him!"

He smiled. "That's a very feminine point of view," he commented. "But you don't mean it. You'd have no sympathy for him if he did kill her."

"I'm not sure I wouldn't," she said cautiously. "But he didn't!" she added. "He didn't, Von!"

"Of course he didn't," Von Utrecht agreed. "I know that as well as you do. But that doesn't alter the fact that some of these things we've found out need explaining. And assume for a moment that he did kill her. You wouldn't want to protect him if that were the case now, would you?"

"I suppose not," she said grudgingly.

"All right then. If he did kill her the thing to do is to go ahead and find out the facts, isn't it?"

"Yes, but he didn't."

"Never mind that," he said good-humoredly. "Here's the other side of it: If he didn't—and I don't believe he did—then the best service we can do him is to find out just what did happen, isn't it? If he's guilty you don't want to protect him, and if he's innocent it can't hurt him to bring out the truth."

"It's the old story, I suppose," she said wistfully. "I can't help feeling it's wrong to put all these things in the papers."

And he replied, as he had said so often to her before, "You know publicity never hurt an innocent man, Marian."

"I know that's what you say," she agreed grudgingly.

"It's true," he reminded her. "If you print a story about a man and it turns out to have been false, the reaction always makes him a public hero. No, sir! If Professor Pane's innocent, we're doing him a service to print the truth. And if he's guilty, we're doing society a service."

"It's not like you," she said shrewdly, "to be worried about serving society."

He smiled. "I don't go quite so far as to be willing to protect a murderer," he told her.

He was, as always, able to silence if not to convince her, and when he left her that afternoon she had ceased protesting. But an hour or so later Professor Pane came home to dinner with her father, and when she saw him she was stricken with pity. He wore an aspect of bewilderment like that of a child chastened for some fault it does not understand. He bore himself with a pitiful dignity, yet his eyes were full of pain. She perceived that the ordeal of seeing his own affairs bared in screaming headlines, on top of his anxiety over his wife's absence, had left him stunned and tremulous; and she threw herself into the task of comforting him, of soothing and reassuring the helpless, frightened man.

In this effort she suggested after dinner that Professor Pane come to live with them for a while. He shook his head in quick protest at this.

"No, no, my dear Marian," he told her bravely, "you and your father have been so kind to me, and I am grateful to you, grateful to you for permitting me to burden you with my troubles. But I am not good company for any man now, nor for a young woman like yourself. No, I am grateful, but I shall go through this alone."

Marian said cheerfully, "Nothing of the kind, Uncle Howard. You're just sensitive and proud. And selfish too."

He echoed, faintly startled, "Selfish?"

"You know," she reminded him, "that it makes us happy to be able to do anything for you, and it isn't fair for you to refuse us this privilege. I think you're really afraid the routine of your life is going to be upset I think that's the reason you won't come."

"Not at all! Not at all!" he protested. "But I cannot impose myself upon you."

Professor Cammett's first anger at his daughter had been modified by the tact and adroitness which she displayed in these efforts to comfort Professor Pane. He now added his urgencies to hers, and between them they were able to overbear the shaken man. In the end they all walked over to his house and Marian packed a suitcase for him and they brought him home again.

(Continued on Page 83)

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(Continued from Page 81)

It was Marian, also, who arranged that during the succeeding days he should be excused from conducting his usual classes, and it was Marian who tempered for him the successive blows dealt by the newspapers. She used sometimes the very phrases which Von Utrecht had used to her; and when these failed she fell back upon those meaningless assurances which a woman knows how to summon to her aid, and which convey comfort rather more by the tone in which they are uttered than by the thought they express. She told him over and over that things would be all right in the end. She assured him that in a little while he would be able to look back on all this and smile. She told him with a suggestion of affectionate derision in her tones that he was not the only man who had ever had his name in the paper, that others had endured it and survived; and she accused him of growing conceited as a result of his notoriety, of beginning to think the world was all concerned with his affairs.

"That's just vanity, Uncle Howard," she used to say. "As a matter of fact, you never read stories like this in the paper yourself. You know you don't, and the chances are that hardly anybody else does. They're not printing so much now, anyway. There's nothing for them to print. In a day or two you won't be able to find yourself in the papers at all. You'll descend into obscurity again, and I expect you'll write to the editor and protest because he's neglecting you."

She was able by these devices not so much to relieve his distress as to temper it with faint amusement, to revive in some small degree his sense of humor.

It was quite true, as she had pointed out, that the papers were hard put to it to find anything new in the case which they might print. But a result of this, which she had not foreseen until Von Utrecht told her it was coming, was that there began to be an editorial demand for official action in the case.

"If it were anyone but a university professor," Von Utrecht explained, "Professor Pane would have been arrested before now. Indicted probably."

"But why?" she asked in bewilderment. "He hasn't done anything."

"To the outsider," he explained, "who doesn't know him as we do, there's a prima-facie case against him. We're running an editorial tomorrow calling on Burris to move."

"On Walter?" she repeated. "What can he do?"

"Of course," Von Utrecht confessed, "my paper has always opposed him politically, and the boss, I think, is pleased to take this opportunity to embarrass him. But at the same time he ought to do something. So far as I know, he hasn't said a word, and I don't know whether he's even investigated. Have you seen him?"

"I haven't seen him," she confessed. "Not since Sunday. I talked with him on the telephone, though. He called up father last night."

"What did he have to say?" Von Utrecht asked casually, but his eyes were alert.

"He said he had two or three men at work on it," she confessed, "and he told father it was going to come out all right."

Von Utrecht laughed.

"As a matter of fact, Marian," he repeated, "Burris is always one to talk about his duty; but if Professor Pane weren't his friend, and your friend, he'd have had the old man in jail before now. That's what we're going to say in the editorial on the case."

The editorial did in fact appear. Written in veiled terms, it carefully avoided any suggestion that Professor Pane was guilty of his wife's death. But it did assert stoutly and reasonably that the whole matter should be presented to the grand jury then in session, and pointed out that the obligation to do this rested upon District Attorney Burris. The concluding sentence struck home to Marian with a peculiar force.

"Public office brings in its train duties sometimes burdensome and distressing," the writer said; "but if Walter Burris, the district attorney, shows an inclination to shirk these duties, he cannot reasonably expect the support of any public-spirited men for higher office."

This editorial appeared in the morning edition and Marian and Professor Cammett read it at the breakfast table. Professor Pane had not come down for breakfast. He was sleeping late, and Marian had been unwilling to disturb him, anxious that he should get as much rest as was possible. Thus she and her father were free to discuss the matter openly.

"That means they're going to fight Walter for Congress, doesn't it, father?" she asked.

And Professor Cammett nodded. "I've been expecting it," he said. "There's a good deal of newspaper opposition to Walter, and they'll take any excuse they can find to block him. He's a good man, and they don't want a good man in office."

He added, "I'm going to see him this morning. I've been thinking a good deal about this, Marian, in the last day or two. At first my sympathies were so much engaged that I could see nothing but the surface, but it seems to me there are aspects of the situation which may have escaped Walter's notice. I've a class at nine o'clock, but I'm going over to Walter's office afterward and talk with him."

"I'd like to talk to him too," she said a little wistfully. "I haven't seen him since Sunday."

Her father looked at her with quick attention.

"I'll ask him over," he suggested.

But she shook her head. "No, don't do that!" she said. "He's probably awfully busy, and he'll come when he can."

"If there's anything he can do for you, you know," he reminded her, "he'll do it. You can always count on Walter."

"I know," she agreed.

"Like to come over with me?" he inquired.

But she shook her head. "No," she said, "no. I want to be here when Professor Pane comes down. I don't like to leave him alone."

"I think he's becoming a little more reconciled to the situation," her father suggested.

But Marian shook her head. "That's only on the surface, father," she replied. "I'm more worried about him every day. This has hit him fearfully hard, and the uncertainty now is making him really sick. I hadn't told you, but he talks wildly sometimes. He knows what the newspapers mean, you know. He can see that they're suggesting he killed Mrs. Pane."

He nodded. "A blind man could see that," he agreed, and he added hotly, "A contemptible lot of swine, these newspaper men!"

Marian made no reply, unwilling to be drawn into an argument. But when he was gone to his classes she took up the paper again, and she wished it were possible to keep it from Professor Pane's eyes. But she recognized the impossibility of this. As soon as he awoke he would wish to see it; and reluctantly at last she left it on the table in the lower hall, where he could find it when he came downstairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FLIVVERING THROUGH FRANCE

(Continued from Page 21)

The missus, of course, had about as much use for the O'Malley Route, as they now call it all over Europe, as she had for the O'Malley Roulette System, as it is now known all over the world. Both over her head.

"Going straight north from Nice"—herself still speaking—"through hundreds of miles of wild, uninhabited French Alps, would not be as elevating for the children as — —"

"And so is your old man unelevating," I broke in, but in calm tones that concealed the irony in the remark. "Not elevating, eh? Why, where the road engineering takes the O'Malley Route Through the French Alps over the Col d'Iseran, up near the ten-thousand-foot level, the O'Malley Route Through the Fren——"

"Oh, shut up—you and your everlasting prattle about the O'Malley Route Through the French Alps! Children, run out and play in the glorious sunshine. Papa and I want to talk."

You know how much papa talked. Believe me or don't, but it was Girlie's idea that we should go west along the Riviera sea level, except for the first hour's run of the first day, when we would be high on the Grande Corniche. Then we were to run leisurely up the flat Rhone Valley until it was time to turn east and, still following valley roads and the lower levels, wind up near Geneva.

Here we had a route that was a merging of Paul Azbill and Girlie ideas, but retaining the worst features of both. The route we finally agreed upon was a compromise, which was at least something.

I gave in to the missus to the extent of following the banks of the Rhone up through France; but on the last day of the trip we would be among the Swiss Alps, whether Girlie liked it or not, which was the way I had planned the O'Malley Route to finish anyway.

Even when we had come to this final compromise, I still couldn't get the big idea of dragging us westward out of our way for the first day or two, the whole length of the populous Riviera. Then she jerked out a drawer and slammed it on the table. The newspaper clippings that filled the drawer explained why she had been bedeviling our local newsman into sending for local newspapers all over Southern France, but her route still had me winging.

"I find," she began, once she had calmed down enough to sort over the clippings, "that with an early start tomorrow morning we can get the children to Toulon in time for them to see, at a local cinema called the Splendide, a beautiful educational called His Hour, by Elinor Glyn. I have seen it twice, but I'll sit through it again for the children's sake.

"Then at Marseilles, on the second day, the children will have their choice of the feature educational, Six Weeks, at the local ——"

"Splawnhdeed."

"Exactly; at the Marseilles Splendide, or of seeing the Gish girls in another educational at the ——"

"The La Grawnnde Splawnhdeed, nez pah?"

"Precisely. And the children will simply adore Avignon! At Avignon they can see a big educational Western, with Rin-Tin-Tin ——"

"Saving the gals from a fate worse than death by chasing the villains through West Forty-fourth Street, back to their vile dens in the Harvard Club. Mother, at last I make the idea of our whole educational trip through historic France.

"As I get it, the only sunlight we'll see is while we're racing under ancient Roman arches in order to make the next town in time to wash up for the 2:15 run of a Doug or Mary educational. Ten days of darkness in these terrible French movies and you'll land us in Switzerland saucer-eyed, you hooting your stuff at us from the back seat in owl. I'll bet I'll have a spread of barred tail feathers that ——"

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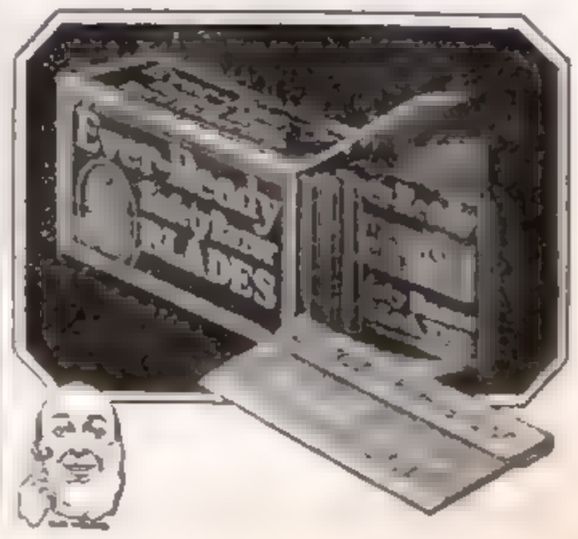

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I was alone, talking to sunlight and shadows. But make a note of my rather neat oration, just quoted; it was one of the best, certainly the only extended oration delivered from the Liberal-side benches of Commons during my long married life.

At mention of my tail feathers she had slammed out the door, taking our young with her to our local movie cellar, the Splendide, for a farewell uplifting by Glawdys Lovely in a ten-reel educational called Beckoned Back to Brooklyn—or, as we call it here in French, Over the Pont. So I had the last afternoon pretty much to myself, with nothing to do except close up the villa, pack Girlie's and the children's things for our ten-day motor trip and prepare our simple evening meal in time for Girlie's return from the movies.

Before nine the next morning I had them all set for the start of the big educational flivver tour; the two kids, Girlie's baggage and the children's stuff in the driving seat with me, the missus throning it all over the back seat.

My own baggage, thanks to the Prince of Monaco, did not cramp my style when shifting gears. A flap pocket in the flivver door held the other shirt and the toothbrush. How the prince had happened to overlook the toothbrush I'll never be able to tell you. The other shirt was a nifty, and I planned to keep it neat and pretty, so that I could at least make a flashy wow finish when the Swede girls, up in Switzerland, began to crowd close as I drove up to the hotel.

We started off on a lovely morning, headed straight for my doom. All was lovely at least, except during the first hour, high on the Grande Corniche cliff road. Up on the cliffs there, about two thousand feet straight over the Monte Carlo chimney pots, driving without gloves or overcoat all but took the heart out of me. And the new overcoat I had had when first arriving at Monte Carlo was a cutie. The goods had a sheep-dog nap that had to be brushed with a currycomb, but in a shade of tan that was very refined. In fact, if it weren't for the stripes on my shirt cuffs you could hardly tell where the ends of the polo coat's sleeves merged with my chamois street gloves. All gone now, including the gloves.

I slowed down at La Turbie, blue though I was with the mountain cold, for a last, long look at the red roofs of Monte Carlo. Down there under one greenish glass roof, I mused, the little ivory pill was already beginning its morning of whizzing round the polished boxwood and clicking into the lucky slot.

See the Riviera and Rave

I still had one or two sheaves of pale-mauve monkey money in the old wallet. Give me just one more morning, even one hour, down there in that pirate's cave, and I'd make those hatchet men look like a bunch of suckers.

I thought up a good idea.

"Girlie, this side road starting down at our left here," I suggested, "runs right down to Monte Carlo."

I might have known what was coming. It ended my last chance for the big killing that would have lifted my poor little ones to the financial standing that is due to every child from its father. All I remember of her response to my suggestion about taking the road down to Monte Carlo was some remark about my "congenital, inborn, instinctive inability to resist a mule path," but on account of the children I just let the crack fly over my head to deep center and drove on.

Not ten minutes later the Prince of Monaco and I were destined to meet—for the last time, I hope, until I look down upon him from my high place in heaven. An outward bend in the Grande Corniche suddenly had brought us right over the castle and park of the prince.

Far beneath me on one of the prince's sunlit paths of the castle grounds I could see one of the prince's life guards, all dolled up like a bootlegger's bride. Suddenly he stiffened to a salute, coming to a point like a bird dog.

Game stuff, evidently, stirring in the underbrush ahead of him. Then out into the open strolled a couple of fancy fatheads, both of them handing out, I suppose, their neatest line of racquet-and-tennis-club chatter to the gals trailing with them.

One of the big stiffs wore a light lemonish-tan polo coat. There couldn't have been a second polo coat in the world just like mine. I could almost make out the elegant fluff of the long sheep-dog nap. I tell you, my friends, that as I stepped on the gas and hurried on, trying to blow some warmth into my purple hands while my poor little robbed son guided the steering wheel for his father, my thoughts were very bitter.

This was the auspicious moment, of course, that the missus selected to grow kittenish. In her usual perfectly killing way she was now beginning to pretend that she was the ballyhooer on a sight-seeing rubberneck.

"See the Riviera and rave! On our right, dear people," et ceterah, rah, rah!

Mules That Pass on the Right

Well, she at least was warm. I wouldn't call her dressed—never that—but at least warm. Clothes don't seem to interest her. For one thing, she's never outside of a movie house or an antique dealer's snare long enough for a fitting. All attempts at a dressy front in our family she leaves, like everything else, to me.

But for the first time in my life, up there in the cold, I was envious of one of her garments. She was warmly swathed in the ankle-length Hudson seal that her Grandfather Buick—and he was a hot sketch, that birdie—had taken in part payment on a bet he had won from a rooter for Blaine and Logan. It isn't the garment it used to be—no, and it never was—but it's been kenneled round the house for so many years now that it has become a sort of family household pet and I haven't the heart to kill it.

"On our left, dear people, we have the Mediterranean Ocean! Papa, down there on the rocks is ——"

"Papa down there on the rocks is right," I screamed at her. "Cut out this da——"

Round the cliff wall came the three worst terrors a high-strung sensitive motorist, even crack drivers in my class, can encounter. The Grande Corniche is a nice little pike for high-altitude rubbernecks, but when Napoleon was fixing it up he would have made no mistake if he had spent about six dollars more to make it also wide enough for the other fellow. And coming right at me were the motorist's three world's worst—two mules and an Englishman.

Mules and the English have more than one family trait in common. Alone among all God's creatures, mules and the English try to pass you on their haw side. Instinctively. The only thing possibly worse than two mules and an Englishman is one mule and two Englishmen.

"Papa, if I only had one of these rubberneck megaphones, I ——"

"Coals to Newcastle for you, Gir——"

Pow! I was suddenly all mules, monocles and the latest thing in gents' plaid shawls. For one ghastly, sickening second both of my haw-side tires were whizzing round merely on the top side of nothing, propped up by two thousand feet or less. It's a good thing Girlie fits like a glove in a tonneau. If it had been physically possible for her to have shifted even an inch to the bad side of the rear seat, we —— But I swoon at the thought.

By clever stuff at the steering wheel I neatly skinned the pelt off the hee side of the hee mule from the lapels of his harness to sternsheets. Then I aimed at the Englishman, but missed him. To the best of my knowledge, he jumped off the cliff. I hope so. But at terrible risk to myself I had fearlessly saved the lives of my family.

The call was so close that one of my children's parents couldn't talk again for several minutes. Sometimes, however, I find myself these days, up here in Switzerland, envying the Englishman. The way these bright little gentlemen over here tried, toward the last of the trip, to slip the rollers under me—me!—makes me wish that I had jumped off the cliff with Dundreary.

I wasn't myself again till we started downhill and I saw, gleaming in shifting, shimmering beauty, far below, the dome of the Nice gambling casino. At that distance I couldn't make out the words on the big sign stretching across the dome, but instinct told me they spelled the French for Welcome to Our City.

And, as I think I have said, the last time the prince had gone through me with the crested burglar tools and the royal dark lantern he had thoughtlessly overlooked at least a few berries.

I never saw the Nice casino at close range. The command was forward. All I can tell you of Nice and its charms is that I noted one or two gents' furnishings windows that had their moments, and the back streets looked like Newark.

Cannes was also the bunk. The only thing in Cannes was a Harold Lloyd, called Landing the Wollop in Wall Street—or, as they call it in French, The Garçon on the Bourse.

We ate our picnic lunch in the Cannes movie house, the Splendide, watching the Harold Lloyd crime. It was a little three-reeler and older than Harold. I could tell by the ball dress on the heroine—almost down to her knees. And in the big wow at the end—a night scene on Broadway that brought tears to my eyes—all the electric signs that were not winking "Wilson—That's All!" were asking, "D'Ye Ken Dewars Scotch, Laddie?" That's how historic the picture was.

You waste your time reading my stuff about the rest of the whole trip, even the way I can picture it. It was terrible. No casinos, no nothing. Only France and stuff. Sometimes we saw daylight, but usually she was educating us in a local coal hole called the Splawnhdeed. By the end of the first week of movie darkness I had got into the habit of sleeping all night head downward, hanging by my toes to hotel chandeliers like a bat.

Our longest stop was at a burg called Avignon. The guidebook gave chapters alone to Avignon, and we put up there on account of a flat tire. Avignon had just sold its inner tube, so we had to stall round there while they sent for another—I think to Japan.

Sight-Seeing From a Subcellar

Both days we were in Avignon the missus sat out the same picture in a local movie subcellar, the Splendide, which she had dug up, away out some place beyond a bunch of ruins they call the Palace of the Popes. For me once was enough, so I ambled the streets, squinting the town.

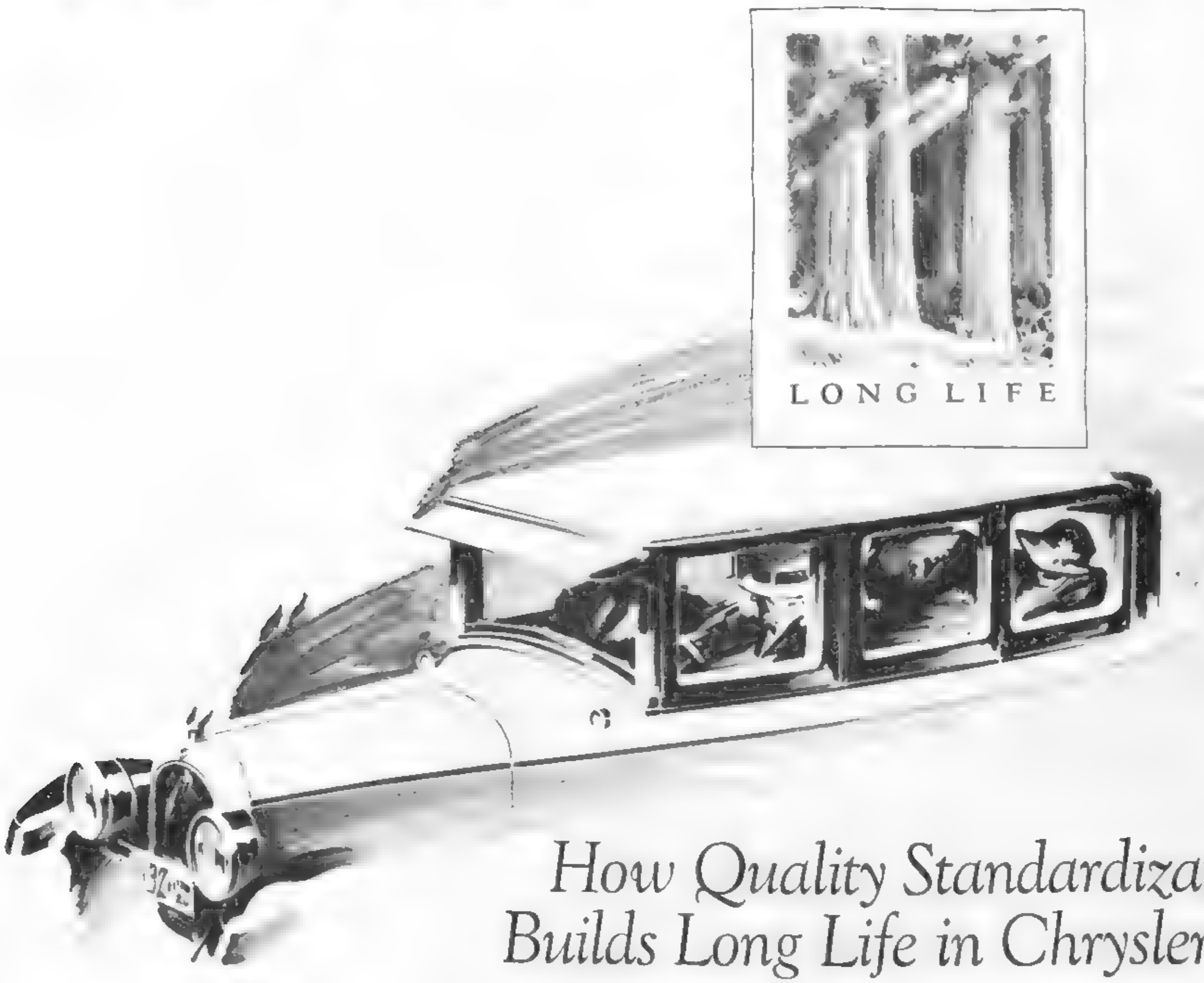
And right there was where these bright little French fellows began to try to put the skids under me—me, the well-known clubman and man about town. Farther along, near the Franco-Swiss border, I soon was to learn, the municipal reception committee was preserving in vinegar for me the real welcoming bust on the nose, up in a town called Grenoble. But what Avignon tried as a starter was plenty.

To begin with, the only thing in Avignon was a pair of rather clever sport effects I spotted in the main street shoe-store window. The toes of the article were a sort of bronze-greenish lizard skin, the rest of the sport shoe a kind of horsehide, bleached yellowish cream. Practically all the time I let mother carry the family wallet, and she was at the movies; but in my bill fold I still had intact the lean sheaf of lavender monkey money that the present dynasty of Monaco had overlooked.

The shoe store was run by a Frenchman who tried to set me back the French equal of ten good Columbia-the-gem-of-the-oceans, for the shoes. As we big-time troupers used to say, fancy that, Hedda!

(Continued on Page 86)

CHRYSLER 70



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QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES

(Continued from Page 84)

If I had had ten whole United States dollars in my clothes I would not have been chauffing through a burg like Avignon. As I explained to the shoe man, I'd be on a train headed for Monte Carlo, and today I'd be a rich man. The shoe man couldn't get much of my French, on account of shooting his language at him faster than he could handle it; but I at least made it clear to him that he'd grow old gracefully trying to make a monkey out of me. When things are breaking right with me I go as high as fifteen bucks for a sport shoe in Forty-second Street. But that's Forty-second Street. They can't trim me that way over here.

Bedridden All Over Europe

By the time the shoe man, sport shoes in hand, had chased me up on the Avignon ramparts he had come down from ten bucks to $3.85. Now he was talking my own language.

Out of the bill fold came my funny mauve money—and the Republic of France was snapped right from under me!

In some signal-stop honkatonk, back along our flivver route, they not only had short-changed me—me!—but they had done it in real prewar stuff bearing an elegant steel engraving of a fat colored gentleman wearing a fez.

Well, these fish over here will get fat trying to put that sort of comedy over on the original old-timer that Times Square was named after. I walked the ramparts of Avignon until two the next morning before the features of the party who had slipped me the sour goods came back to me. It was at Toulon. And if it's the last act of my living life, I'm going to lead another crusade to that little gentleman's old home town and demonstrate to him that this Tooloose-and-Toolong wheeze never got a laugh out of me.

So that's Avignon.

And finally came Grenoble. My friends, I never shall forget Grenoble. For a stretch of two hundred miles, more or less, we passed nothing but houses in which, according to the plates on the walls, Napoleon had slept overnight.

I had always had the impression, at least up to this time, that it was only George Washington who did his best stuff while bedridden. But you'll have to admit that George, at his worst, only slept in every second house along the eastern American watershed.

Napoleon went all over Europe flat on his back. George was good, but when it comes to the finals of the ground and lofty sleeping event, the chamber of commerce first grand prize, one fur-lined bathtub, goes to the Corsica lad. No wonder his hat got flat!

We needed water for the radiator and engine oil at Grenoble, so we had to stay overnight. As usual, they had just sold the town's quart of oil and had to send for another to the oil fields of Mesopotamia. And the only water in the town was used solely for scenic effect—to push under bridges. The garage man, however, finally rustled up enough water in the canton to fill the radiator and sponge off the car. I believe he had got in touch with a French bootlegger, who slipped him a gallon.

We were in sight of the snow peaks of the Alps now. The trip was all but over and I was beginning to feel almost lovable. Upon reaching Grenoble I had been careful to see that the other shirt, one of the neatest garments that even I ever owned, still reposed, spotless and safe, in the flap pocket of the flivver.

The shirt that I had worn from the first day never could be cleaned down to original shirting again. The time had come at last to throw it away and doll up in the other shirt for the wow finish among the Swede girls awaiting my arrival, just a short final run into Switzerland.

They were washing the fliv, as Girlie had told them to do, when I entered the garage to get the other shirt out of the car pocket. In the dim light of the garage my first thought was that the car washer had cut his hand badly, thus causing broad stripes of bright red to course down his wash rag.

He hadn't cut his hand at all. He was washing the car with my shirt!

There was a big English touring car standing between me and the car washer. All I wish now is that a qualified official of the A. A. U. had been present, and my jump would stand for years to come as the official record.

What Gentlemen Wear in France

The last time they pulled me off him and brought him to, he blithered something to the effect that, finding my shirt in the car pocket, he had taken it for granted it was the flivver cleaning rag. Well, he took more than that for granted before Girlie pushed the crowd aside and came in and leaned on the noise.

And Grenoble was only starting on me.

Fortunately I was able to prove to the missus that the whole thing, as usual, was her fault. It was she, not I, who had told them to wash the car. Therefore I was finally able, without the usual recourse to chloroform, to make her extract the price of a new shirt from the family wallet. And then came the last straw, just as the crowd was parting respectfully to let me pass out of the garage.

"What's the French word for shirt, mamma?" I yelled back from the garage door.

For the first time since one moonlit night, back in the foolish era, when I had asked her the big question while canoodling, up at a snare called Harvey's Lake, Girlie broke into a blush. All the men who had flocked to see me do my stuff to the car washer—and if he'd been a grown man I'd have killed him—were listening. And the missus was wild.

"Don't you ever dare ask me a question like that in public again!" she thundered, once she had dragged me down the street to a quiet alleyway. "Before all those coarse men too!"

Then she drew me back in the alley and whispered the French word for shirt. It was the last word needed to prove all I'd ever heard about the looseness of these French. But at first I thought she had got the idea that I was asking for the French word for one of her own garments.

"Come, come, come!" I cried. "I'm in no mood now, woman, for the intimacies of sewing-circle small talk. All I ask from you is the French word for what we know as the male, masculine, he-shirt."

"And I tell you I've told you! It's chemise, that word I just said. Masculine shirt or ladies' wear, in the whole French language that's the only word for shirt."

For a dresser like I am, there was nothing to do, however, but to go through with it.

Shopping in French

The first seven stores that I hurriedly backed out of were all manned by black-gowned Ziegfeld gigglers. I just couldn't say the word. Maybe my long years of training with hoofers has brushed off a bit of boyhood bloom, nevertheless when it comes to slinging the American gentleman stuff I wouldn't let even John Drew understudy me.

At the last store in the town, however, I was growing desperate. It was lady manned, and, just to make it more snappy, up crowded two other black-gowned cuties, all set for an earful of the handsome American's funny French. But I shut my eyes, gripped the counter hard and let go.

"Ladies," I hollered, "let me see your che——"

Friends, I couldn't finish it, there or in any other shirtery we passed—all manned by ladies, of course—between Grenoble and the hotel we are now in on Lake Geneva.

One time, soon after settling in this town, I gave three cheers upon learning that there was a shirtery, up in a hill town, containing not only a male clerk but one who spoke English. I climbed cliffs for two miles, only to ski back empty-handed. Can you beat it? Every shirt in his place was plain white!

I've managed to throw a fair front, however, with the aid of a rather neat, broad-striped sweater effect. It worked better than I had hoped. Until the first night I wore the sweater into the dining room our hotel here was infested with English. One flash at my sweater, even with my napkin hiding almost all of it, and the English all jumped off the Alps, chattering their terror in their monkey language as they leaped from crag to crag.

And there you have our elevating, educational tour through France. Outside of one good street fight between a couple of police dogs, which the children and I were fortunate enough to run into at Marseilles—it was one lollapazaz battle—there was nothing in France. We got off for a bad start and the trip went from zero to worse, until it had rounded itself out into just one great big blah.

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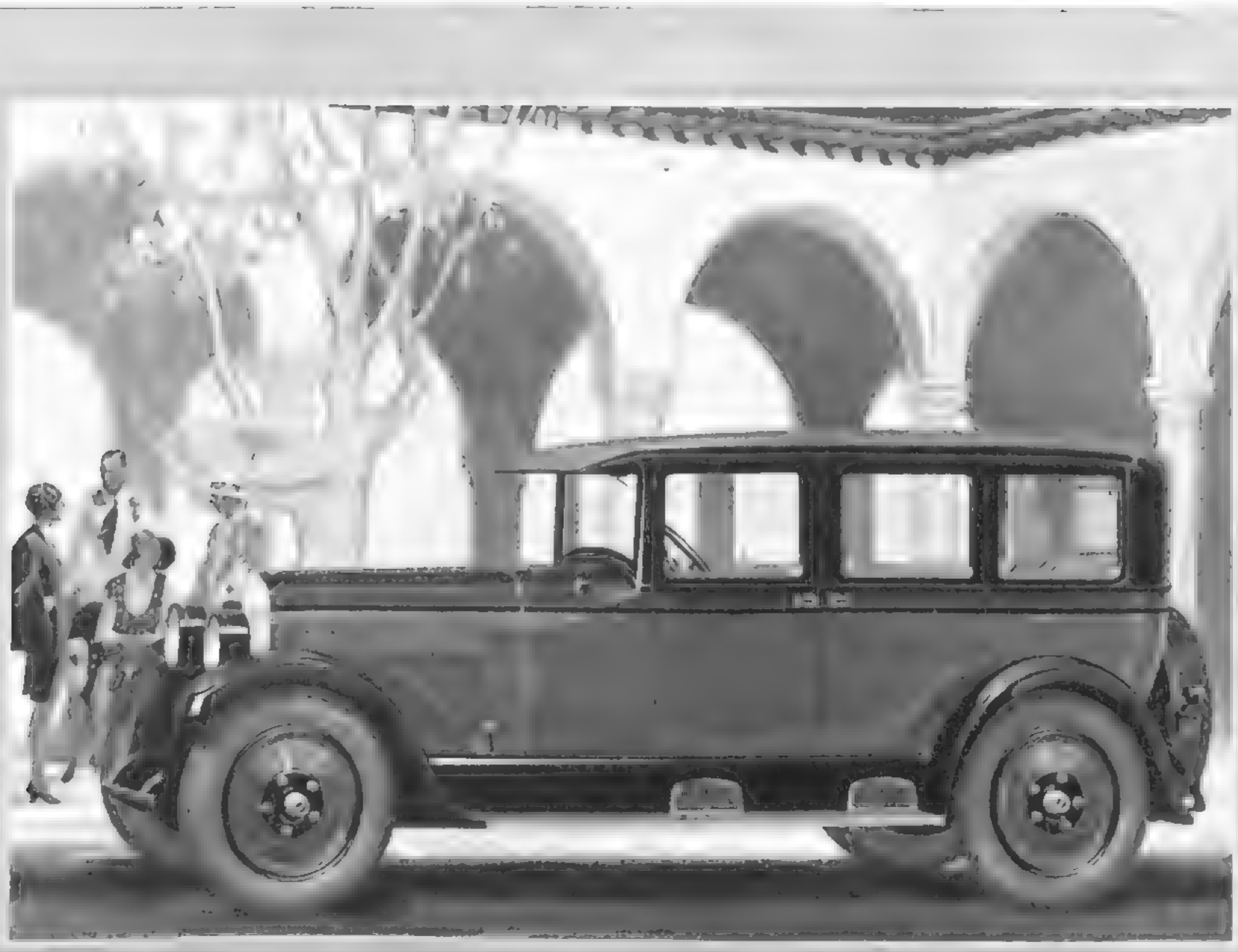

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PEARLS AND COLORED STONES

(Continued from Page 39

telephone to inquire frantically of various commissionaires if they had such a gem. The Turk is a fatalist. If it were written in the stars that he should make the sale of the emerald, such would be the inevitable dénouement. Besides, it is unimpressive to betray excitement; it is poor salesmanship. Therefore he had approached the messenger from the Rue de la Paix calmly and with the simple statement: "Monsieur, I have the gem that you seek. I shall bring it to your firm this afternoon."

Did the Turk really have such an emerald? Not precisely. But he knew a man who did. It is written in the stars what shall happen; yet nevertheless one should prepare himself to execute the decrees of destiny; and the Turk has listed in his notebooks the description and ownership of most of the important jewels in Paris. While the others were wasting the precious moments at the telephones he stepped into a taxicab and sped to the apartment of a fellow Mohammedan recently arrived from India. It was the work of but a few moments to write out a receipt for the emerald and to learn the lowest cash price the gentleman from India would take for his property. Then by telephone he notified the firm in the Rue de la Paix that he would be at its place of business at three o'clock and suggested that the South American client be summoned for that hour.

The rest was simple, and might have been done by any Western tyro who chanced to speak the Spanish language. Meeting the South American in the private office of the jewelry firm, he laid the gem upon a background of fluffy white cotton that brought out its marvelous sea-green color, and named the price. The emerald weighed ten carats precisely, and was worth 50,000 francs a carat—a matter of 500,000 francs for the stone. There was some attempt by the client to procure a reduction in price, but the Turk was adamant. The emerald changed hands at the figure named.

What are the profits in such a transaction? Well, when one does not have his own money invested, one may work on small margins. The Turk was satisfied with 8 per cent. The Rue de la Paix jewelry firm received 6 per cent. But who shall say what were the profits of the actual owners? The Mohammedan who had the stone in his possession was only an agent, sent from Calcutta, and acting for a syndicate of business men in that city. Perhaps these men made 50 per cent; perhaps they were pressed for money and were glad to get rid of their property at cost. These things are immaterial. The important matter is that some fortunate lady in Buenos Aires will wear her magnificent emerald at social functions, at the races, at the opera, and by so doing create future business for astute professionals in the Café of the Gem Dealers in Paris.

The Top Price Per Carat

One might wonder why the firm in the Rue de la Paix allowed the Turk to sell the gem to the client instead of delegating the task to one of its own salesmen. Here one enters the realm of pure conjecture, though it may be remarked that in France there is a government sales tax of 12 per cent on expensive luxuries. If the jewelry firm merely loaned its office for the transaction and received a commission therefor, it could not be held for the tax. Neither could the Turk be saddled with payment of the 12 per cent, for he also was a mere agent working on commission, and, besides, keeps no books that are intelligible to outsiders. Should the government press the matter further toward the source, the chances are the Mohammedan from Calcutta would be already back in his home city, and his principals are not subject to French taxes. In so complicated a transaction it is quite possible the government's 12 per cent may have evaporated into thin air.

The affair of the emerald was in a way unusual, coming as it did from the necessity for speedy action on the part of the Rue de la Paix jewelry firm. Professionals of the Café of the Gem Dealers do not make 500,000-franc sales every day, yet they prosper. Owing to the uncertain value of the franc, the French people are inclined to invest in jewels. Added to this is an increasing demand, particularly from the United States, for really fine pearls, emeralds, rubies, sapphires; and this in spite of the fact that these gems bring extraordinary prices.

A peculiarity of pearls and colored stones is that they are comparatively plentiful and cheap in the smaller sizes, but increase vastly in proportion to weight. A good Ceylon sapphire weighing one carat, for instance, can be bought for $50; but the same quality of stone weighing ten carats would sell for $2000 or $3000. A good-sized pearl of desirable shape and texture is worth double its weight in diamonds. Large pigeon-blood rubies bring practically what is asked because of their scarcity. Emeralds are a little more plentiful, but not cheap. It was, in fact, an emerald that created the American top-price record per carat, when, a few years ago, a New York retail jeweler sold a six-carat gem at $20,000 a carat, or $120,000 for the stone.

Big Sales in Small Towns

The demand for pearls and important colored gems in the United States has created an unusual situation. These jewels do not sell so readily as diamonds, and the average retail jeweler cannot afford to carry in stock a large assortment. The reason is obvious. The retail dealer, no matter how important, has a limited clientele. Should he buy a gem worth $100,000, for instance, he must face the possibility that none of his regular customers may be interested; in which case the property would be on his hands for an indefinite time. Chance buyers for such articles are rare. The interest on his investment could easily eat up any possible profit.

This situation has developed a new profession. There are in New York perhaps a score of firms and individuals who handle only rare and expensive jewels, and these almost entirely pearls and colored gems. Some specialize to the extent of dealing in pearls or emeralds alone. The requisites of the profession are knowledge of gems, good judgment in buying and ability to raise cash in large amounts. These specialists each subsidize a commissionaire in Paris, with an office in the Rue de La Fayette section, whose function it is to keep in touch with the movements of important gems and to notify his New York principal of possible purchases. The specialist himself goes to Paris two to four times a year to buy.

Recently I inspected the stock in trade of one of the New York specialists in his small office just off Fifth Avenue. Two safe drawers were more than large enough to hold the stock, which invoiced as follows: Eight pearl necklaces, about twenty separate pearls suitable to be added to necklaces; eleven emeralds, ranging from two to seven carats in weight; four rubies; fourteen sapphires; two star sapphires and one star ruby. The invoice value of the stock was in the neighborhood of $500,000.

Where does the business come from to make such a stock profitable? From everywhere in the United States. Retail jewelers of the large cities are the most likely customers, but there are frequent calls from dealers in little communities who have opportunity to make important sales to some wealthy fellow townsman. Formerly the wealthy small-town man ordinarily made his expensive purchases from some favored metropolitan jeweler, but the increasing chamber-of-commerce spirit has developed a tendency to buy at home when possible. Within a fortnight of the day that I inspected the stock of my specialist friend he had sent gems to two small-town jewelers, one in Ohio and the other in Montana, and in each case had made sales of more than $15,000.

A peculiar financial angle arises from such transactions. The specialist is, of course, anxious to sell his merchandise; and where a well-rated dealer is willing to buy outright, regular credit terms are accorded—usually from four to six months—because then the retailer assumes the chance of having his capital tied up for a considerable time. But where the retailer merely borrows the merchandise in order to show it to a possible customer, the specialist takes the position that he should receive immediate cash in case of a sale. Recently in the office of a New York gem specialist I was witness to an incident that exemplified the delicacy of such a transaction. A few days previously the specialist had sent to a New York retailer a stone worth in the neighborhood of $15,000, and with it the customary memorandum bill. The retailer telephoned that his client was about to buy the gem. The specialist answered that he was pleased to know of so desirable a dénouement.

"But I'll want a little time for payment," the retailer said, "because my client isn't going to pay me right away. Suppose you render me an invoice payable in four months."

Here was necessity for prompt decision. The retailer's credit was undoubtedly good, but on the other hand the specialist did not feel like bearing the burden for someone else.

"But look here," he answered the retailer, "it appears as though you were using me as a convenience. You never buy anything from me outright; it is only when you have a sale in sight that you call on me. If you wanted this stone for your regular stock, I'd give you four months' dating with pleasure. But when I have the nerve to invest my money in a piece of goods and take chances on keeping it a year or two, it seems to me that you ought to be willing to pay cash."

Cash or No Sale

Even the best-rated retailer may not be in position to write a check for $15,000 at a day's notice; and this one attempted to argue that if his credit was good in one sort of transaction it ought to be good in any transaction. The specialist heard him through and then said quietly: "That may all be so; but the stone is still mine, and if you don't feel like laying out your cash for it, perhaps you'd better send it back."

The next morning's mail brought him a check for the amount. He never knew whether the retailer prevailed on his client to pay cash for the stone, whether the amount represented a loan from the retailer's bank, or whether the retailer had merely tried to have the use of $15,000 capital for four months without paying interest.

It must be a fine profession, one thinks, where a man may be so independent in the matter of granting credit. Yet the specialist in expensive jewels has financial problems enough. My friend, for instance, goes to Paris three times a year for buying purposes. Each time before sailing he notifies the important jewelers of the country and solicits commissions for any unusual requirements. When he leaves he may have orders for $500,000 worth of gems of various sorts. That is to say, he has orders for the merchandise, but with a certain string attached. The jewelers, it must be remembered, do not want the unusual jewels for their stocks, but only to fulfill the requirements of certain clients. Should a client not be suited, the jeweler does not buy. Yet the specialist must buy in Paris with no privilege of returning any part of his purchases. Even though some professional

(Continued on Page 90)

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ALFRED GOMEZ, [illegible]
San [illegible], Calif.

RIGHT

"I WAS PERPETUALLY TIRED morose and nervous and as a result was really ignorant of what whole-hearted enjoyment meant. Upon returning from a dance or theatre I would immediately fling myself across my bed, too utterly exhausted even to undress. Everyone thought I was on a [illegible] line. Then I began eating two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day dissolved in hot water. I felt like a person reborn. Fleischmann's Yeast has changed the whole tenor of my existence and I cannot find words fine enough in which to couch my praise of such a marvelous vitalizer."

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Over 60 years of soap study stand behind it. There is no other like it. We made it to the expressed order of 1000 men who told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream, plus a fifth . . . strong bubbles . . . the supreme requirement of all. We made and tested 130 formulas before perfecting it.

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PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY

(Continued from Page 88)

of the Café of the Gem Dealers should be willing to allow a jewel to be taken to America on memorandum, there is the problem of customs duties to be paid.

And so, when the American gem specialist goes to Paris with $500,000 worth of commissions in his pocket, he has in reality no absolute orders. Whatever he brings back he must be willing to gamble on in case the person for whom it is intended fails to be suited.

At one time there was an arrangement by which articles might be shipped to a bonded warehouse in New York with the privilege of examination before payment of customs duty, but this arrangement has been discontinued on the ground that it was unfair to American merchants. In fact, it did give the European dealer opportunity to offer his merchandise to American buyers at a cost to himself of only transportation charges; for if an article did not sell, it only had to be shipped back to its source.

There are, in New York banks, many millions of dollars' worth of gems belonging to old families the members of which have lost their taste for expensive adornment, but who, for sentimental reasons, do not wish to dispose of their possessions. Many of the collections have not seen the light of day in twenty years. Occasionally, upon the settlement of an estate, such a collection will be thrown on the market.

A peculiar situation exists regarding the market value of these jewels. Prior to twenty-five years ago stones were cut for weight—that is, the lapidary cut the stone with as little waste of material as possible, and this accounts for the odd shapes and clumsy appearance of many old-time gems. For the European trade this style of cutting still maintains; but the American buyer insists that his jewels shall be cut for brilliancy, no matter how much bulk may be sacrificed.

In the case of diamonds this is no problem. A clumsily cut diamond weighing five carats, for instance, will often be trimmed down to three or four carats and gain vastly in desirability thereby. But in the case of a colored stone—ruby, emerald, sapphire—such trimming might easily destroy the value of the gem altogether.

Recently through the settlement of an estate the vice president of a New York bank had opportunity to acquire an Oriental sapphire that had been for many years resting in a safety box of his institution.

It was an odd-shaped stone of around fifteen carats, perfect in color, but so clumsily cut as to miss considerable of attractiveness. Otherwise it was precisely the gem that the banker's wife had craved for a long time; and as it could be acquired at a bargain figure, he obtained permission from the executor of the estate to take the stone to a lapidary for advice as to recutting.

The Resale Value of Jewels

The lapidary pronounced it a gem of first quality and agreed that it might gain vastly in effectiveness if brought to more symmetrical shape. His particular criticism was to the effect that the stone was too deep, a circumstance that probably diminished its full brilliancy. But before rendering a final verdict he set a tumbler half full of water on his desk, dropped the sapphire therein and watched the result. At once the stone took on a different appearance. Only the lower portion was blue; the rest was almost colorless. He explained the reason to the banker:

"Practically no colored stones are colored throughout. The color comes from a vivid patch in some portion, and the natural refraction of the stone diffuses it to such an extent that the whole thing appears colored. When put in water the refraction is neutralized and the actual condition appears.

"In the case of this sapphire, the man who originally cut it evidently knew what he was doing. It is too deep for perfect beauty, certainly. But the patch of blue from which it gets its color is in the extreme lower part. If we should make it more shallow we would have to cut out the blue section and then you would have a stone with practically no color at all. If you aren't satisfied with it just as it is, don't buy it."

There is something of an analogous situation regarding pearls. Often a pearl, otherwise flawless, has a tiny abrasion or indentation on the surface that seriously affects its commercial value. In such case there is the temptation to peel the gem—an operation easily executed, for in formation pearls are similar to onions, formed by successive layers. Yet pearl experts seldom resort to peeling on account of the chances involved. To take off the outer skin would remove the imperfection, to be sure; but the value of a pearl lies largely in its luster, and likely as not the layer just inside would have no luster at all.

A vast misunderstanding apparently exists in the mind of the average person as to the resale value of expensive jewels. It may be on account of overoptimistic statements of retail sales people that many people believe a fine diamond, emerald or pearl may be turned into cash at any time for the full purchase price. It is true that gems do not deteriorate by use; but like anything else, the law of supply and demand regulates the price at forced sale. For a year or more after the industrial slump of 1921 there was little sale for high-priced jewelry. Values did not shrink, but few people wanted to buy.

Recently I heard a candid Fifth Avenue jeweler explain the situation to a cautious client who demanded to know how much he might expect to realize on a $5000 star ruby that he contemplated buying.

Owning Pearls and Wearing Them

"In our stock," the jeweler said, "the stone is worth the $5000. But, naturally, we make a profit. We have held it two years, and during that time have paid insurance and interest on the money invested. Also, the importer from whom we bought it made a profit. Should you ever want to realize quick money on the stone, you would probably have to lose $2000, which is approximately the percentage of loss you would stand on the forced sale of a piece of real estate, a collection of paintings or Oriental rugs. As in every other transaction, you run the chance that at the precise time when you most want your money there is no one who especially wants your merchandise."

There are instances where individuals have actually made money on their jewels. At present pearls are greatly in demand and the supply is limited. Twenty-five years ago there were but a few hundred families in the country that boasted the possession of pearl necklaces. Today there are thousands of such families.

Recently a woman came into the establishment of a New York dealer with a string of pearls he had sold her thirty years ago when a clerk in a Western jewelry store, and stated she wanted to turn her property into money. The dealer said he did not care to purchase himself, but would see what might be done in the trade. It happened that the lady had come at a fortunate time, for another dealer was even then trying to find a similar necklace for a client. The result was that the property, bought in the 1890's for $3,500, found a prompt sale at $26,000.

Increasing ownership of pearls and their more common wear has brought about a certain problem not widely recognized. In the old days the family necklace was an adornment little worn except for state occasions. Perhaps a dozen times during a social season it was used, the balance of the time resting in the family strong box. Today all this has changed and the woman fortunate enough to own pearls wears them almost constantly. Pearl merchants state that the average necklace is worn now as much in a year as formerly in a lifetime.

(Continued on Page 93)

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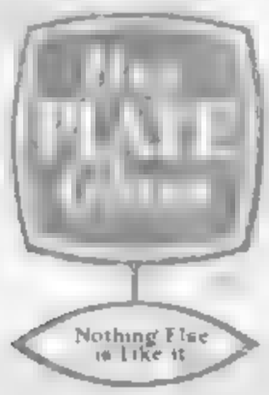
"Well, THAT GLASS will have to come out"

(referring to the window on your right)

"WHY didn't I specify Plate Glass?" say many car owners who find that broken panes have been replaced with ordinary window glass. For this old-fashioned glass strains the eyes, adds to the hazards of driving, and detracts from the beauty of the car.

Plate Glass cannot distort vision. You see everything as it actually is, because the surfaces of Plate Glass are ground flat, and highly polished. In no other way can clarity be attained. Plate Glass is tough, much harder to break than ordinary glass. Yet it costs but little more than the old-fashioned kind whose wavy, irregular surfaces trick and strain the eyes of the driver.

Insist upon Plate Glass for its utility, its beauty, and the distinction that it adds to any car. Be sure that your new car is glazed with it, and be doubly sure that only Plate Glass is used to replace broken panes. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.



(Continued from Page 90)

The problem is this—pearls are comparatively soft. Strung on a silk cord and worn about the neck, there is necessarily considerable friction where the gems touch one another. To avoid this friction and consequent abrasion, most pearl dealers recommend that the silk cord should be knotted between the pearls. In some cases this is not done, the owner of necklaces objecting that such knotting impairs the effectiveness of their ornaments; yet the added effectiveness may be bought at a high price. One prominent New York dealer is responsible for the statement that a necklace owned by one of his clients, and purchased ten years ago for $40,000 has so deteriorated by abrasion that to put it into salable condition each pearl would have to be peeled; and that even though they should come through the operation with as good a luster as they originally had, the reduced size would bring the necklace down to an approximate value of $15,000.

The average high-class jeweler prefers to sell pearl necklaces to any other merchandise for the reason that the necklace is a constant source of new business. A client starts, for instance, with a string costing $15,000, and in the course of time is ambitious for a more important ornament. The gems are graduated in size, and the usual method is to add a large pearl for the center. Each time this is done there is necessary the purchase of two gems, for the one that formerly occupied the place of honor is pushed to one side and must be matched by another. The value of pearls increases enormously by reason of size, sometimes staggering the would-be purchaser. Recently there was brought to a New York jeweler a necklace that he had sold a year or so previously and that the owner desired augmented by the usual two pearls. The jeweler agreed to search the market for the proper gems and eventually located them in the collection of a certain importer. The necklace, containing eighty pearls, had originally sold for $18,000. But the best figure he could get on the two desired extra pearls was $11,000. His client did not buy.

More Precious Than Diamonds

When the inventive French manufacturers first began putting out imitation pearls of glass covered with dissolved fish scales that approach the real thing in appearance, many American jewelers were inclined to think their wealthy clients might lose their desire for the genuine. Yet this has not happened. Most dealers claim the sale of their fine merchandise has been stimulated by the fact that many women of means who begin with an imitation necklace later come to want the real. Twenty-odd years ago, when artificial rubies were introduced in the United States, it was likewise believed the genuine stones would lose their market value. For a while rubies did slump, particularly as some unfortunate jewelers unknowingly sold the new product for genuine and later were obliged to make good the error. But rubies have now come into their own once more. Good-quality stones above four carats bring better prices than diamonds of similar size, and their sale is limited only by their scarcity.

While gem dealers have profited by the increased demand for expensive women's jewelry, they have suffered a setback in the matter of men clients. Time was when almost every community boasted some eminent gambler, politician or private citizen who advertised his prosperity by a vivid display of valuable jewelry. Today this class of customers is practically gone.

Some gem dealers blame this loss of male trade to the fact that well-to-do men own automobiles and like to do their own driving; meticulous dress and jewelry do not comport with chauffeuring and possible roadside repairs. Other dealers see in it an increasing dominance of women and a larger portion of the family income devoted to female adornment. Probably a better guess is that during recent years business life in the United States has become more speedy and therefore more interesting. Men no longer retire at fifty to spend the balance of their lives in leisurely parading of the streets or at their clubs.

During the present year a syndicate of French business men sent to the United States five stones, said to have been from the collection of Russian crown jewels; the lot comprised two huge diamonds, two emeralds and a star ruby. The gems had been offered in Europe during several years without a purchaser. The Frenchman authorized to sell the collection showed his merchandise to important retailers throughout America, but none was willing to take a chance either on the lot or any single stone, which was not to be wondered at, for the price asked for the five was $400,000, and the cheapest piece, one of the diamonds, was $60,000.

The Frenchman had about concluded to sacrifice the duty he had paid to get his gems into the United States and take them back to Paris, when someone told him there was a specialist in New York who might be interested. Hunting up this specialist, the Frenchman found his office to be in an old-fashioned building on a side street, with a single slow-moving elevator—not, certainly, the sort of place where one would expect to find a purchaser for Russian crown jewels. The specialist, Mr. Blank, was interested in the gems, but only mildly. Had the stones been offered to retail dealers? The Frenchman was obliged to admit that he had tried to interest retailers in all large cities from Boston to California.

A Quick Sale Without Haste

"Of course you will realize then," said Mr. Blank, "that I can't afford to pay the price you have been asking, which is, I understand, $400,000. My only possible customers are the retailers who have already seen the stones. I've got to make a profit; certainly no one would pay me a higher price than that you have already quoted. How would you like a check right now for $350,000?"

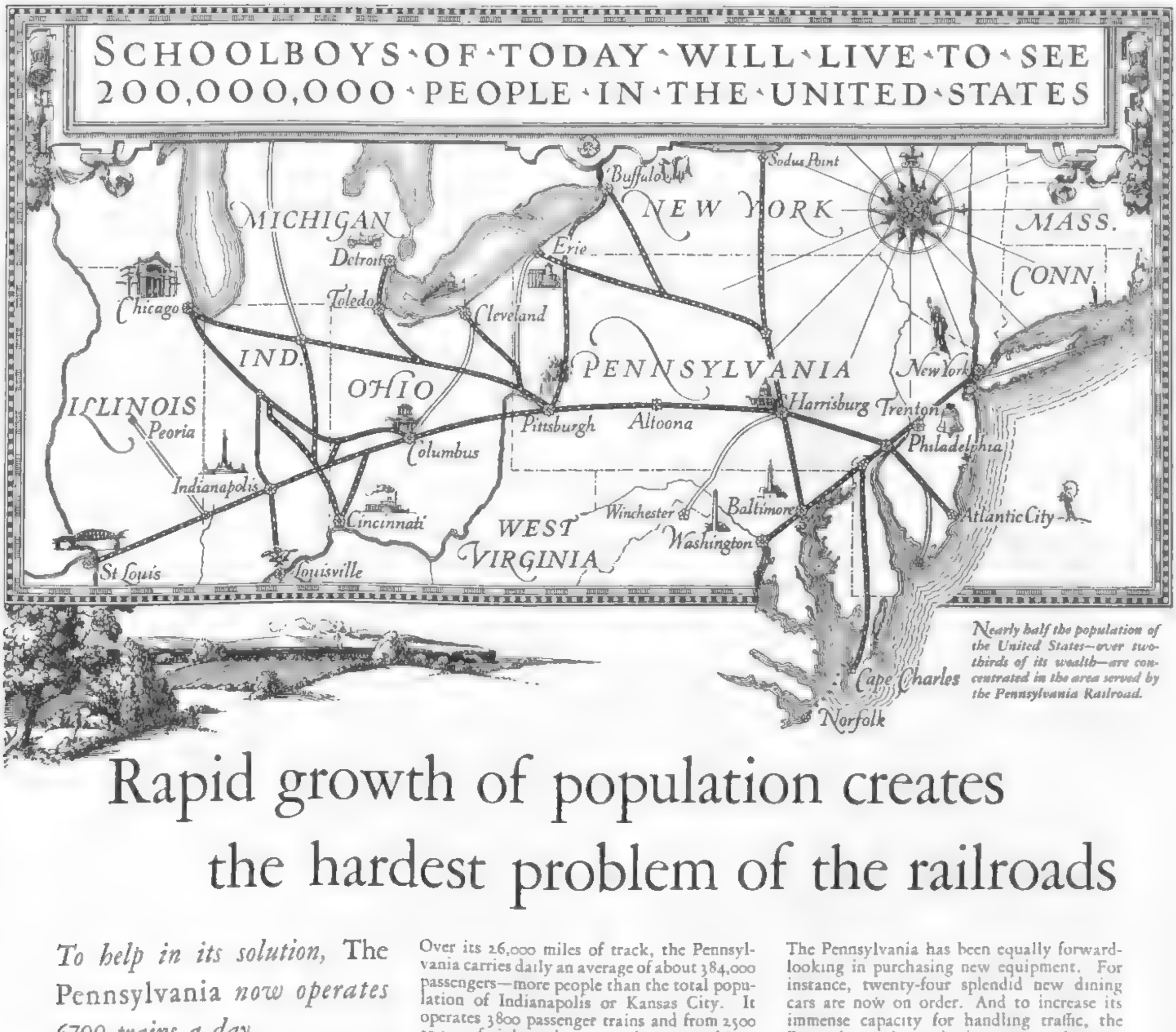
Within twenty-four hours the sale was made. Mr. Blank became owner of the crown jewels and the Frenchman took the paquebot *transatlantique* for his homeland, there to tell his associates of the weird and reckless promptness with which men of affairs in America make their business decisions.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Blank had not been reckless or even hasty. On the occasion of a Paris visit three years previously he had heard of the jewels through a conversation with professionals of the Café of the Gem Dealers, and learned the price paid by the French syndicate. His Paris agent wrote him when the stones were sent to America, and through friends in the trade here he knew what jewelers had been approached by the French salesman. It was his own emissary who had casually suggested his name to the discouraged Frenchman, about to ship the merchandise back to Paris. So sure was he of making the purchase that in advance of the salesman's visit he had arranged with his bank for the necessary funds.

It was Mr. Blank himself who told me the details of the transaction. Was he not, I asked, afraid some retailer would get ahead of him and buy the gems direct from the Frenchman? Mr. Blank is an expert in other lines than that of connoisseur of precious stones.

"There wasn't much danger," he answered, "that any retail firm would want to tie up that much money. Besides, the Frenchman was really saving me trouble and expense. He went around the country and showed the goods to at least fifty important dealers. Every one of these dealers is a possible buyer from me in case he finds a client at some future time."

Mr. Blank's judgment proved correct. It was in March of this year that he made his purchase and let it be known in the trade that he was the owner of the gems. In July, when I talked with him, he had already sold the three most expensive stones.



Nearly half the population of the United States—over two-thirds of its wealth—are concentrated in the area served by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Rapid growth of population creates the hardest problem of the railroads

To help in its solution, The Pennsylvania *now operates 6700 trains a day . . .*

TWO NEW STATES annexed to the United States—states as populous as Illinois and Indiana! That would be news indeed. Yet the increase to the country's population would be no greater than that which has occurred within the past five years—eight million new people!

Already, the railroads of the country are carrying about a billion passengers a year in addition to hauling an unprecedented volume of freight

In doing its part in handling this great volume of traffic, the Pennsylvania Railroad carries 140,000,000 passengers a year, and hauls over a quarter of a billion tons of freight. Over its 26,000 miles of track, the Pennsylvania carries daily an average of about 384,000 passengers—more people than the total population of Indianapolis or Kansas City. It operates 3800 passenger trains and from 2500 to 3000 freight trains—a total average of 6700 trains a day—the largest railroad operation in the United States.

To provide for the Nation's future traffic needs

TO HANDLE yet more expeditiously its unequalled volume of traffic, the Pennsylvania has participated in the construction of immense new terminals. The new Union Station at Chicago, one of the most spacious and majestic stations in the world, is one evidence of this. Another is the development of the extensive terminal facilities now under way at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

The Pennsylvania has been equally forward-looking in purchasing new equipment. For instance, twenty-four splendid new dining cars are now on order. And to increase its immense capacity for handling traffic, the Pennsylvania is purchasing 200 new locomotives of the most powerful type made, together with additional passenger coaches and other equipment at a total expenditure of over $30,000,000.

IN THIS TASK of building for the present and future needs of the nation, the Pennsylvania has been inspired by those passengers and shippers whose consistent patronage has given it the greatest volume of traffic of any railroad in America.

And the success of its operation is made possible by the fact that the loyal efforts of over 200,000 men—competent and trained—are united in a common aim.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

CARRIES MORE PASSENGERS, HAULS MORE FREIGHT THAN ANY OTHER RAILROAD IN AMERICA

No more haunting, taunting hot-pipe Blues!

"THE HOT-PIPE BLUES" is now a back-number... a dirge of days gone by. Pipes no longer moan, *"What'll I do?"* They've changed their tune to *"Sweet and cool,"* and *"Everything is hotsy-totsy now!"*

So *if your* pipe still gets red-hot, it's ten-to-one you're still smoking tobacco that's cut too fine. Finely cut tobacco burns too fast and naturally smokes too hot... PIPE tobacco should be cut in large flakes... slow-burning... cool-smoking!

Try this on your pipe: First ream it clean, then fill it full of Granger Rough Cut... It's the latest pipe-hit, a perfect classic, never gets hot. Notice how slow Granger's large flakes burn... how cool it smokes. Like a sea-breeze from morning till night.

Granger ends all your pipe discord. For it's neither sharp nor flat—but smooth and "mellowdious"... Just keep your old pipe packed with Granger and life'll be one long sweet song!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only.

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

PLUPY, WITH RARE JUDGMENT, SPOILS A HORSE TRADE

(Continued from Page 61)

traning hadent had as mutch effect on her as he wished. then he drawded a awful long breth, I thougt he wood never stop, and sed his ministerations hadent done as mutch for us as he hoaped. then he put on his hat and bowed his hed and went out verry mutch discuraged.

then father and mother and aunt Sarah looked at eech other and tride to look solem but they coodent and they begun to laff. then mother sed it was a shaim to disappoint so good a man as the minister and father sed he gessed it was a almity shaim but it coodent be helped now and he gessed we had better go back to the Unitarial chirch where we belonged. ennyway we wood have went back befoar crismas.

so i gess nothing can happen to me this time but i was auful scart. father sed the peeple in the chirch wood want to forget it jest as quick as they cood and he dident blaim them. but he hoaped he woodent forget it becaus he thougt it was the best goke of the year and he sed it had taugt him sumthing about his daughter Cele whitch he hadent gnew befoar.

May 16, 186— today is sunday. it was so warm today that father sed peraps we had better have a picknick at the Eddy woods. he sed suddin changes mite give peeple the idea that our family was not firmly anchered in our religius faith. so mother and aunt Sarah and Cele and Keene maid sum sanwiches and boiled a lot of eggs and packed them in baskits with cake and gelly and gnifes and plates and forks and spoons and lemonaid and a water pale and a bag of hay and otes for Nellie.

then father and mother and aunt Sarah and Annie and Frankie and Neddie and the baskits drove off in the 2 seeted wagon and the rest of us walked. the woods is most a mile away with grate pine trees and a high bank of sand rite over the river. well when we got there father had unhiched Nellie and tide her to a tree and put on a lite fli blanket and had taken out the pale and baskits and seets out of the wagon and had put up a swing.

well we bilt a fire and boiled coffee and maid tost and we jest had the best time all day. it was lots better than going to church and i wish we cood do it evry sunday but father says it woodent do. we dident get home until 6 oh clock.

Monday, May 17, 186— school again. jest think. old Francis never sed a wird about my himms.

Tuesday, May 18, 186— I can play e flat alto horn a little now. my mouth has most got well.

Wensday, May 19, 186— today Frank Hirvey sent for his horn. he has sold it to Pat Fitsgerald. that is jest my luck. i suppose i never shall have another chanct to play a horn again until i grow up.

Thiraday, May 20, 186— it seams as if my bad luck never cood be wirse. father probably will sell Nellie to old Si Smith. Old Si wants her to drive in his grocery wagon. Gimmy Bedell will drive her becaus old Si cant get out of his chair. all he can do is to set in his chair and sware and play chekers. most of the time he is swaring at Gimmy Bedell. this is wirse than losing my e flat alto horn, whitch was a grate blow. old Si is going to taik Nellie for a weak. if she can do the wirk he will by her. I wish i gnew what to do.

Friday, May 21, 186— Gimmy Bedell come for Nellie today. i have been wundering what i can do. it maid me mad evry time i see Gimmy driving her.

Saterday, May 22, 186— i have been wundering. if Si dont like Nellie he needent by her. but if he does he can by her. Gimmy doesent know mutch about a horse. i wunder.

Sunday, May 23, 186— today Gimmy Bedell took Nellie and went to the beach with her. I dont think he had enny rite to do it. he had augt to let her rest Sunday. sumtimes Gimmy has hard wirk to hold Nellie when she is coming towerds our barn. i am going to try and do sumthing about it tomorrow.

Munday, May 24, 186— i tride it today and i gess when the week is out old Si wont by Nellie. I think by that time Gimmy wont dare to drive her. well today i got out my slingshot and wated until Gimmy started out with a lode. he had a baskit of egs, 2 or 3 bags of flour, 2 or 3 cans of kerosene oil, sum salt fish, sum bags of shuger, a bucket of shaker applesase, a ferkin of butter, a baskit of plates and cups and sorcers and another basket of glass goblits. i gnew sum of the stuff was going to Nipper Browns on Pine Street so i put for Pine Street. bimeby i saw Gimmy coming along sitting up strait and proud becaus he had a horse and wagon when befoar that he used to carry round his groceries in a wheal barrow.

well Gimmy stopped at Nippers and i hid behine the fense of the nex house. when Gimmy come out whissling he unhiched Nellie and clim into the wagon. he was swinging a kerosene can with a potato stuck in the nozzle for a stopper. then he picked up the ranes and i let ding with the slingshot and the ferst gump Nellie maid neerly snaped Gimmys hed off and he begun to yank on the ranes ferst one rane and then the other whitch always maiks a horse mad, and then he hit her a auful paist with the whip and i let ding again jest as hard as i cood.

i ment to hit him becaus i was so mad with him for yanking her and whipping her. but i missed him and hit her and i wish you cood have saw her hiper down the street. Gimmy coodent hold her enny moar than he cood a railroad trane. they went round the corner into Grove street on 2 wheels and out came a bag of flour and busted and looked like a snow storm. when they got to the corner by George Smiths place Gimmy tride to run her into Whit Dewhersts barn but she tirned the corner again and the baskit of egs come out and hit the board fense by old Gnatt Gewells place and i gess evry eg broke and that fense looked like 20 feet of scrambled egs. then they went out of site with Gimmys yells for help growing fainter and fainter in the distances.

I ran as fast as i cood but when i got to the end of Grove street i saw 2 salt fish and a busted bag of shugar and another big snowdrift of flour near the big tree on the corner where it looked as if Gimmy had tride to run her into a tree and had prety near did it but not quite.

when i got to Court street Gimmy and Nellie was out of site but i cood see high school fellers running down towerds my house. so i put in as fast as i cood to get there befoar Gimmy was carried off to die. in front of old Gid Lyfords house was a lot of broken cups and plates and sorcers in a thousand peaces and 2 moar salt fishes and down by old Perry Moultons was the bucket of shaker applesase spilt all over the street and in front of the high school was the ferkin of butter and a lot of glass goblits and the seet of the wagon. i dident know what Gimmy was setting on but afterwards the fellers sed he was setting on the back of his neck with his feet braced agenst the dasher hollering whoa and pulling like time.

I was prety tuckered out but i kep on. when i got round the corner by old J. Albert Clarks house i cood see a crowd down by our house and when i got there old Gim Ellison the blacksmith was in our yard holding Nellie and looking at her legs and a crowd was asking Gimmy about it. that part of the fense where the hedg was was broken and the wagon was stuck in the hedg and a apple tree. Nellie had gone rite throug the hedg and the fense and Gimmy

(Continued on Page 96)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Now—Reduced to $375

(Chassis only) f.o.b. Flint, Michigan

The finest chassis ever offered at the price

Because of economies due to its ever increasing truck production, Chevrolet again is able to decrease the cost of quality commercial transportation units.

This drastic price reduction on the world-famous Chevrolet half-ton chassis now makes available, even to the smallest merchant, a commercial car of modern design that offers—

—the flexibility and handling ease of a three-speed transmission—the power and smoothness of a valve-in-head motor—the durability and dependability of rugged construction—the beauty and advertising value of unusually fine appearance—all combined with a remarkable economy of operation and up-keep.

See the nearest Chevrolet dealer! Learn how little it really costs to own a truck on which you will be proud to have your name appear!

New Low Prices

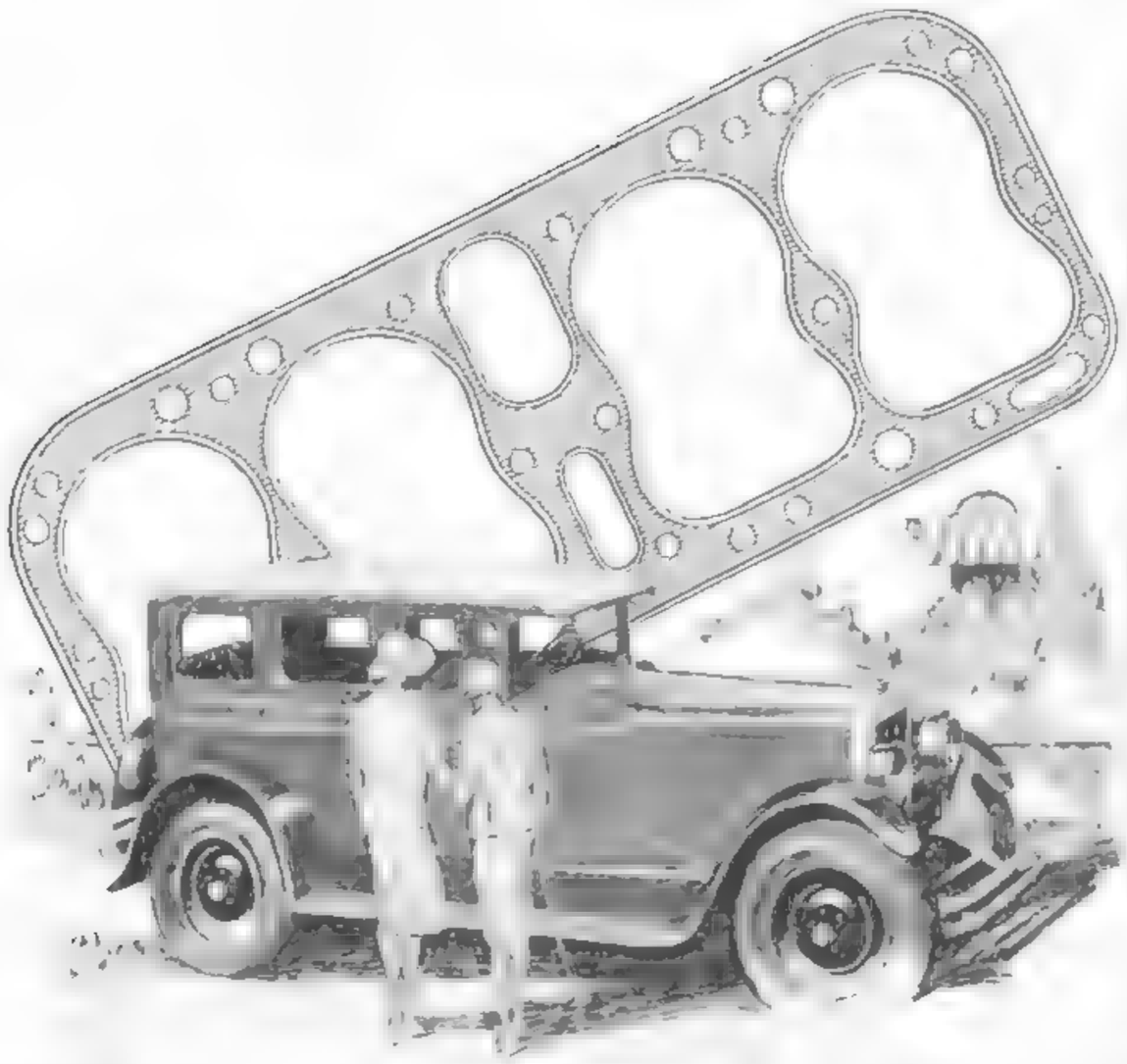
1-Ton Truck $495
reduced to

½ Ton Truck $375
reduced to

(Chassis only) f.o.b. Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

World's Lowest Priced Gear-shift Trucks



The achievement of 20 years

Twenty years ago the automobile was hardly more than an inventor's dream. Today it is a world reality bringing pleasure and recreation to countless people, and swift efficiency to the world of commerce.

Essential to the perfection of the automobile itself was the steady improvement of the individual parts that make it.

Conspicuous in, and vital to, this development was the improvement in gasket making, and the Fitzgerald Company—exclusive makers of the famous Never-Leak gaskets—led the field in improvement of this vital part.

NEVER-LEAK GASKETS

are bound-edge gaskets. That means that all edges, including the outside edge, are copper bound. Never-Leak gaskets are made under our exclusive patent and are greatly superior to the ordinary gasket that does not have this bound-edge feature. Never-Leak gaskets are further reinforced by a laminated copper steel insert which gives them all the advantages of copper plus the tensile strength and heat resisting qualities of steel.

When properly fitted a Never-Leak gasket *will not blow out*. It seals the cylinder head so tightly that gas leakage is impossible.

Every Never-Leak gasket is sold with a guarantee that, correctly applied, it will give perfect service until it becomes necessary to remove the cylinder head for other repair purposes. Any of the more progressive garages can fit your car with a Never-Leak. Sizes for every standard make of car, truck or tractor.

It pays to seek a Never-Leak

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
TORRINGTON, CONN.

NEVER-LEAK
Cylinder Head Gaskets

Makers of STAR-Rite Electrical Necessities

(Continued from Page 94)

had gone with her becaus he was all tangled up in the ranes but the wagon hadent.

Nellie wasent hirt mutch and dident limp a bit but Gimmy was limping with both hind legs and his cloths were torn and covered with mud. after i put Nellie in the barn i went out to hear what Gimmy sed about it. well you augt to have herd him talk. he sed he had been very easy with her but she has acked ugly all morning and he sed he tide her in front of Mr. Browns house and when he was coming back befoar he fairly got in the wagon she started on the ded run and he coodent hold her. she run blind and he had a auful time to keep her from running into trees. he sed she must have had a fit. he sed he coodent account for it enny other way unless she was a runaway horse.

then sumone asted Gimmy if he hit her with the whip and Gimmy sed he never used the whip. then old Gim Ellison sed sumone hit her 2 licks for there was 2 long welts on her side as big as lead pensils and 3 feet long. Gimmy sed there wasent enny and i went in and led Nellie out and showed them and then old Gim Ellison sed that if ennyone dident gnow more than to lace a spirited horse like that it sirved him rite.

and then old Si Smith come hobbling out with 2 men one on eech side and 2 canes and wanted to know who was going to pay for them bags of flour and shuger and the shaker applesase and salt fish and egs and butter and glass and corckery and harness and wagon. and Gimmy Bedell wanted to know who was going to pay for his cloths and his hat and Gim Ellison sed he wasent and ole Si sed he wood sew George Shute for $500 dollers jest as soon as he cood see Alvy Wood.

then the 2 men helped old Si back in his store and his 2 canes and Gimmy went limping up the street with a wheal barrow after the salt fish and the butter whitch was about the only things whitch cood be saived out of the reck becaus the salt fish cood be dusted and the butter was in a ferkin and i went in and washed Nellies mouth and the welts on her side and bandiged her legs and give her a drink and sum hay. i was lait to school but so was evrybody and old Francis coodent say ennything becaus he run down with the rest of the crowd.

well this noon after dinner i went over to the stable to hear what the men sed about it. mother dont let me go over there mutch but i told her i wanted to hear what they sed about old Si sewing father for $500 dollers. so she sed i cood stay until it was time for school and so i went over. there was old Harrison Rundlett and old Charlie Fifield and old Squire Lane and old Charles Flanders whitch has bumble feet whitch always makes him look as if he was walking backwards and when he is standing still he looks as if his head had been tirned round and 2 or 3 other fellers. they was all frends of old Si and all frends of father. they was all smoaking and talking about Gimmys axident and old Si.

when i got there old Harrison Rundlett sed i wunder if old Si will sew George like he sed he wood and old Charles Fifield sed no of coarse he wont. he aint got enny case and old Charles Flanders sed i aint so sure about that Charles. dident George warrant the horse to be sound and kind and old Bill Young sed i dont beleeve George done that because she wasent sound. her front feet was pinched and she had to ware spredders and George had to stuff wet moss into them. ennyway old Si gnew she wasent sound. then old Charles Fifield sed she was kind. jest see how that girl of Georges rode her and the boy two. she was high sperited and you coodent hit her with a whip. why George never drove her with a whip. he sed old Si aint got a leg to stand on. he wont sew George.

i gnew that because old Si hasent been able to waulk without help for 13 years but i coodent see why that shood keep him from sewing father. i dident see what legs had to do with it.

then old Charles Flanders sed yes the boy did onct drive her with a whip last year when he went to ride with that girl and she fetched the little mare a lick and she run away and tipped them out. old Si gnew that becaus i herd him laffing at it. then old Page the fish pedlar whitch is one of old Sis best frends and they play chekers evry day and nite and sware at eech other feerful and call eech other feerful naimes gnocked the ashes out of his pipe and sed i callate Josiah will get the werst of it if he fites a law suit with George.

then old Charles Fifield he sed shaw nobody will sew George Shute, he is two good a feller. And old Charles Flanders he sed i bet Si wont because George bys a lot of groceries of Si in a year. then again Gimmy had no bizziness to hit her with the whip.

well i felt better becaus i dident want father to get sewed and have to lose a lot of money on my account and if i told that i hit Nellie with a slingshot he wood have to pay. so it was awful lucky that Gimmy hit her those welts with the whip. and it was lucky that he left those marks on her becaus i was the only feller whitch saw Gimmy lace her and i woodent dass to say i saw him hit her becaus they wood ask what i was doing up there and a lot of other questions.

Then old Charles Fifield sed that old Si was madder then ever becaus when Gimmy went up for the salt fish and the butter sumbody had stole the butter and 2 of the salt fish had been run over by horses and wagons so they were not mutch good but mite be soaked in water and dride.

then old Charles Flanders he sed if storekeepers was satisfied to let peeple come and xamine goods in the store and by them and taik them home for themselfs this woodent have hapened. he sed the hoal truble was becaus evryhody wanted to be two smart. as long as old Si was contented to use a wheal barrow to deliver a barrel of flour or a ferkin of butter 2 or 3 times a weak he got along all rite and was maiking money hand over fist but jest as soon as he wanted to make a spred iggle show and got a horse and wagon sumthing like this hapened and he lost $30 or $35 dollers and no store keeper cood stand menny sutch cracks as that.

then old Harrison Rundlett sed that the tendency of the times was xtravigence and lucksury and things was coming to a prety pass with wood $3 dollers and $.25 cents a cord and cole $3. dollers and $.50 cents a ton and $.12½ cents a dozen for egs and $3. dollers a barril of flour. then he sed what do you think Mager Blake gets for a room and bord in the Squamscott hotel for a weak. And when nobody gnew he sed $5. dollers. what do you think of that.

then old Bill Young sed that if things kep up at this rate there wood be the end of evrything. then it was time to go to school and i had to go.

tonite i drove Nellie to the trane for father and he come out and sed hello where did you get the little mare and he patted her and she looked splendid. i had rubbed her down and combed her main and tale and washed the wagon and had borrowed a harness and she jest looked like a colt. so father got in and took up the ranes and she troted off and I told father about it as well as i cood. but we come down from the station so fast that we got home befoar i had got haff way throug. so we went in to supper and i told him the rest and when i told him about the bags of flour and shuger and the old salt fish and Gimmy hollering for help and tangled up in the ranes and draged throug the mud and the hedg he neerly dide with laffing but when i sed old Si was going to sew him for $500 dollers father sed he can sew and be dammed. but when i told him what the men sed about it he laffed and sed i shall have to go over and talk with Josiah.

so after supper he went over and he woodent let me go over but i set on the steps and wached him. he set on the steps of old Sis store and i cood hear old Si sware and hear father laff. bimeby father called me over and sed Josiah says you cant drive Nellie and you bring her over and show him. so i drove Nellie up and down the street. then i put the saddle on and rode

(Continued on Page 98)

Chrysler Standardized Quality

As the result of the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, all four lines of Chrysler cars are each standardized as to quality of engineering and manufacturing. Each line assures typical Chrysler superiority of performance, comfort, dependability and long life, regardless of the price paid or the model selected.

Chrysler alone offers Standardized Quality because Chrysler alone builds four lines of cars under one name and one management, in one group of unified plants to supply the four great quality markets.

CHRYSLER "50"

Finest of Fours

To the roominess and comfort of full-sized bodies, add the speed of 50 miles and more per hour, the unequaled economy of 25 miles to the gallon, typical Chrysler dash and beauty, Chrysler power and pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds, the lowest-price for a car of such quality—and you have the Chrysler "50"—the newest Chrysler product—latest great step in Chrysler's plan of quality standardization—producing cars for the four great quality markets.

Three body types—Priced from $750 to $830, f. o. b. Detroit

CHRYSLER "60"

A Host of Fine Car Features in a New Lower-Priced Six

Sixty miles, and more, per hour. Lightning acceleration. Characteristic Chrysler smartness and beauty. Phenomenal riding ease. Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Oil filter and air cleaner. Full pressure lubrication. Seven-bearing crankshaft. Impulse neutralizer. Manifold heat control. Road levelizers, front and rear. Roomy luxurious bodies. The new lighter six Chrysler "60" is the lowest-priced Six ever built which combines all these fine car features—plus unapproached Chrysler performance and quality.

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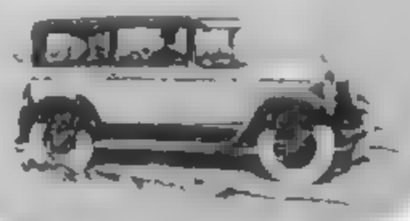


(*All prices subject to Federal excise tax*)

CHRYSLER

"50" "60" "70" "80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

These are the Mouth Glands, three on each side

They must be kept working in spite of our easily chewed foods, which slow them up for lack of exercise. Their normal vigor, usually lost in childhood, is gently restored by the important salt, common to all living things, which you taste in Pebeco

Health and Gaiety *show the carefree* MOUTH of YOUTH

All the world loves your laughter

your ready smiles—the fresh and lovely mouth of wholesome youth. But even in early youth the health and beauty of the mouth will begin to go, unless we keep the tiny Mouth Glands active.

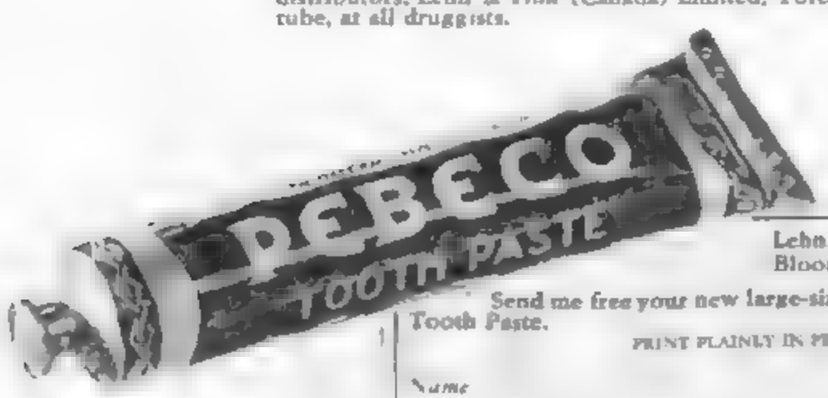
Active mouth glands guard it!

SIX tiny mouth glands supply the fluids which alone can really guard your teeth and gums. When they slow up, decay begins. The gums start to soften.

And so the tooth paste was worked out which will restore the healthy action of the mouth fluids as well as polish the teeth—Pebeco.

As soon as you taste the sharp clean tang of the important salt in Pebeco, the normal action of the mouth glands is renewed. Purifying fluids from the mouth glands cleanse even where the tooth brush cannot reach. Your whole mouth is tingling and refreshed, gloriously clean and young and healthy!

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists.



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Send coupon today for generous tube

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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

(Continued from Page 96)

her. then old Si sed he gessed she was all rite but he woodent talk the gift of her and father he sed Josiah you havent money enuf to by her, and old Si sed if i have menny days like this i shall go to the poorhouse. so father got in and we drove round Kensington ring and father he sed he and old Si had desided to call it square. i asted him if Gimmy had lost his place and father sed no. Gimmy was all rite only old Si sed he coodent be trusted with a horse but he was pretty relible with a wheal barrow and cood be trusted not to let it run away with him.

so father isent going to sell Nellie. i am so glad that i dont feal a bit bad about my e flat alto horn. but this has been a pretty lifely weak for me. i gess i never had a more lifely one.

Editor's Note—This is the fifteenth of a series of sketches by Mr Shute. The next will appear in an early number.

THEY ALSO SERVE

(Continued from Page 25)

bumping people aside with her. He left her at the side of the dance floor and went into the foyer. She returned to the table, sat down, and plunged enjoyably into a long-distance flirtation that she had planned and postponed.

He recovered his raccoon coat, justifying the brunette's regard for him by giving her a dollar. The lady of the necklace and her escort were recovering their wraps too. Charleston did not look at them, but he was at their heels when they ascended to the street. When they entered a cab, he was across the street entering a cab of his own.

"That's them," he said to his driver. "Did you get it?"

"From Maxie, the Renter," said the driver, handing something through the window. "He's holding the dough."

The conveyance started with a nervous jerk, throwing Charleston back in the seat. It rolled down Seventh Avenue and turned into Fifty-seventh Street, halting finally in that thoroughfare.

The hour lacked a few minutes of one o'clock in the morning. The wide sidewalks of the hundred-foot street—a street that was then hesitating between residence and business uses—were deserted. Deep in the cavernous interiors of the new stores lights were burning, but only against burglars; on the staid old brownstone fronts of the houses—remodeled now, for the most part, into one, two and three room bachelor apartments renting for a thousand per year per room—yellow rectangles of shaded light showed. The day was done, and the new day was still far below the horizon. The whine of a flying cab came down the street from near the river a mile away. A milk truck on an adjoining avenue filled the street with a rudely irrupting and suddenly blanketed clatter and jangle and roar.

The cab they had followed was halted across the way. Its passengers entered a house; the cab went grumbling off. Charleston alighted from his cab and crossed the street to the house. He did not hurry.

This house had been of the old-time English basement type, with a main entrance at the head of a brownstone stoop, with a service entrance through a sunken areaway and under the stoop. The stoop—useless and interfering excrescence, vestige of a departed and forgotten grandeur—had been shorn away; all comers were let in now on the ground floor. Charleston looked through the plate glass in the iron grille, saw that the interior hall was untenanted, opened the iron door and entered. He heard an elevator whirring sonorously. He walked to the cage, fifty feet from the door, passing between indirectly lit walls that simulated massy stone blocks as well as wall paper might. He waited, hand in raccoon-coated pocket.

The elevator descended from above, a bright shape. The colored boy who was running it landed it on the bumpers, released the control, and stepped into the hall. He was yawning; running a night elevator is a quiet job.

Charleston stepped from behind the cage, presented a thirty-eight-caliber revolver at the colored man's stomach, and said without excitement, "Take me to the apartment where you took those people."

"Yes, sir," said the colored man. "Yes, sir! Step this way, sir."

Charleston entered the car. The colored man drove it to the third floor, and then marched ahead of the revolver to an apartment door.

"Ring the bell," said Charleston, who had been over this route several times before. "Tell them who you are, and say it's something from the Four Hundred and Us Club. Then step in."

"Who is it?" said a man's voice shortly after the colored man had pushed the button.

"It's Christopher, sir. Something's come from the Four Hundred and Us Club. Open the door, sir, please."

The door opened. Christopher pushed in hurriedly, eager to keep well away from that prodding revolver.

"Here—what's the idea?" protested the tenant. "What do you mean by ——"

"Never mind, buddy," said Charleston, pointing his weapon at the tenant. "And don't holler or you'll be shot. Go right ahead down the hall with the coon."

The tenant, who was the gentleman from the night club, followed the colored man.

"What is it, dear?" called the lady.

She uttered a suddenly smothered shriek when she saw the procession. The colored man, the tenant and Charleston entered the room in single file. The tenant had evidently been interrupted in the manufacture of a cocktail; the materials for this festive drink were on a table. The room was a living room. The coats of the couple lay on chairs; the two were dressed again as they had been in the Four Hundred and Us Club.

"Don't holler or you'll be shot," said Charleston, swinging the revolver toward her by way of demonstration. "Hand over that necklace and be quick, lady."

The lady's eyes suddenly widened, warning Charleston. He swung his gun to the right and rear, firing it almost blindly at what threatened him from that quarter.

The tenant had jumped to attack him. Now, shot through the chest, he was on his hands and knees, coughing, sinking down. The lady shrieked in earnest, and moved to run forward.

"Don't holler, lady, or you'll be shot," said Charleston, bringing the gun to bear on her again. "Hand over that necklace, and be quick about it, lady."

He issued from the house, running, a minute later, hurried across the street and jumped into the waiting cab; the cab was under way before he reached it, and now it shot along Fifty-seventh Street. It turned into the first avenue, bolted down it for three blocks, turned again into a side street, and again into an avenue, when it resumed a law-abiding gait.

"Thought I heard the loud-speaker," said the driver conversationally.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Have to give him the works?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"I was just wondering." A sudden cold chill swept the driver; he shivered and said energetically, half turning, "I'm in on this just as much as you are, Charleston. Yep, if you're in the mud, I'm in the mire. Listen, do you want to sit out front here with me? Oh, nothing. Thought you might want the good air."

The cab halted in a still tenement street in the West Sixties. "I better not wait," said the driver. "It looks bad less'n a chauffeur lives in the house. See you tomorrow night in Long Acre? Right!"

(Continued on Page 100)

OUT OF THE BACKGROUND

EVERY morning, millions of people take their automobiles, their telephones or their market-baskets, and do their own shopping. Name after name leaps to their lips without hesitation. This brand of shoes. That brand of flour. This tire. That soap. This ginger ale. That stocking. Names correctly and clearly spoken. Given with the ease of long familiarity. Recognized instantly by clerks, these names of products that are accepted by the buyers without inspection and without question.

These people who are asking for known merchandise in thousands of stores today are *buying*. They are not *being sold*. More and more each year, such people are insisting on their own preferences. And retail business everywhere is feeling the influence of their trade. One of the shrewdest retailers in New York recently said that "the merchant now tries to buy what the consumer wants. For these consumers, with advertisements, catalogs and bulletins, have developed an exactness in taste and an expertness in buying that are changing merchandising conditions. Manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer — all must observe the buying habits and listen to the demands of the consumer."

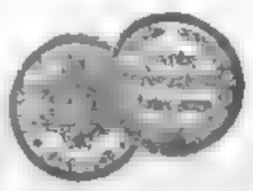
Many manufacturers long ago sought the aid of advertising to make their products known and trusted; demanded by consumers and consequently by retailers and wholesalers. Today the names of their products stand out in bold relief against the hazy background of the public mind. Familiar names . . . accepted names . . . advertised names. Placed definitely on the Nation's shopping list with the help of the printed page. And to such manufacturers it is a commonplace to say that any article of real merit can be sold in greater volume, and in less time, with the aid of advertising.

Many other manufacturers of more recent advertising experience are steadily increasing their sales and widening their market. Year after year, keeping everlastingly at it, advertising is helping their products to emerge from the background of the public mind. They are getting into jobbers' stocks. They are finding a place on retailers' shelves. Salesmen are taking them a little farther afield each year . . . Growing . . . Growing . . . until finally everyone will say, whenever their names are mentioned . . . . . "Oh, yes."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



The distinction of this Entrance Hall is achieved by its Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum (Pattern 2104) with a Blabon Plain Black Linoleum border. In the Dining Room and Living Room are floors of Blabon's Gray Jaspé Linoleum (Pattern 10)

There's dignity in this patterned floor!

An inviting atmosphere, you'll say, when you enter such a home. Why? Because you are impressed by the striking color effect that greets your eye.

In this entrance hall, for instance, its walls are tinted in Colonial yellow, its doorway curtains are made of rich blue velvet, and a brilliant touch of Chinese red is featured in the early American mirror; and its black and cream Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum with its border of Blabon's Plain Black Linoleum completes the artistic picture.

Floors of Blabon's Inlaid or Plain Linoleum are easy to keep clean, and never need expensive refinishing. Indeed the linoleum is already waxed and polished by the improved Blabon method when you receive it—no further waxing is necessary for some time to come. You simply brush up the surface dust and periodically polish the floor.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams, which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

You will be delighted with the new decorative creations that can be had in Blabon's Linoleum. See it at home-furnishing or department stores. Then write our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions without cost to you.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," sent free, upon request.

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Established 75 years

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

When you visit the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition at Philadelphia, see the displays of Blabon's Linoleum at these locations: The Blabon Exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Wall Paper House in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Shipped House on High Street (Ideal Housekeeping Model Home)

BLABON'S Linoleum

(Continued from Page 98)

Charleston entered the tenement hall, which was heavy with odors, and ascended a rubber-padded stair to the second floor. The flats in the house were of the fore-and-aft type, with two rooms on the street and two on the rear court and two blind rooms between. There were but two flats on a floor, each flat having two entrances—one at each end of the narrow public hall that followed the stairs. One entrance gave into the kitchen, and the other into the front parlor.

The builder of this house had planned it for occupancy by rich people, people moving out of the obsolete brownstone fronts, planned to jam a crowd of rich tenants in and extract a glorious rent-roll. The house was occupied now by motormen, mechanics, small bootleggers and thieves, authors, clerks, and such poor and possibly rascally people as couldn't or wouldn't pay more than thirty dollars for six rooms even in a housing famine.

There was a light behind the ground-glass panel in the door to the kitchen before which Charleston paused. He knocked, named himself, and was admitted.

A stout and slovenly man of fifty-five or sixty was in the kitchen, getting himself a tasty bite. With a keen knife he had been shaving an imported Westphalian ham—to be had in any good delicatessen for fourteen or fifteen dollars—and with this he would join scrambled eggs, a cut from an Italian twisted loaf, and a quart bottle of Canadian ale.

"For two, isn't it so?" said the slovenly man hospitably, going for another plate and glass. He kept his crockery on top of a modern steel safe painted an unostentatious white.

"Not for me, Feitel," said Charleston. "Here, what's this worth?" And he threw the lady's necklace onto the table. "You can have it for three grand."

Feitel glanced at the small and glittering heap, turned away to resume his housekeeping, turned back suddenly and picked up the necklace and let it drape itself over his thick fingers. "If it ain't!" he said, looking at Charleston with blue eyes that were bright with humor.

"Ain't it, though?" said Charleston contentedly. "The real thing, hey, Feitel?"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Feitel. "Listen, Charleston," he wheezed, unable to keep the joke to himself an instant longer than physical necessity required, "this very afternoon I sell a customer this very necklace. Can you beat it?"

"Come off," said Charleston.

"This very afternoon, I'm telling you," protested Feitel. "I sold it to him for three hundred and fifty dollars. Them ain't genuine diamonds, my boy; them are white sapphires, excepting this one here and these chips on the clasp. Well, it's a nice piece and would fetch a thousand or twelve hundred retail, but I sold it for three fifty, being that this customer is an old customer, and he knew the stuff was bent and wouldn't make no question. Do you want to sell it? I'll allow you a hundred and fifty dollars for it, and that's liberal and I'll hold it here a week. Really, I don't want it. I don't handle this five-and-ten-cent-store jewelry."

"Sure it's the same one?"

"Oh, absolutely, positively!"

"And you remember—the fellow bought it?"

"When he's my customer? Why, absolutely, I ——"

Feitel's mouth suddenly hung on a dead center; his eyes were fastened on the eyes of his visitor. They stood thus for a matter of seconds; both faces were expressionless. Friends exchange such a long stare when they are striving mutually to recover a memory.

Feitel's hand rose slowly, interposing the necklace between him and that intent regard.

"But could I be sure?" he said, staring now at the stones. "Almost sure I am, Charleston, but still —— Did that other necklace have white-gold or platinum links? Ah, that's the question. They all look alike, you know. And this here clasp is real platinum. Well, now ain't that funny? Almost I could have sworn it was the same, but now I see it ain't. This one is better yet, Charleston. Three hundred dollars I could allow you—maybe three and a quarter, what do I care? You'll bring me when you take a good one, isn't it so?"

Charleston walked from him, stood at the door and said, as if unwilling to relinquish a fixed resolve, "Come off—it's the same one."

"I'm telling you it ain't."

"You sold it this afternoon, Feitel."

"Not this one!"

Charleston looked at the floor, one corner of his mouth drawn down in reflection. He looked up and said, "What did the customer look like you sold this afternoon?"

"Spanish fellow named Quintana, off a ship," said Feitel readily. "Steward he is; brings me what he picks up. Little thin black fellow with big bushy hair like the wild man from Borneo, and he don't speak no English almost. A young fellow like you, Charleston, maybe nineteen, maybe twenty. Sure, he's an old customer, I'm telling you! How do I know what he wanted with it? He wanted it, that's all. I don't ask no questions, and I don't answer none, understand? I buy and sell for cash, and if somebody got to know where I got the goods I say, 'From a fellow comes up to me down at the exchange. How do I know who he is?'"

Charleston weighed this testimony and implied promise. His right hand came reluctantly from his side pocket, came empty. He mumbled, "All right, Feitel. Gi' me."

"That's business," said Feitel commendingly. "Step outside, my boy."

Charleston went into the hall. Feitel closed the door and shot the bolt below the heavy iron netting. He went to the safe, opened it, and took six fifty-dollar bills from a thick sheaf of the same denomination. He closed the safe, opened the door, gave the money to Charleston, and closed and secured his portal again.

Then he spat at the door in a spasm of hatred. He had read the story of the murder in Charleston's eyes, and he had been in mortal terror. His eyebrows lifted pathetically now, and his mouth drooped. He was a merchant, abhorring violence, despising those who lived by it, undisciplinedly acquisitive, greedy and sensual, but a peaceable old man. Not a leather would be pulled or a trigger pressed in the city of New York if the doing waited for Feitel. And he had been terrorized. There was blood on that cheap necklace—not so cheap as he had said, but too cheap to handle with blood on—and there would be a great cry and search, and anybody found with the thing would —— That young hop-head knew that he knew, would have snatched out then and there that rod that he clutched in his hidden hand if the drug hadn't died down in him; another time, eh? When pursued, eh? He'd think of poor old Feitel. Why should old Feitel live when it was so easy to open the door and fire in at him? Ah, it was disgusting! What did it avail that the law hadn't touched him, couldn't touch him? Could his cunning lawyer shield him from such brutes? Ha-ha!

Feitel's hands went mechanically up and down, clashing the Sheffield blade against the sharpener. With a sigh of self-commiseration, he laid the whetted edge against the scarlet ham.

"Who is it?" he snapped, staying the blade.

A knock had sounded on the door, and not a thief's ingratiating tapping, but a great and hearty and law-backed thump.

"Open up here!" said a hearty voice.

Feitel knew the voice. He opened the door. "Hello, Cocklin," he said hospitably to the city detective in plain clothes. "Join me in a little supper? Come in, my boy, come in."

"Come in, Federson," said Cocklin, ignoring the greeting. "This is the place."

(Continued on Page 102)

A Custom Car *for* Captains of Commerce

THE President, a Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan, was designed, built, and christened in honor of America's executives—created *expressly* for men at the helm of the nation's industries!

The President is replete with all the characteristics of a custom creation—designed with a long low-swung custom body on a 127-inch wheelbase—lacquered in rich ebony with a belt of thistle green striped with Siskiyou yellow, or in Croaton green with belt of ebony delicately striped in ivory. Equipped with disc wheels, four-wheel brakes and ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture. Enriched with the silvered figure of Atalanta above its radiator and powered with the quiet Studebaker L-head motor which recently set a new transcontinental record by crossing from New York to San Francisco in 86 hours and 20 minutes.

The sky is the limit as to quality in The President, but we come back to earth to put a price on The President —$2245. We invite you to see what Studebaker's One-Profit facilities have achieved.

Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker, nickel-plated bumper and bumperettes; Watson Stabilators; engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner, double rear-view mirror; vanity case; smoking set, clock, arm rests, toggle grips, dome light automatically turned on when right rear door is opened, traffic signal light; 4-wheel brakes; balloon tires; and two beam nickel-plated acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel

***The* PRESIDENT**

A Big Six Custom Sedan (for seven)

$2245

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Standard Six Custom Sedan . . $1385 Big Six Custom Brougham $1785

STUDEBAKER

Husbands have a right to *better breakfasts*

IF MORE wives knew more about business, they'd see to it that breakfasts were better. A whole day can go wrong on a breakfast. Waffles and toast can't build skyscrapers, but a good man can. And many a good man would do more with his mornings if his day began with his coffee . . tasteful-hot and *inspiring!*

The easy, quick and economical way to better breakfasts is by table electrics. An electric toaster makes toast that is always golden. Coffee, made in an electric percolator, really makes itself . . piping-hot, amber-clear, *the same every morning!*

To take the dangerous bore out of breakfast, there are waffles . . . made in the new, modern, electrical way, *right at the table.*

And with Manning-Bowman Table Electrics, you can set just as charming a breakfast table. These appliances come in the finest silverware or nickel, in designs inspired by fine old silver pieces. The quality is the best you can buy, and a genuine economy, since each piece is guaranteed for long and perfect service. Write for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," a free booklet on electrical cookery. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

Trade-mark

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Electric Appliances

Manning-Bowman After-dinner Coffee Set No. 3130, 7 Price $43.00. Table Stove No. 1410. Price $12.50

Continued from Page 100

The two men swaggered into the kitchen. They were young men, strongly built, blustering, of an unruly type, derived ordinarily from the immigrant laboring class. "Where is it, Feitel?"

"The supper?" said Feitel, cringing. "Just a minute."

"No, not the supper! You know what we're after. Trot it out."

"I do' know ——"

"Don't give us no bologny about what you don't know," said Cocklin, pressing against him and shoving him back against the table. "We was standing across the street and seen Charleston Charley pop out of here, so come clean. I got a mind, Feitel, to beat your head off." He poised a limber blackjack.

"Listen, officer, will you?" chattered Feitel. "When I'm done you could beat my head off. This man I never seen him before in all my life, but somebody sends him here, I should buy a necklace he got. Well, I wouldn't tell you yet if I bought it? I mean I wouldn't tell you what it was. I told him I don't do that kind of business, and what's more, fellow, I don't know you, and I don't do no business with strangers. So he said ——"

"Clout him," suggested Federson.

"Listen, officer," squealed Feitel. "Can I make it right?"

"What do you mean make it right?" growled Cocklin.

"What do you mean make it right?" snarled Federson.

"A hundred and fifty," offered Feitel.

"Aw, clout him," urged Federson.

"Five hundred!" gasped Feitel.

Cocklin lowered the blackjack and walked away to confer with Federson. Returning, he said, "Listen, Feitel. We're regular and you're regular, so we don't want to do you nothing. We always done you right, didn't we? And what's more, we can watch out for you. Listen, you're going to hear something inside, so keep it under the hood. Know Inspector Taylor? Listen, I ain't saying nothing, or who we got to give up to, but Inspector Taylor and us is—just—like—that."

He held up three fingers, pressed tightly together, the implication being that the tall central finger was Inspector Taylor and the outer fingers, hugging the tall one so intimately, were Officers Cocklin and Federson.

"Ah, so," breathed Feitel.

"So it will be one grand," said Cocklin. "And you can do all the business you like. Is that regular?"

"You're the boys I've been wanting to meet," said Feitel. "You get the grand and I do business, isn't it so? Then come here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, and I give you the mazuma."

"What's the matter with now?" said Cocklin. "Don't tell us you ain't got it. Open that safe and give us a look."

"Officer," said Feitel sternly, "for a burglar I wouldn't open that safe, and not for no cop without a warrant. I'm telling you. Charleston cleans me down to my shoestrings. Now you're getting it straight, isn't it so? Come here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, or we can't do no business."

"Eleven o'clock then," said Cocklin. "Come on, Federson."

When they were gone, Feitel dissipated no energy in gestures of impotent passion. There was on his face a slight and grim smile, the grimace of a man who has made up his mind to take a radical step.

He entered the adjoining bedroom, flipped over the leaves of a telephone directory and called a number on the Trafalgar exchange.

"Let me have Inspector Taylor," he said. "Hello, this Mr. Inspector Taylor? Could I see you right away if I went up there, Mr. Inspector? Yeah, it's very important—about a police matter. Who's this? Well, never—well, this is Feitel, Harry Feitel. No, you don't know me, but you know of me. I was unjustly accused, Mr. Inspector, in the case of receiving —— Yeah, now you got me! That's me, Harry Feitel. Can I see you?"

He hung up, put on his greening overcoat and hard hat, opened the safe, put the necklace in his pocket, saw to his windows and other exit, and left the flat

He went downstairs and to the street door, and had a cautious look about before venturing to the pavement. He walked to Broadway and then northward to Seventieth Street, and so to an old apartment house by the North River. The house was a walk-up, but of a clean, modern sort. He pressed the button under the name Barton H. Taylor in the vestibule, and when the house door opened with a clicking he entered the interior public hall. The police inspector—a sturdy old man, clean-shaven and red-faced, white-haired but with bushy black eyebrows—was standing in the lighted doorway of his apartment on the first floor. "In here, Feitel," he called in crisp military accents.

Feitel entered a homely dining room furnished in cheap golden oak. Cards and reckoning pads lay on the circular extension table. "They're all gone," said the inspector brusquely. "Playing pinochle. Well, what is it?"

"I want to talk business," said Feitel, pulling a straight-backed chair to the table, and seating himself after a leisurely look about him. "You know what business I'm in, isn't it so? I'm a jeweler, a speculator—buy and sell. I do business in my apartment. Well, after that case I was mentioning to you on the phone, I got to thinking and wondering if you and me was going to be friends, because we ought to be friends. One hand washes the other, isn't it so? So I thought I would come around and ask you like a man to a man if we was going to be friends."

The inspector, sitting across the table, turned his body so that he faced away from Feitel. He drew a plug of tobacco from his vest pocket—he was in his shirt sleeves—gnawed off a gob, and said softly, "What would you suggest about us getting together?"

"Well," said Feitel, spreading his hands, "if a man ain't in right he's in wrong, isn't it so? And the police can make a man a lot of trouble even when he is always doing his best. So I thought nobody could say nothing if I was to make a friend a present, isn't it so?"

"Well, Feitel," said the inspector, looking as if he had found an unsavory spot in his plug, "what is this here present?"

"I was thinking," said Feitel, paling, "that I might give you a thousand dollars."

"And what am I to do for this thousand dollars?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing! Just—don't do nothing."

A long and leisurely groan came from the inspector, a groan in which there was pleasurable anticipation. "Feitel," he said, turning and smiling full on the fence, "you hand presents with a stiff wrist, don't you? Come in, boys!"

Worn velvet portières closed a doorway in the dining room. The portières were tossed aside now; two men entered the room, laughing lightly. "That's the time we caught you with the goods, inspector," chuckled one of them.

"Take this bucko over to Sixty-eighth Street and put him up in a cell," said the inspector. "I'll make the complaint in the morning. You go with him, Conner. Sit down, Galucci, and we'll play another hand."

"Come along," said Conner, still laughing. "You are certainly dumb, Feitel."

"Dumb as a cop, isn't it so?" said Feitel, returning the smile. "Just a minute yet, officer, until I transact my business with the inspector. Listen, Mr. Inspector, I was only fishing you out, and to you I will prove it. Do you know —— All right, don't get excited! You put your hand in and take it out. It's right in there."

Conner thrust an exploring hand into the breast of Feitel's coat, and brought out the necklace.

(Continued on Page 104)

The Pathfinder

INTO the unknown—through tangled forests, over mountain ranges—the pathfinder has followed the sun around the world. His was a vision of new empires.

Today in their laboratories the pathfinders of science are surmounting obstacles even more baffling on the way to a greater conquest. Thus MAZDA Service has blazed the trail for the progress which has installed the modern electric lamp in American industry, transportation, commerce and more than twelve million homes.

The process for the "inside frost" developed in the laboratories of the General Electric Company and the production of the new line of MAZDA lamps are the latest achievements of MAZDA Service. The results of its world-wide search for new ideas in incandescent lighting are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to put the Trade-Mark MAZDA on their lamps.

Only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

The "inside frost" of the new line of MAZDA lamps represents the greatest advance in electric lighting made in the last ten years. It is the realization of a long cherished dream—a lamp giving a soft diffused light without appreciable loss. The new type of bulb and [illegible] much greater ruggedness, its lower cost and adaptability make it the most economical light ever produced

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Your Legs Will Thank You

EVERY day your legs will thank you for the ease and comfort of Brighton Wide-Webs. They will thank you for garters with practically no tension—no binding—no checking of circulation—and this means much to the active man.

Brighton "Comfort" elastic permits the garters to be worn loosely—assuring absolute leg comfort with perfect sock support.

For comfort's sake, insist on Brightons at the men's wear counter.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
For 49 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Brighton Garters

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTERS

PIONEER Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up PIONEER

(Continued from Page 102)

"Hello," he said, holding it up to the light. "Do you suppose that's it?"

"It—what?" said the inspector.

"Why, that woman was over to the station, the one her husband got knocked off tonight on Fifty-seventh Street. She made a holler for a necklace, a diamond necklace. Say, this is it!"

"Where'd you get it?" said the inspector.

"From Charleston Charley," said Feitel. "He brings it to me just now, and wants I should buy it off of him."

"And you bought it?"

"Now, listen, inspector, am I buying stuff like that and bringing it to you? To help the police, I took it and promised to pay him tomorrow."

"Charleston Ferlitt," said Conner.

"He's your man," said the inspector. "It's a chance for you boys. Go out and bring him in! You know, with the new commissioner it'll mean a step."

"Me too," said Galucci, jumping up. "I know where he lives, and his people and everything!"

"What about our friend here?"

"I don't know," said the inspector, looking at Feitel. "What's he come here for? To help out the police? He's a liar."

"Listen, Mr. Inspector," said Feitel. "To you I tell something, but I don't want you should think it makes me come here, because I ain't in that business. But tonight two detectives come to my flat, named Cocklin and Federson, and they wanted they should shake me down."

"Aha!"

"Now, if all the police is honest like you, Mr. Inspector, and these boys here, a man can know where he gets off, isn't it so? But when two detectives comes to a man's flat and tries to shake him down for a thousand dollars so they could give it to Inspector Taylor ——"

"What's that?"

"This way, they said," said Feitel, holding up three fingers. "Them and Inspector Taylor."

"They used my name?"

"Absolutely, positively."

"Give them the money?"

"No," said Feitel cheerfully. "But being that I would be good friends with the police, I will give it to them tomorrow morning. So they're coming around to my flat at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning so I should give them a thousand dollars. Will I give it to them? This is what I come here to ask you, Mr. Inspector."

"Certainly give it to them," said the inspector. "How many rooms you got over there, Feitel? . . . Very good. I'll have a man at the bank to take the numbers of those bills, and I'll be waiting in the flat to see them take it. It'll be better than a circus. Cocklin and Federson, eh? I was right about that pair after all. They'll lose their shields tomorrow morning; and that's only how it starts."

"So that is why I wanted to see if they were right before I opened up," said Feitel suavely. "Can I go now?"

"To the station house," said the inspector.

"What—after I turn up these fellows for you?"

"Feitel, I know why you came here now, so don't make yourself hoarse. You were driven in, that's what. Charleston probably made you buy this stuff when you knew where it came from and didn't want it, but when those two crooked shooflies jumped in on you and wanted to sweat you for receiving, you said it was rubbing it in We want you as a material witness, and that'll save your neck if you come clean, but you're out of business right now."

"Don't I know it?" said Feitel with a philosophic shrug. "There ain't nobody going to bring me business after I turn this fellow up for the police. And there's other crooked detectives will give me a collar and keep up their reputation since they can't shake me down. All right! It ain't no business for a business man. With dopey guys and gunmen, with grafting cops, with—a lawyer, what good is a lawyer? These suckers don't care for a lawyer. A lawyer could keep you out of jail, but I just as soon be in jail. No, no, I'm through. If a man got brains he gets out of this business before he gets killed and robbed, and if he ain't got brains he goes to jail, so where is the percentage?"

"Dry up," said the inspector. "Take him over and tuck him in. Queering a good pinochle game, and me with a double pinochle!"

"Come along, Feitel," said Conner.

The officers conducted their prisoner to the station house, left him there, and returned to the street.

"This kid Charleston Charley—he's just a cake eater—was living with his people up in Ninety-sixth Street," said Galucci. "He travels with a dame called Dotty Dorothy, and she comes from down on San Juan Hill; and then I know his hangouts. So where do you suppose we will go first?"

"Well, if he got any brains," said Conner, "he won't go right back where he's known."

"If he had any brains," said Galucci, "he wouldn't be Charleston Charley. The way to figure these people when they are on the run is figure what a dog would do if you hit him a kick. We'll go over and call on Dotty's mamma. Remember Dotty's mother, don't you? Say, you're not so new on the force. Her best these days is drunk and disorderly, but when she was still a good-looker ——"

"Oh, yes, yes. Is that her?"

"That's her. She lives in an awful dump over on San Juan Hill in a rear tenement. You got to go in through another house. Dotty jumped out as soon as she could, like any self-respecting girl would."

"But the kid himself lives up on Ninety-sixth Street?"

"His people. Fine people too. It's a shame. His old gentleman is a fine old gentleman. Yep, it's a shame. I met the family years ago when I was working for the Society, and I got after the kid for a way he had of killing cats. Oh, a vicious kid he was! You wouldn't know it to speak to him; he'd smile in your face just like any other kid. He just didn't seem to know. I never could figure that kid out."

"Maybe he was dizzy."

"Not at all. Not him, or his mother either. Though he got an uncle on his mother's side down in Central Islip."

"Dizzy?"

"Oh, her whole family. But not her. That's what makes it tough to the old gentleman, as nobody could say he married a nut. And that don't give the kid an alibi either, as I can swear on Bibles so high that he's not dizzy. He's just a mighty bad kid. I'm warning you now, Conner, not to give him a chance. If he pulls a gun, let him have it. There won't be any benefit for my family if I see him reach first, and I hope you feel the same."

Back in the Four Hundred and Us Club, Sylvie Coke was chatting desultorily with the fellow who sold him his liquors. The latter—an ex-waiter named Stangerman, forty years old, with round and pasty face and the typically brooding and unquiet eyes of the night owl—was seated across a table from the proprietor, smoking one of the two excellent cigars that he had just bought and paid for. The grandfather's clock in the foyer showed ten minutes to three. The place was less crowded, but the survivors of the evening made up in noise what they lacked in number. Charleston and Dotty were out there on the dance floor; they eddied into view and Sylvie lifted a hand in patronizing recognition, but the gesture was wasted on the rapt couple. Sylvie saw that Stangerman's left hand was bandaged, and said, "You were tagged, were you? Police or Federal?"

"Heh," chuckled the bootlegger mirthlessly. "I wish it was. Hijackers! They caught me outside Freeport. Gave me this and then took my six cases, all my jack, my watch and overcoat, and then sat there, with me sitting like here, and talked about had they better shoot me some more and

(Continued on Page 106)

How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

Read what dentists have to say about this:

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

> Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?
>
> Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

> 83% said "Frequently"
> 15% said "Occasionally"
> Only 2% said "Never."

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—puts you on the safe and polite side

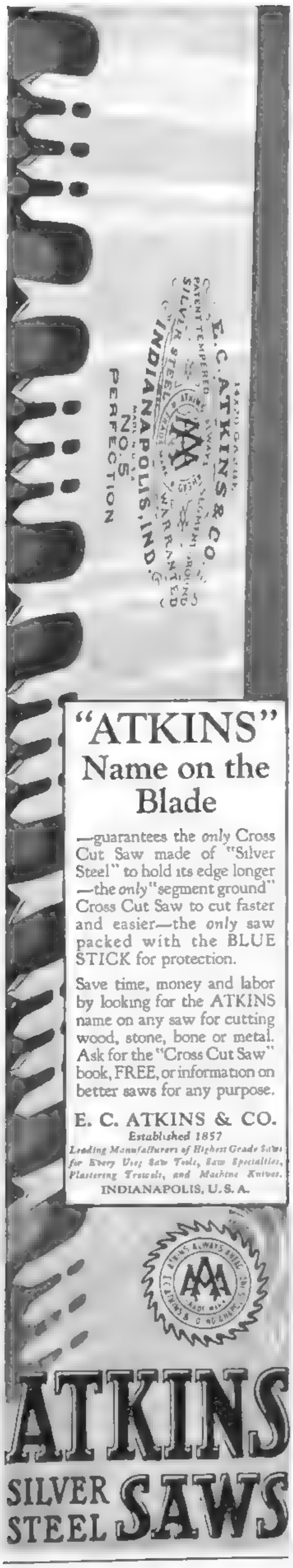
Special Note

Well—it worked!

For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

Special Note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PERFECTION
"ATKINS"
Name on the Blade
—guarantees the only Cross Cut Saw made of "Silver Steel" to hold its edge longer —the only "segment ground" Cross Cut Saw to cut faster and easier—the only saw packed with the BLUE STICK for protection.
Save time, money and labor by looking for the ATKINS name on any saw for cutting wood, stone, bone or metal. Ask for the "Cross Cut Saw" book, FREE, or information on better saws for any purpose.
E. C. ATKINS & CO.
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Leading Manufacturers of Highest Grade Saws for Every Use; Saw Tools, Saw Specialties, Plastering Trowels, and Machine Knives.
INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.
ATKINS
SILVER STEEL SAWS

(Continued from Page 104)

throw me in the bay. Police? I'm laughing inside. Say, right then I would have kissed the homeliest bull in North America. Say, I'm going back in the restaurant game."

"Now you got the idea, Stangy," said Sylvie Coke. "Look at my customers out there—representative crowd of people, aren't they? They're the people are keeping the whole thing going, and so long as they're willing to pay the bill, the whole bill, there will always be guys to take a chance. Say, why don't you buy my place?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing's the matter with it, only I've got mine and I'm ready to take it easy. I'm getting tired of working. I'll sell you this place right and take a mortgage on it for most of it."

"What are you getting out for?"

"I told you. I'll show you the whole works. I'm not like you, under cover; I got a city license to do business. Yes, and I got a court injunction against the cops to lay off me—what do you think of that? Do you know what I'd do with a cop come in here to bother me? I'd run him out."

"Yes, you would."

"I would. They haven't got a thing on me. They know I'm selling, but can they prove it? The law is they got to prove it, see?"

Conner and Galucci came quickly through the foyer and stood against the wall of the main room, scrutinizing the company. Sylvie studied them for a bare instant, and though he saw only two well-set-up young men in plain civilian dress, he guessed their profession out of a vast experience. He glanced into the foyer, raising and lowering a furtive hand. At once every light in the Four Hundred and Us Club was extinguished; the lighting service resumed before the least fuddled guest could cry a protest.

The jazz band had hesitated, but now the room was again filled with music. Conner and Galucci strode out to the dance floor, pushed among the twirling couples, and seized Charleston Charley by the arms. They held him in a grasp that mocked his puny strength while their free hands fluttered over him expertly, seeking weapons. The band played on, and the guests—stupid with liquor for the larger part—danced about the engaged group.

"Bring the girl," said Conner. "Maybe she got it, or it's at the table. Where were you sitting?"

They passed Sylvie with their prisoners. "What was the big idea of dousing the lights?" snapped Galucci.

"The fuse maybe, sir," said Sylvie, getting up. "Are you policemen?"

"What do we look like?"

"Kidnapers," said the proprietor impudently.

"Don't be bright," said Conner. "We got a mighty good mind to take you with us for interfering."

"Take me," said Sylvie, bolder than normally. "You got nothing on me."

"We ain't, eh? We got enough on you. Shut your trap. We know you, Coke."

"Well, let me tell you something, officer," said Sylvie, standing up to him. "I'm running a lawful business here, understand? You want to see my license? If that young fellow there is not right, that got nothing to do with me or my place, because he don't hang out here. And what's more, I got an injunction that you don't interfere with me, with persecuting me, while I conduct a legitimate business. If you come in here and sit down and behave yourself, you'll be served like everybody else, but you're not going to come bulldozing and brutalizing around here just because you're a policeman." He sat down.

"Declaring yourself, aren't you?" sneered Galucci. "We'll see you again."

"Any time in business hours, gentlemen," said Sylvie.

The officers went out with their prisoners. "Told them, didn't I?" said Sylvie, shrugging his shoulders. "Did I tell them?"

"You told them," said Stangerman admiringly. "Well, you certainly told them! Listen, Sylvie, about what you were speaking about, about selling the place—I'd be interested in a proposition like that. When could we go into it? Yes, sir, you told them."

"Come into the office and I'll show you the books right now," said Sylvie. "See how I handle these bimbos? They got nothing on me, and I don't take a thing from them."

They were in the small room off the foyer and were getting on with their affair when plain-clothes men Cocklin and Federson appeared in the doorway. "Proprietor here?" blustered Cocklin. "You Sylvie Coke? Coke, I hear you're a wise guy, so I'm going to try you out and see what you know. Where's Charleston Charley?"

"Search me," said Sylvie. "I don't know the party. There was a young fellow grabbed here just now, but I don't know ——"

"You don't know a thing, do you, Coke?" said Cocklin, pushing against him. "Then I'll tell you something: Charleston is just one of a bunch of bandits that hang out right here! And that makes this place a disorderly resort. Now, listen, Coke, if you want to be nice, we'll be nice. Come out here till I talk to you."

"You can talk to me right here," said Sylvie, masking his fear.

"Then I'll talk to you here," said Cocklin, throwing a glance at Stangerman that drove the latter back. "Your place is frequented with disorderly characters, and you're selling booze. What are you going to do about it?"

"Not a thing," said Sylvie, "because it's not so. Whoever told you that is a liar. If you think you can prove it on me, go on and arrest me."

"I ain't got to prove it," snarled Cocklin, "because I know it! And I'm not going to give you a collar or a ticket either—you know what I mean? Now I'm asking you, do you want to do the right thing or don't you?"

Sylvie's resolution wavered, but it was stiffened when he glanced at the attentive Stangerman. "I always do the right thing," he mumbled, "and I'm not going to do different. I got a license to run a legitimate business and no police persecution, and ——"

"Clout him," suggested Federson wearily.

"Interfering with an officer," said Cocklin. And his fist came whizzing up and struck Sylvie's face with a resounding smack. Cocklin struck Sylvie again as the proprietor was falling, and then proceeded to kick him as he lay on the floor.

"Here, stop this!" protested Stangerman.

"You interfering too?" asked Cocklin, turning on him. He disregarded the abashed bootlegger, and shook an admonishing finger at Sylvie. "Maybe that'll learn you. Go on and make a holler about it, and see what it gets you. We'll be back to see you again." They stalked out.

Sylvie sat up, putting his hand to his swelling face. He looked for Stangerman. The latter was going through the foyer toward the stairs to the street. "Hey, Stangy!" shouted Sylvie. "Come here. Where you going?"

"Good night!" cried the disillusioned Stangerman, departing at a run.

Conner and Galucci had brought Charleston into the station house. The lady of the necklace was there before the high desk. "That's he!" she cried, pointing. "That's the man!"

"Take him down," said the sergeant at the desk.

"About the necklace, lady," he said. "We can't let you have it back right away, because it's wanted for evidence. You'll get it back through the district attorney's office. It's certainly a terrible thing, your husband being killed like that. Yes, it's too bad you went to that place. Those places are a great hangout for bandits looking for jobs, and it's as much as anybody's life is worth to make a big show of jewelry."

"I don't care about the necklace," said the lady, white-lipped. "I never want to see it. What I wished to ask you was—can't I be kept out of this? I don't have to appear in it, do I?"

"Oh, lady," protested the sergeant. "When it's your own husband?"

"But it's not my husband!"

"Oh, it wasn't your husband," said the sergeant, his eyes finding the wedding ring on her raised hand. "Not so good, eh? But even so, there's nothing very bad against you. But you got to appear. There's no way out of that."

"And my picture will be in the papers? Oh, what will I do! What can I do!"

Conner led Charleston down steps. "They'll burn you for this, kid," he said.

"Let them burn me," said Charleston casually. "Say, it'll be in all the papers, won't it? And my pitcher? Oh, boy!"

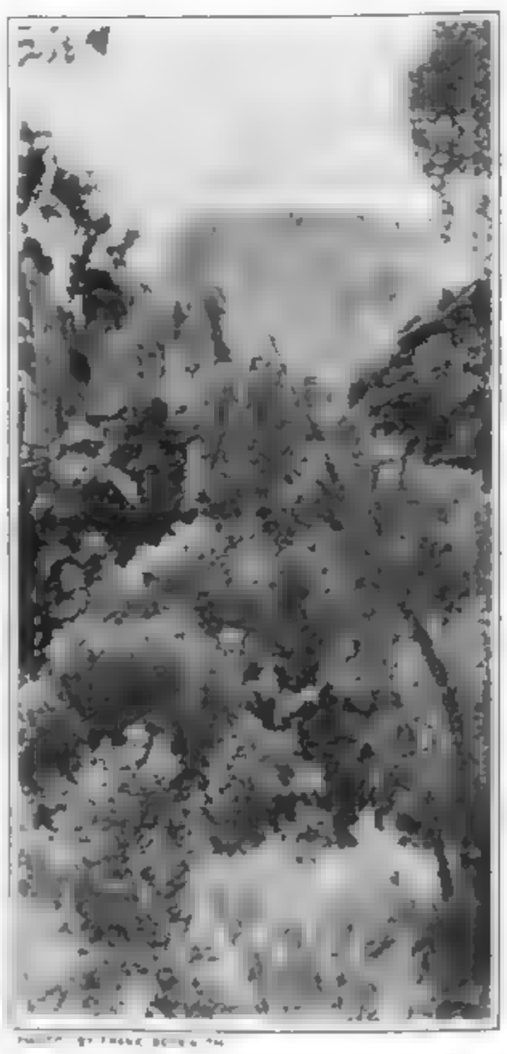
"In there, kid," said Conner, opening the cell door.

"Hey, buddy," called Charleston when the door had clanged to behind him. "Get me the morning papers, will you? The pitcher papers! And, hey—get me some decent cigarettes, will you? Tell them upstairs to give you a couple of dollars of my money."

He removed his jacket, folded it carefully in its proper creases, and set it down. He sat on his bunk, and slipped into a gentle reverie. A smile appeared and grew on his insignificant features. There was going to be a thrill in all this. Yes, there would be a kick in the coming days.

His revel in anticipation passed; it was followed almost immediately by boredom. He yawned and twisted his body, tapping his mouth.

He showed neither dread nor regret. A martyr to principle, a man upborne by his consciousness of being the instrument of right and law, could not have been less disturbed—would have been heroic and inspiring where this stripling was merely appalling, but could not have been more indifferent to circumstance.



The Altar of the Temple of Sinawava
Zion National Park, Utah

These are remedies worth trial, but suspicion attaches nowadays to the reform that concentrates on the criminal; suspicion grows that our criminals are biologically derived from the social body and are mere symptoms of systemic ill-health. On this perhaps fanciful theory, we should look into ourselves for the causes of the criminal's waywardness and eventual malignancy, and should view the pain and loss he inflicts on us as salutary warnings. We can preach at him and punish him, but he will continue inflexibly to preach at us and punish us until we revise the habits and ideals that produce him ever anew. It is the stern lesson of all dead civilizations, that ——

New York Morning Reporter, January, 1926.

"I Recommend 3-in-One

Thousands upon thousands of good merchants everywhere recommend 3-in-One above all other light oils. They *know* 3-in-One and they know the absolute satisfaction it gives their customers—you and your neighbors.

There's a mighty good reason why 3-in-One is the largest selling bottled oil in the world. It's a scientific *oil compound* possessing the vital qualities of lubrication to a higher degree than any straight mineral oil. So don't accept ordinary oil. Ask for 3-in-One by name. The Big Red "One" on the label will assure you of getting exactly what you ask for.

Sold at all kinds of stores, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pint bottle is most economical; the Handy Can is most convenient.

Lubricates every light mechanism. Use 3-in-One liberally on sewing machines, phonographs, washing machine motors, vacuum cleaners, locks, bolts, hinges, window catches and pulleys, clocks, tools, auto starters, generators, horns, door hinges and latches, windshield wipers, springs and all places where squeaks develop. Excellent for Ford Timers.

Cleans and Polishes pianos, phonographs and all fine furniture, woodwork, painted, varnished and hardwood floors, linoleum, oilcloth, cut glass, windows, mirrors. Makes economical Dustless Dust Cloth out of any cloth and Polish Mop out of ordinary mop—follow directions in Dictionary of Uses, wrapped around every bottle and sent with every sample.

Prevents Rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces, plain and nickelplated—bathroom and kitchen plumbing fixtures, linings of gas and oil stove ovens, tools, firearms, the nickeled parts of autos, motorcycles, bicycles; metal golf clubs, razor blades. 3-in-One penetrates the microscopic pores of the metal, forming a protective film that protects against moisture.

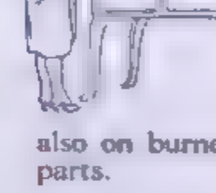
32 Years of Continuous Service

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

Oilsense and Nonsense

"Watch your step." See that it leads to one of the 400,000 3-in-One stores.



Before you put away your lawn mower and electric fans for the winter, "douse" all bearings thoroughly with 3-in-One. Clean and rustproof the blades with 3-in-One, too.

A dingy looking piano! The case calls for 3-in-One.

Bobber, Bobber!

Who touches a hair of yon bobbed head, better keep his clippers well oiled with 3-in-One.

Some Baby!

I like her type—she's [illegible] sure
But straight and true [illegible]
It's 3-in-One that keeps her so—
My baby typewriter, you see

J. C. MARTIN,
33 Alhambra Court,
Columbus, Ohio.

Save Your Gas Stove

from ruinous rust. Keep handy a cloth moistened with 3-in-One. Wipe out oven after each using. This absolutely prevents rust. Use 3-in-One also on burners and all enameled parts.

"That lets me out," said the bolt to the nut, soaking up the 3-in-One oil.

T. HARRY THOMPSON,
6518 Ogontz Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Speaking of polished gentlemen, these old highboys and lowboys are shining examples when a few drops of 3-in-One are used in rubbing up their coats

Mrs. R. D. WHITE,
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DEALERS: WRITE FOR THIS FREE COUNTER DISPLAY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
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Please send me without cost, Counter Displays for Handy Cans and 1-oz. Bottles, similar to those illustrated above.

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Street Address_____

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M207

WHY Fire

Imagine a room, hundreds of feet deep, forming a "hangar" for a seemingly endless row of gigantic Calendering machines of Firestone design—and you have a noteworthy example of how, in the Firestone factories, scientists have triumphed over force and have made machinery subservient to brain power. Here, the cord fabric, after having been treated by the exclusive Gum-Dipping process, enters the Calendering machine, where it is completely rubberized on both sides in a special Firestone way.

The Mark of Quality

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

GREAT achievements in Firestone production cannot be better exemplified than in the special Firestone way of Calendering or applying layers of rubber to Gum-Dipped cord fabric. One continuous operation from roller to roller—without anybody touching it—mechanical throughout with unvarying accuracy.

No misalignment or distorting the cords by attempting to force the rubber in. The natural cohesion of the unvulcanized rubber to Gum-Dipped cords becomes a mechanical union when the tire is vulcanized.

The crews who man these Calendering machines work with the unerring skill that follows mastery of the job and its technique. Gauges which automatically measure the uniform thickness of the Calendered fabric to a thousandth of an inch: instruments which maintain the proper temperature according to the kind of rubber: these, with careful checking and inspection, insure uniform quality without mistake or waste—without loss of time or motion.

Only such methods and facilities—supported and manned by an organization developed and trained along special lines, and with unlimited resources—enable Firestone to obtain raw materials of highest quality direct from the source, eliminating unnecessary expense and reducing buying costs. This kind of an organization not only saves American motorists millions but produces better tires of greater safety, comfort and economy.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

(Continued from Page 20)

babe. Yet Crow caught a glimpse of two such eyes as he had rarely seen, big, brown and deep. He also noticed something else, something that he had reason to remember—the baby's hand. It dangled limp outside its quilt, a puny, withered hand, deformed, the tiny fingers twisted.

Yet another detail, a detail that hurt: Crow had seated himself beside a vacant poker table that Mrs. Bowie must pass, and she could not help seeing those insolent diamonds that glittered on his shirt. Quick as a flash he sensed the hardening of her lips, and thought he guessed their meaning—why should that man make such arrogant display of wealth while a mother could not afford the price of comfortable quarters for her sick child?

So, after Mrs. Bowie had disappeared, the gambler rose and whispered to Captain Dagg, "I'll pay for that lady's accommodation—whatever she and the child may need. But don't let her know."

"You're a true Kentuckian!" Phinn Dagg laid an approving hand upon the gambler's shoulder. "It does you credit, Major Parke; does you credit, sir. But didn't you see the Masonic pin she's wearing? That's a pass on my boat to the distressed wife or daughter of any Mason. Besides that, she's a Bowie, sir, a Bowie."

Once Mrs. Bowie had closed her door, she revealed herself as a woman of promptitude. A quick movement dumped her baby on the bed, howling and gesticulating with his distorted fist. Then she opened her carpet sack, snatched out some black material, already cut, fitted and partially basted together. With skillful needle Mrs. Bowie set to work.

"Supper, Mrs. Bowie." Captain Dagg himself tapped gently on her door and called, "Ready for supper?"

"Thank you, captain," she answered, recognizing his voice. "Come in."

Holding the door ajar, Phinn Dagg stood astounded, for the lady now wore full mourning, funereal black, with white at throat and wrists—simple, wordless, eloquent.

"Oh! I did not know," he stammered, and stepped back.

"My husband," she explained—"killed last week—in Texas."

"Forgive me, forgive me. Supper will be sent to your room."

At this suggestion Mrs. Bowie shook her well-shaped head, with its hair brushed straight and coiled.

"But my poor dear lady, you can hardly bear to meet strangers."

"I must bear it." The widow's jaw set firm. "I've got to fight for that little orphan on the bed. Please, captain, please, I have to face the facts, and might as well begin."

"You're a brave woman," the tender old river dog murmured, and offered Mrs. Bowie his arm.

Without lifting her downcast eyes, the young widow saw a long, long cabin, gleaming in white and gold and crystal chandeliers, beneath which sat a jolly company at their supper. A moment she winced and hesitated, then moved on resolutely.

The passengers' laughter checked. Every voice hushed as that slim black figure slipped into a seat at the left of Captain Dagg. No one had seen her come aboard, and each man thought he must have noticed such a woman. Not strictly beautiful, no, as judged by seasoned connoisseurs of women; yet she bore this scrutiny with marvelous composure and possessed an indefinable charm. Black became her well. Few profiles could stand the rigid severity of her hair, with no coquettish fluffiness to relieve a faulty line in the curve of perfect throat and shoulders. In spite of attire almost tawdry, the White Cloud's company accepted her as a lady of position, from the deference of Captain Dagg and his sympathetic solicitude in returning Mrs. Bowie to the bridal chamber.

"Who is she, captain?" the ladies questioned him, and he told them what he knew.

"Poor young thing," exclaimed the motherly Mrs. Parrish. "Husband just killed. Fatherless babe. I'm going straight to them."

Mr. Elias Spangler, of Cincinnati, finally got what he went after—got it in the neck. Being a person of plain antecedents who had boiled out a fortune from the soap vats, Mr. Spangler now craved a touch of upper crust which he recognized in the distinguished manners of Major Parke, alias Crow. So Mr. Spangler cuddled up to the pretended Kentuckian like a sick kitten to a hot brick; then suddenly Mr. Spangler got sick, really sick. To begin with, the soap maker was not a sport. His latent proclivities for hazard had developed only on this voyage. Like all proselytes, he became a fanatic. So Mr. Spangler himself organized their little game after supper. Mr. Spangler's eager hand held the chair for Major Parke to be seated. Mr. Spangler urged that they play wide open and have a bully time. It thrilled him to gamble alongside of a blue-grass aristocrat, and the soap maker overdid his brand-new lavish pose.

At bottom Mr. Spangler was a prudent person, a conservative. Therefore he did not deliberately intend to wager one thousand hard-boiled dollars on that particular hand, and he expected everybody else to lay down.

"Lemme bluff you, hey?" he bantered.

Then Spangler got a jolt, for Major Parke not only saw his thousand but shoved in two additional thousands. Other players laughed. Mr. Spangler didn't relish being snickered at, and before he knew it, had announced very positively, "I call."

Now! The artful Crow had him hooked. "A gentleman's word is as good as his bond," he said, and instantly spread down his cards—four sixes, against Spangler's ace full.

The spread was swiftly made, so very promptly that the soap maker had no time to crawfish. He had called, which was sufficient between gentlemen.

"Four sixes!" Spangler ejaculated.

"There they are." Crow smiled benevolently. "Just top you."

The sudden magnitude of these bets brought a pause, an expectant silence,

(Continued on Page 115)

As Crow Best Remembered Her Afterward, the Lady Was Then Standing Upright, One Hand Outstretched Toward Him

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SMOOTH GOING

THE MARVEL of a great, silver ship, lighter than air, slipping silently out of her hangar and away into the immeasurable blue. Unthinkable! Yes. But no more so than your motor car rolling quietly out of its garage and off, whithersoever, to your heart's desire. Both are miracles—both masterful answers of science to this insatiable, new-day demand for limitless travel, super-comfort and for SMOOTH GOING.

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The Model 32 Receiver, with ONE Dial. Seven tubes required. Price, without tubes but with battery cable, $160. With an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker you are sure of clear, natural tone and whatever volume you wish. Model H illustrated; price $21.

DO YOU live far from broadcasting stations? Or in a steel-walled city apartment house where good radio reception is difficult? Try the extra-powerful seven-tube receiver—Model 32. It will work well on either an outside or inside antenna. Like every Atwater Kent instrument, it gives you *natural tone*. And it has only ONE Dial—you get any station within range in a split second, or review a whole parade of stations as you move the fingers of one hand.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

This is the beautiful and efficient Model 35 Receiver, with the shielded, gold-trimmed cabinet and only ONE Dial. With the rheostat knob you regulate volume. Six tubes required. Price, without tubes but with battery cable, $70.

FOR the many who want full-powered ONE Dial Radio in the least possible space and at the lowest possible price, here is the Model 35. The shielded, crystalline-finished cabinet is even smaller than our other Compact models. You'll like the color scheme—the glint of gold on two shades of brown—and the Spanish galleon under full sail on the decorative golden name-plate. And with ONE Dial operation you needn't hunt for stations—you just select what you want.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

The Model 20 Compact Receiver, with three dials. Five tubes required. Price, without tubes but with battery cable, $60. Such singers as Mme. Homer, Mary Lewis and Werrenrath, hear concerts through their Atwater Kent Radio Speakers. Model L, illustrated, $16.

FOR those who want to pay a little less and who prefer three dials we are continuing the now celebrated Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact. This was the first of our unobtrusive sets and is now giving satisfactory service in tens of thousands of homes—and will for years to come. The mahogany cabinet is 6½ inches high, 19¾ inches long, 5¾ inches deep—not as long as a row of a dozen books. You don't have to make a place for it in your home, for it fits in anywhere.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

This is the Model 30, with only ONE Dial. Six tubes required. Price, without tubes but with battery cable, $95. A new fashion note in Speakers—attractive colors! Bell and base amber buff, the rest sage green. Model G illustrated, price $23.

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With Renee Adoree and Aileen Pringle. An Allan Dwan Production. From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Paul Dickey and Howard Emmett Rogers.

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With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti. Written and directed by E. A. Dupont. An Ufa Production.

Blue days and over-busy days, remember what all work and no play did to the well-known Jack! So don't be a dull boy but call up your wife and make a date with Paramount and her!

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KID BOOTS
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WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW
with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. An Edward Sutherland Production.

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with RONALD COLMAN, Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, William Powell, Norman Trevor, Ralph Forbes and Victor McLaglan. From the novel by Percival C. Wren.

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THE TRADE MARK OF ROMANCE

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

(Continued from Page 110)

which Mr. Spangler construed to mean that the players were waiting until he paid up. He sat befuddled, staring at two pairs of malignant sixes, and imitated a laugh. He had observed that real gentlemen always laughed when they lost, yet his lips clenched tight as he dug up his wallet.

One minute sufficed for this calamity. One hour later Mr. Spangler still sat in the same position on his bunk, trying to remember how it happened.

Crow had bilked his sucker. Their game proceeded, more listlessly, as the night grew old. Presently Crow rose and strolled out to the deserted guards. Not a soul in sight.

At times the gambler would sit alone, meditating, castigating himself like a flagellant. Born a gentleman, now a blackleg, he writhed under the contempt of his own class, whose ostracism he avenged by plundering them. Life seemed such a wretched mess of fools, and of knaves who preyed upon their folly. However, Crow didn't make life. He only lived it.

His cigar was excellent. The great boat trembled. A swish of waters rushed beneath him; he heard the chug of paddle wheels, and night birds crying overhead. Presently his keen ear caught another sound, low, distressing, stifled; not the complaint of waters, but a moan of human grief, the weeping of a woman. He hadn't seen her, and believed that particular chair to have been vacant when he came out. Yet there she sat, black robed, almost indistinguishable in the dark, sobbing softly to herself.

As a pariah who had been a gentleman, Crow possessed more tact than to intrude upon any lady; yet in another moment, when Mrs. Bowie glanced up, she saw a tall straight figure standing before her, his head uncovered.

"Madam," he apologized, "is there anything that man can do?"

"No." He caught the muttered word as she sprang erect and whirled to escape. "No. I'll go inside."

"You are Mrs. Bowie, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I am Major Parke, of Kentucky. I once knew James Bowie. We were comrades in Texas."

"He's my husband's uncle," she said.

"Wait, please. Believe me wholly at your service."

Half following her, Crow had moved to where a chink of light from the doorway fell upon his diamonds, three bright eyes glistening in the night. "Can I do nothing?"

"Nothing. Thank you, sir, but no stranger can help me."

"I implore you, madam, not to regard me as a stranger," Crow persisted gently, "but as a friend to all who bear the name of Bowie."

"No, no," she repeated; then seemed to take a desperate resolve. "Yes. I have no choice. My dear husband would wish it—but not here. I must talk to you—in my stateroom."

"In your stateroom?"

"The bridal chamber. Come—to the outside door. No one can see us."

As if fearing she might lack courage to carry through her plan, the widow's weeds passed swiftly along the outer guards, with Crow immediately behind her. He had no time to consider. It was only a few steps to the bridal chamber, only a few seconds before Mrs. Bowie entered her room and nodded for him to follow. Then she locked that door and locked the inner door.

The room was small. A single candle flickered in its socket, shaded from the sleeping baby's eyes. The mother's fingers clenched nervously as with a gesture of frightened caution she motioned Crow to take the opposite chair, and herself sat down. They were very close together, knee to knee, when she leaned forward, whispering "I must fight—for him," nodding at the baby and forcing a rush of low-pitched words. "A message came day before yesterday that Tecumseh Bowie, my husband, had been murdered near San Antonio—I don't know exactly where. But I'll find it. Baby and I rode all that night to catch this boat. Had no time to get money, and no money if I'd had time. But I must go to Cumsy. He left some property out there for the child. No, no"—with a protesting frown she stopped Crow, who was already reaching for his wallet—"please don't. I'm not begging. Cumsy would never let me do that. I want to borrow and pay interest. I offer you good security—this."

A hasty hand was thrust into her bosom, drawing forth a cloth, a bit of canvas, worn and soiled. Unrolling this wrapper, Mrs. Bowie exhibited a single diamond, loose, unset, merely the stone itself. Crow's expression of sympathy changed to blank amazement. Diamonds were his hobby. He was somewhat familiar with their value, but had never seen a stone so gloriously, so immaculately white. And the size! To his bewildered vision, it seemed larger than a hickory nut.

"Where'd you get that?" The question burst from him not in suspicion but with rabid curiosity. He failed to imagine how a countrywoman, such as she appeared, whose entire wardrobe was not worth twenty dollars, could have come into possession of a jewel fit to adorn a sultan's diadem.

"I ought to tell you," she answered promptly. "Nobody knows but me and Cumsy. Cumsy captured that diamond in the Texas war. He and another scout, only the two of them, were attacked by Mexicans. Cumsy figured that it must be a general's escort—a big rich general. Anyhow, our boys killed them nearly all. The others ran. Then they found two of these diamonds on the general's body. Possibly it wasn't right to keep them, but Cumsy brought me his and said, 'Peggy, this may be worth hundreds of dollars.'"

"Hundreds?" Crow checked an exclamation. "Hundreds? It's worth thousands!"

"I don't know, sir," Mrs. Bowie hurried on. "Cumsy made me promise to hide it until he came back from this trip. Then we'd find out what it's worth. When I noticed your diamonds"—her big anxious eyes gazed at Crow—"I thought maybe—I want to borrow about"—she hesitated to mention so large an amount—"to borrow about two hundred dollars, and let you keep this until I pay."

Crow sat resting an elbow upon her dresser while he held that glorious diamond in the candlelight, turning it this way and that to catch the myriad scintillations. It seemed natural for her to misconstrue his silence, and reluctant to insist: "I might make out with the baby on less than two hundred. Would you lend a hundred and fifty?"

"No, Mrs. Bowie ——" Her hopes fell. She seemed bitterly disappointed. "No, Mrs. Bowie, I won't lend you two hundred on this stone."

"One hundred? Please! Please!"

"No. Here's a thousand dollars. That will see you and the baby comfortably to Texas."

Those who gambled with him believed that Crow's dexterous hands were quicker than any human eye; they were certainly swifter than Mrs. Bowie's misty ones, for the cash had been counted into her palm almost before she saw it.

"I—don't—know how to thank you." The great tears came.

"Then don't try," he smiled.

"Let me give you my note. I'll sign Cumsy's name. No Bowie ever went back on a paper with his name signed to it."

"I'd rather not." And to avoid a hysterical scene he backed out of the room.

As Crow best remembered her afterward—but never told it—the lady in the bridal chamber was then standing upright, one hand outstretched toward him, the other clutching her money. The infant, with his blemished fingers, slept peacefully.

Passing like a shadow from the widow's door, Crow moved forward, unseen, unheard. Scarcely had he vanished around a corner when another shape approached Mrs. Bowie's room from the rear—a shadow even more silent and slinking than his own.

Her second midnight visitor made no noise whatever; he wore moccasins. Plainly, this man had waited only for Crow's departure, and lost not a minute in entering Mrs. Bowie's door, from which the gambler had just emerged. Without a knock, with no greeting to the black-robed woman who stood as Crow had left her, the hunter of the coon-tail cap went in. Mrs. Bowie was not even startled. She made no outcry. She smiled.

From this smile the visitor inferred her success, and questioned, "You got his money?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred?"

"No."

"Couldn't get that much?"

"I got a thousand. Here's your half."

Incredulously the bearded woodsman stared at the handful of bank notes which she gave him; then his eyes opened even wider as Mrs. Bowie triumphantly exhibited her diamond.

"What?" the man exclaimed. "He didn't take that?"

In his surprise the voice rose perilously; and she who never lost the coolness of her head warned him to be silent. "No," Mrs. Bowie whispered, "that baby turned our trick. Major Parke loaned me a thousand—on my word."

"Sally, you're a wonder!" Her pal's gray eyes applauded with admiration. "Now we're fixed for Mexico. We'll cross this river at Vicksburg and travel southwest. Nobody except you would have had the brains to think of hiring a baby."

"But the brat's mother," she asked—"what about her?"

"Still mumbling and muttering over her che-ild."

"Carlos, you've got to keep that old hag pacified. That's your job."

"A hard job. She swears she's coming up here tomorrow and get him."

"Now listen, Carlos"—the woman spoke positively—"we've made a miraculous getaway. Once in Mexico, with—with what we've got, both of us are independent for life. You must not let Mrs. Craggin meddle."

"But, Sally, she's getting suspicious. You know how these mountain people are; stubborn as hell."

"Yes. Listen, my distinct bargain with Mrs. Craggin was that I should keep her precious brat as far as Vicksburg, for ten dollars. Now I'm afraid to go ashore without it. You must arrange with her for twenty-five, fifty or a hundred more, that I can take the little devil to my hotel, where the father will come for it. This boat lies at Vicksburg for half a day. Give them some money—a little at a time. Not too much or they'll try to hold us up."

"All right," he agreed, "I'll ease them along. Whew! Sally, you look fine in black."

"Shut up. Talk sense. We'll have no chance to talk again. I feel sure that this boat will be searched at Vicksburg. Our safest plan to avoid arrest is by persuading some prominent person to escort me ashore, with my baby in my arms. I can do that."

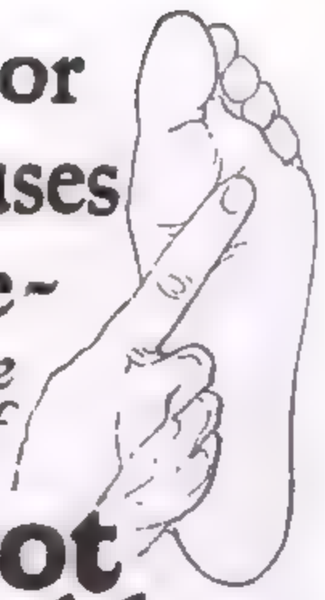
"You can do anything."

"Now get out." She pushed him to the door. "And keep Mrs. Craggin away from me."

Another figure stole out from the bridal chamber, not moving forward like Crow, but crouching toward the rear, where Carlos Latour disappeared down a black staircase.

After lending the phony widow a thousand dollars, the bogus Kentuckian did not go near her again. By word or glance or overt act, no gentleman should remind a lady of moneyed obligations. Crow could not have gone near. Her bridal chamber was perpetually packed with ladies, bringing hot milk to the infant and consolation

Pain or Callouses there—
is a sure sign of
Foot Trouble



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Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

to the heartbroken mother. For Sally was a wonder, as Carlos contended.

When the governor of Mississippi first appeared on board at Greenville the competent Mrs. Parrish buttonholed him, telling a much-embellished story of that brave young widow and her sickly child. Naturally the governor declined to oust Mrs. Bowie. She kept the bridal chamber. Mrs. Parrish attended to that. Mrs. Parrish managed everything. Furthermore, as a political measure, the astute governor attached himself to Mrs. Bowie's retinue, although he did not guess that the widow had personally arranged that detail. Politics being the governor's trade, he realized that nothing could so increase his prestige as to show sympathy for the widow of Tecumseh Bowie. Publicly, he displayed his kind heart by standing in the doorway of the bridal chamber and jingling his watch fob to amuse the infant. The governor knew how to get votes.

In the late afternoon of their second day out from Greenville, the White Cloud rounded its last long bend. To their left uprose a mighty battlement of hills, the first since leaving Memphis.

"Now, Mrs. Bowie," said the governor, "don't trouble yourself. Get the little man ready. A carriage will come for me, and I shall do myself the honor of making you comfortable at your hotel."

So that was settled. And the governor supposed that he had suggested it—for Sally was a wonder.

On the sloping levee at Vicksburg half the little town had assembled—a dozen carriages, high-stepping horses, a brass band and citizens of political ambition to welcome their governor. As the stage plank was being lowered several impatient men stood ready to rush along it and come aboard.

"Look, Mrs. Bowie!" The governor pointed downward from their position on the guards. "Look! Yonder's my old friend, Sheriff Rondo, the very first to meet me."

"The sheriff?" A choking gasp escaped from underneath her bonnet, and Mrs. Bowie had a sickish feeling that it might not be the governor whom Sheriff Rondo was so eager to welcome. As she well knew, a reward of six thousand dollars would be paid for her capture, with the recovery of what she carried in a belt. However, this was no crisis for weak knees and sickish feeling.

Sarah Carradine had squeezed through too many narrow loopholes, and now inquired casually, "Governor, which is the sheriff?"

"That tall man, black mustache, wide-brimmed hat, standing at the end of the stage plank. Those two stout fellows behind him are his deputies. Ah! I see my ancient crony, Colonel Fitz-Hugh, and Mr. Crump and Judge Brooke; there's Mr. Lake——"

Apparently intent upon her baby, the widow at his side heard only a buzzing in one ear as her distinguished escort described the notables. His Excellency bowed, lifted his hat and called to individuals by their first names, while Mrs. Bowie eyed only that menacing figure of the sheriff. Tighter she clutched the Craggin brat and clung to the governor's arm, for these might be her passports to salvation.

The stage plank fell. Top-hatted men in frock coats, wearing their reception-committee badges, hurried along it, with Sheriff Rondo in advance. But the hunted eyes of a woman in black had not failed to observe that the sheriff stationed two deputies at the stage plank. Now she felt certain.

The band began to play. The populace hurrahed. Enthusiastic Democrats crowded up the stairway.

"Now, Mrs. Bowie," said the governor, "I see that our little chap has gone to sleep. We'll get him out of this racket."

So when the reception committee poked their top hats above the stairway, those worthy burghers were astonished to see their governor with a shrinking widow on his arm, helping her to care for a sleeping babe.

"Allow me to carry him, Mrs. Bowie," he insisted, "down the steps. Gentlemen," His Excellency explained, "I must first escort Mrs. Bowie and her child to the hotel. Then I'm in the hands of my friends."

"Three cheers for our governor!" a rooter shouted.

Keeping himself aloof, Crow saw all this, while an anxious group on the lower deck also witnessed the performance.

"See"—Carlos nudged Mrs. Craggin—"that gentleman now carrying your baby is the governor of Mississippi. He'll ride in that carriage."

"Governor?" the mountain woman sniffed. "Reckon he mought be all right. But, Josh, you foller close behind that hack, an' git the fifty."

At the head of the steamer's staircase Sheriff Rondo greeted the governor in passing, then stood aside for him and his lady to descend. At the stage plank, Mrs. Bowie's maternal instinct asserted itself. She reclaimed her child, and the bonneted head bowed above it, while the governor guided her steps. When they reached the shore end of the plank, both deputies saluted with respect, and neither of them thought to glance beneath the lady's bonnet to see if she might fit their description of Sarah Carradine, alias Solitaire Sal.

Shrewd as he was, Crow saw only the surface of events, saw nothing except the governor assisting Mrs. Bowie into a carriage, then driving sedately up the hill. Nor did the gambler guess why old Josh Craggin, rifle in hand, should trudge behind on foot.

The White Cloud's office sizzled and stewed with affairs. A bustle of departing passengers, the arrival of new, kept Juny, the clerk, busier than a bird dog. Nevertheless, Sheriff Rondo demanded and held Juny's undivided attention.

"See here, Juny"—Rondo's wide black hat thrust itself through his window—"I'm looking for a woman and a man on your boat. Sarah Carradine, alias Solitaire Sal, traveling with one Carlos Latour. She's twenty-four, slim built, dark complexion, a corking good-looker. Dresses in style. Latour's about thirty, sandy haired and——"

"Wrong pew, sheriff." Juny shook his head. "No such couple on my boat."

"They ought to be. We have information that they took the White Cloud at Memphis. Eastern police traced 'em plumb from Boston, where they pulled off a whalin' robbery. Stole a barrel o' diamonds, big as your fist."

As the idle Crow came sauntering through the cabin he caught those words—"a barrel of diamonds, big as your fist." Jewels always interested him. He paused to listen. The officer made no secret of his business. He proclaimed it.

"That woman did take this boat at Memphis"

"No," Juny repeated; "no such lady came down with us."

"Show me your passenger list." Rondo was one officer who used horse sense. With Juny's assistance he went over, name by name, the list of women who had taken passage on the White Cloud at Memphis—eleven in all, including Mrs. Craggin. Seven of these ladies were personally known to the clerk. These Rondo eliminated. Of the remaining four, one was Mrs. Craggin.

"Take a squint at her," Juny suggested maliciously; "but she ain't such a corkin' good-looker. The three others are still on board."

"Point 'em out," the sheriff ordered; but Juny could find only two, one fat old lady and one schoolgirl, neither of whom resembled Solitaire Sal.

"Where's this other lady, Mrs. Bowie?" Rondo put his finger on the name.

"I forgot her," the clerk admitted. "Widow, young baby. In our bridal chamber."

"Where is she now?"

"You saw her. The governor took her to the hotel."

"Sure"—the sheriff remembered—"I saw a lady with the governor. Friend of his?"

"Oh, yes," Juny assured him, "the governor knew her well."

"Did he know her before she came on this boat?"

"I'm not certain." The clerk made his second confession. "Ask him. Or you might call on Mrs. Bowie herself at the hotel. Now, Bob, please don't go blundering up there and scare her. She's a quiet little thing. Husband got killed a few days ago in Texas."

"Well"—Rondo considered—"I'll just slip around and peep at her. Can't risk letting a bird slip—such a bird as that."

The questioning of Juny and checking up the women passengers consumed perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Crow had heard everything.

"Mr. Sheriff," he inquired, with a recollection of that gorgeous white stone in the bridal chamber—"Mr. Sheriff, this woman that you are looking for—is she a professional diamond thief?"

"Best ever, sir," Rondo answered genially. "But from the size of her grabs, I'd hardly say she's a thief. She's a financier. Got off with more'n a hundred thousand this time."

"Big reward, I suppose."

"Right, tol'able. Anyhow, we'll catch 'em. They can't go far."

"They've gone quite a distance already," Crow suggested—"from Boston to Memphis."

"Well, sir, I can't see how they managed it." The sheriff seemed puzzled. "We know that while they've got more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, which they can't sell, the pair are absolutely strapped. Not a cent of cash."

"Broke, are they? That's tough," Crow commented, thinking of a certain thousand as his lips twisted in a peculiar smile—a smile not unlike the grimace with which Mr. Spangler had gazed upon four sixes.

So when Sheriff Rondo hurried downstairs, Crow followed, and saw him halt on the stage plank to instruct his deputies. Some distance behind the rapidly mounting official, Crow also climbed the Jackson Street hill. Then a singular thing occurred, which jostled the imperturbable blackleg. Just ahead of him he noticed the scrawny mountain woman, Mrs. Craggin, waiting and watching the hill. Just as Crow was about to pass her, old Craggin came slouching down the hill, carrying an infant.

A mere baby meant nothing in Crow's life. That especial child did, for he immediately recognized its dangling, distorted hand. "Isn't that Mrs. Bowie's infant?" he asked.

"Not much," the mountain woman snapped. "He's my boy. I jest let that woman fetch him from Memphis down here."

Another queer contortion twisted at Crow's lips as he hastened up the hill.

On arriving at the hotel, he found Sheriff Rondo waiting below for a return of the negro porter whom he had sent upstairs to learn if Mrs. Bowie were in her room.

"Well, Pomp," Rondo called as the negro descended slowly, one step at a time, "is she there?"

"No, suh, Mr. Bob. Dat lady's done vanished herself out o' here. Huh! Never come through dis office. Mr. Bob, dere's somethin' pow'ful curyus 'bout dis. A trapper man busted in here jest now an' tuk her baby."

"Took her baby!" the sheriff exclaimed. "Show me the lady's room." And Rondo went bounding up the staircase, with old Pomp limping at his heels.

When Crow had gained the upper hallway he saw Pomp kneeling with his ear to the keyhole. "'Tain't no pusson in dis room, Mr. Bob. Dat lady's gone, an' locked dis do' inside."

Being a man of decision, Rondo used his shoulder and the flimsy door crashed inward. The room was empty. On the floor lay a black skirt, in a circle, like a doughnut life preserver, just as the woman had stepped out of it. Her widow's waist and bonnet were tossed into a corner. On the bed Crow saw her battered carpetbag, ransacked and gaping.

"That tells the story," Rondo pointed.

"Yes," added Crow, "it's mouth is big enough."

Below an open window a shed roof sloped nearly to the ground, and the sheriff saw at once. "She went out there," Rondo pointed.

"Evidently."

"But I'll catch her. That woman can't go far—without a cent."

"Are you certain she has no money?" Crow queried with the same queer smile.

"Not a thrip."

As Crow came down the hotel stair he chuckled to himself. "Mourning clothes—borrowed baby—Masonic pin—cock-and-bull story about a Mexican general—Great! Great! Worth a thousand of any man's money. I'm glad she got away with it."

The Jambro Light, Nova Scotia

Another Duco Sensation!

STAINS *in*

LIGHT OAK · DARK OAK

WALNUT . . . MAHOGANY

Sold by Good Dealers Everywhere

MILLIONS have been asking for them! Now they're here—in four popular tones, to fill a hundred home needs! You can buy Duco stains from the same reliable dealer who now supplies you with Duco in colors!

Duco stains are applied with a brush. They dry fast—*and last.* They are easy to apply. For all woodwork, new or old—stairs, floors, chairs, furniture, etc. Order a can today.

DUPONT DUCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

MADE BY DU PONT PAINTS, VARNISHES, ENAMELS, DUCO

Announcing the New Balkite

A New Balkite Charger

with both trickle and high charging rates

MODEL J. Has two charging rates: a low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging and heavy-duty use. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger, and combines their advantages. Noiseless. Large water capacity. Visible electrolyte level. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 amperes. Special model for 25-40 cycles. Price $19.50. West of Rockies $20.

Balkite *Trickle Charger*

MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge automatically keeping the battery at full power. Converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Rate about .5 amperes. 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50.

Balkite Combination—

furnishes automatic radio power

When connected to your "A" battery it supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch on your set it is entirely automatic in operation. Can be installed in a few minutes, and can be put either near the set or in a remote location. A permanent piece of equipment, employing no tubes and requiring no replacements. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50.

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. Prices are higher in Canada.

A New Balkite "B" at $27.50

Balkite "B" is one of the outstanding successes in radio. It eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. It is entirely different from any other "B" device. It is entirely noiseless, permanent, has no bulbs and nothing to wear out or replace. Over 75,000 Balkite "B"s are today giving satisfactory service on every type of receiver. Three new models for all types of sets: The new popular-priced Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X, for sets of 8 tubes or less; capacity 30 milliamperes at 135 volts—$42. Balkite "B"-Y, for any standard radio set; capacity 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$69.

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

Light Socket Radio Power Units

A new Balkite Charger with both trickle and high charging rates. Three new Balkite "B's", including the new popular priced Balkite "B"-W at $27.50. The new Balkite Combination—with your "A" battery it furnishes automatic power to both circuits.

Now you can operate your radio set from the light socket. Merely by adding the new Balkite Radio Power Units.

You can do it one of two ways as you prefer. By adding a Balkite Charger and Balkite "B," or simply by adding the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit.

In either case the result is the same—light socket operation and maximum convenience. And a smooth silent flow of power that gives you a constant quality of reception to be secured in no other way.

Balkite Light Socket Power is noiseless power. There is no hum. It is peak power always. It is never low and never runs down, but is always exactly what is required by the set. It is permanent power; Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment. They employ no bulbs, and have nothing to replace or renew. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They cannot deteriorate from either use or disuse. Other than a negligible amount of household current their first cost is the last. With sets of high current requirements their use is highly desirable for the saving alone. They are simple to install and require no changes in your set.

Over 600,000 radio receivers—one of every ten—are already Balkite equipped. Equip yours with Balkite Radio Power Units and convert it into a light socket receiver. Know the convenience of Balkite light socket operation and the pleasure of owning a set always ready to operate at full power.

Listen to the Balkite Radio Symphony Concerts

with WALTER DAMROSCH *and the New York Symphony*

Now you can have a symphony season at home. On Saturday evening, October 23rd, begin the Balkite Series of Radio Symphony Concerts with Walter Damrosch, dean of American Conductors, and his New York Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert will be a full symphony program. During the following weeks there will be a symphony concert every other Saturday. On alternate Saturdays Mr. Damrosch will give a piano lecture recital on the concert to follow.

These concerts will be broadcast regularly on Saturday nights, at 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over Stations WEAF—New York, WEEI—Boston, WGR—Buffalo, WFI—Philadelphia, WCAE—Pittsburgh, WSAI—Cincinnati, WTAM—Cleveland, WWJ—Detroit, WGN or WLIB—Chicago, WCCO—Minneapolis-St. Paul, KSD—St. Louis, WDAF—Kansas City, WOC—Davenport. Watch the newspapers for detailed announcements later

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Incorporated, *North Chicago, Illinois*

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Balkite
Light Socket Operation

A Stronger Constitution for Your Car

As casually as you slice bread, an all-powerful shear cuts off billets of glowing steel in the Timken steel mill. Scores of massive operations like this, on such great hulking machines, vividly suggest the scope of Timken production, which includes the largest output of electric furnace steel.

Only Timken experience with 150,000,000 bearings could have evolved such steel. Made into 132,000 Timken Bearings daily, this fine material helps to insure the life and operating economy of so much machinery. For example, 91% of all makes of automobiles and trucks in America are equipped with Timken Bearings.

In motor vehicles Timkens are engineered into transmissions, differentials, pinion and worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans. These units are wear-proofed not only by Timken-made steel, but also by the higher working capacity of Timken Taper and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED* rolls. This exclusive design permits simple, compact mountings, and defeats friction under all conditions of shock, speed, torque and side-thrust.

—What a lot of fine points you can check about an automobile or motor truck when you know that it is Timken-equipped!

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 33)

It was after I had this California wild-seed business going, and partly as a result of that business and partly as the result of my work, my announcements and the newspaper accounts, few and far between, of the line I was pursuing, that I began to make the series of connections referred to above that had so vital an importance to what I have done with plants. These connections were formed voluntarily by the other parties. From scattered points I began to receive letters from people inclosing seeds of strange or wild or unusual or foreign plants, all of them sent with the hope that they might be of interest or of use to me.

Unselfish Interest

I cannot tell you how impressive these contributions were to me then, nor, looking back, how large they bulk in my mind today. In the beginning they were timidly sent, usually by reticent people who were not sure how their proffers would be received and who, I could tell from their letters, would not have been surprised if what they inclosed were tossed aside or never heard from again. I do not believe any of them fully realized what amazing kindness they were doing me. Not only did they contribute most useful additions to my materials for work; not only did they give me hints and suggestions of the greatest value; and not only did they show me how close my work was to the hearts of many people; but they brought me into touch with a whole world of beautiful, interesting, romantic, colorful facts and localities and personalities, and with the flora of the entire world. There is no more beautiful chapter in the whole book of my relations with my fellow men than that which would tell the story of my happy relations with plant collectors all over the planet.

I want to give you just a taste of the sort of interest there came to me in these letters, and the sort of contributions made, by including here a few of the letters. In respect to their subject matter all were different, but as regards the generosity of the senders, their common feeling with me about my work, and their unselfish desire to help me and to contribute to the task I had set myself, they were very much alike from the beginning.

From the whole mass—I have a trunkful of them—I select one first that came many years ago from Papua, in New Guinea, and I do not need to call your attention to the dramatic nature of the simple story contained. The letter reads:

Dear Mr. Burbank: Your most welcome and kindly letter found me 45 miles inland at Jawara Rubber Plantation, and came to help fan back to life the dying embers of my life!

On the road out, the second night, I was camped just under a grass roof. After getting to sleep, perspiring under a mosquito net, a N. W. squall came on, and rain. I got a thorough chill. Next morning it was too wet to go on. In the afternoon I set out and went a few miles to another plantation and camped there. Next morning set off. They told me the road was very bad. First we had to go through mud and wade creeks every now and then, then we had good going until we struck another creek, which we had to cross and recross and then follow up a good way. Then on the divide between these waters about one-thousand-foot rise, and after some distance we dropped right down to another creek, about seven hundred feet in half a mile; then followed this creek down for about seven miles in a deep gorge, crossing, recrossing and wading.

Well, I got to my destination. The valley is barely one-half mile wide and mountains three thousand feet high all round. I never was in a place with less air. In two days I got down with a sort of rheumatic fever, and was laid up for over two weeks. It was a close go. If I could have had a hot bath it would have been all right, but I could get nothing except drugs, which I never touch. One godsend—I had limes, but not properly ripe. Mr. Griffin from Sogiri lent me some mandarin oranges, which helped me a lot, and your letter finished my cure.

I immediately proceeded in search of the seeds I have written you about. It is another rock melon which is used to the wet; the rainfall here is sometimes 140 inches. I also got seeds of cantaloupe that grows about six or seven inches in length and three and a half in diameter—wild. The natives grow them a lot. Considering the amount of wet they stand, you ought to get valuable new blood. They are very nice as they are.

The man I was with tells me of a strawberry growing about four thousand feet up the range. He has the name of being such a liar that I don't know the truth of it. But there is a large plum, very acid. When you take the skin off, it is almost transparent. I think this is a fact and, therefore, if I can get two mountain-village boys to carry me over all the water, I will go up and see if I can get some of these for you.

Trusting the seeds I sent after all this journey will be acceptable, with every good wish from, Yours faithfully.

Such service as that would be rare in a highly paid and expert collector financed by me; this man was a volunteer who did not expect money, or even thanks, for his services. As a matter of fact, I always sent these unknown friends seeds or bulbs and, when they had been to expense, tried to reimburse them as fully as I could. Even then some of them refused my money, and went on working for me—for my work and my purpose, I am sure, more than for me personally—for months or years or, in some instances, throughout their whole lives.

Such incidents as these are among the precious and great things of life; they make one pretty short-tempered with the miserable, ingrowing, pestilential amœbas who seem to be in full flower in our modern literature, who think it is vulgar to have sentiments and unrefined to do kind and true and beautiful and helpful things.

The Test of Nature

Now here is another letter, from another kind of traveler—a gentleman of importance in the business world—who gave me just this brief insight into his interest, and suggested to me a whole bookful of adventure and exploration in one sentence:

I am hopeful that this corn will be of interest to you. When I went to visit the grave of old Cetewayo, the great Zulu king, I had you in mind. Zululand was the last place of interest I visited in my tramp across the Dark Continent from Cairo to Capetown.

There was a man who carried the thought of my work as far with him as he carried back the seeds which he sent me. Then there comes a letter from a woman who was interested and had imagination enough to see possibilities in what most would have passed over completely and would have failed to relate to anything that is living or important to us and our children. It ran:

Under separate cover I am mailing you seeds which were taken from the cliff-dweller ruins in the Grand Canyon by an exploring party in 1893. When the seeds were given to me at that time I placed them in a glass vial, where they have remained ever since. There are five pumpkin, or squash, seeds, six or seven reddish-brown beans and about two dozen kernels of corn. Not being a farmer, I cannot determine the vitality of the seeds. I notice that the kernels of corn are somewhat triangular in shape as though they grew on a well-packed ear.

I have a piece of the corncob which came out of the funeral urn that contained the seeds. If the old, dried cob has any resurrection value, you may have it also.

If you will think a minute you will see that there were two ways in which to use those squash seeds—that is what they were, I found; a sort of gourd—and the beans: They could have been analyzed and examined under a microscope and reduced to their component elements, and a treatise written about them that might have contributed a good deal to our knowledge; or they could have been put to the test of Nature. It was the latter course I pursued, because it was in that aspect of the seeds that my interest lay. Botany—the science of the physical structure of plants and their classification—is the study of growing things as they are or have been; my work has been to see what they might become.

A Cowboy Partner

Both the scientific botanist and myself are working to one end along different lines; science—true science—is closely related to human needs and wants and desires and our human pursuit of happiness, and that is why it seems to me so wonderful a calling and objective. I can't be very much excited about being referred to as doctor, but I can be tremendously excited about giving the world a better radish, or a zinnia with a new quality and color.

Well, I got a ways off the main track that time!

I find another letter from one of my volunteer helpers—a picturesque young man who added interest to his contribution by sending his picture and a view of the isolated part of the country from which he was writing:

I am sending you under separate cover two beans found in the cliff dwellings on the head of the Gila River in the Black Range Mountains of New Mexico. A bunch of cow-punchers and I were working cattle in this country and we decided to look the cliff dwellings over. It is a beautiful place, seen only by cowboys.

We found five beans and a few grains of corn. We divided up, and I got a bean and a grain of corn. I lost the corn—worse luck!—but turned my bean over to a mountain farmer on the halvers. He planted the bean and I got five beans for my part.

I have thought I would try my luck farming and raise beans from these ancient seeds for marketing, but I thought you might do a better job, with your experience with seeds, and try these on the shares.

If you should like any information about this, I would be pleased to hear from you at any time. I am inclosing two photos taken on the trip—one of the canyon where the beans were found and one of myself on the horse.

I wish you would notice that this cowboy only got five beans from his mountain-farmer friend "on the halvers," yet that of those five he sent me two. Two-fifths of a man's total capital in this line is something I can get worked up over; it is just plain unselfishness and the kind of confidence in

(Continued on Page 125)

Two Walnut Seedlings That Had Common Heritage and the Same Care

Back *from* Vacation to *The* Seat of Success

Now that vacations are over and you want to look well groomed—get a good barber and stick to him. He'll soon begin to take pride in your appearance and exert all of his skill to make you look your best. And from looking your best, it's just a short step to feeling your best and doing your best. Success always follows, so just put confidence in your barber and his chair will become your "Seat of Success."

Koken's Tonique De Luxe

Has satisfied critical men for a quarter of a century. It is recognized as the ideal hair dressing, required by present-day custom. It also defers baldness. A fine and fitting finish to complete good appearance. Your barber knows how to apply it properly. Ask him for it.

The barber shop is a service station for men who care to keep well groomed.

KOKEN COMPANIES Saint Louis

All the wood parts of Curtis French doors are narrow and gracefully and delicately molded. These Curtis doors C-321 are in the home of Mr. Leighton P. Stradley, School Lane and Oak Road, Germantown, Pa.; Albert F. Schenck, architect; The Gillingham Company, dealers.

Below is a photograph of Curtis six-panel interior door C-302 in the home of Mr. Edward T. Child, Larchmont, N. Y.; Aymar Embury II, architect; New Rochelle Coal & Lumber Company, dealers. Here the door is stained for use in an English type house

Charming Interiors

They're easy to have when beauty is built-in

Much of the beauty that your new home will possess should already be there before a single piece of furniture is moved in or a single curtain hung.

Look for that beauty in the woodwork —the doors, windows, trim, stairway, built-in cabinetwork. If these *permanent* things are beautiful, then decorating and furnishing will be simple matters and a charming interior within the reach of even the most modest purse. But if your woodwork is not of good design, no amount of money lavished on furnishings and decoration can buy you a truly beautiful home.

The woodwork is the background for all interior decorative effects. It is the connecting link between the architecture of the house itself and the decorative scheme. Choose it carefully!

Builders of the best houses have always realized that woodwork was part furniture and part house. That is why in the past they have always sought the aid of architects in designing doors, windows, trim, stairwork and cabinetwork, and why they have always had to have these things made-to-order.

Now people who wish to build beautiful homes need not pay the extra cost of made-to-order woodwork. They, with their architects, can select Curtis Woodwork designs that meet the most exacting architectural standards and that make the most interesting and beautiful decorative effects possible for even the most inexpensive house.

Curtis designs are the work of architects of standing—men who have designed some of the best houses in America, and whose work is worthy to stand, authorities have said, with the best architecture of all times.

And Curtis designs are available in all architectural styles, so no matter what type of house you plan to build, you can select Curtis designs that will exactly suit your purposes. This is true of all Curtis Woodwork from small exterior moldings to the stairway and large pieces of cabinetwork.

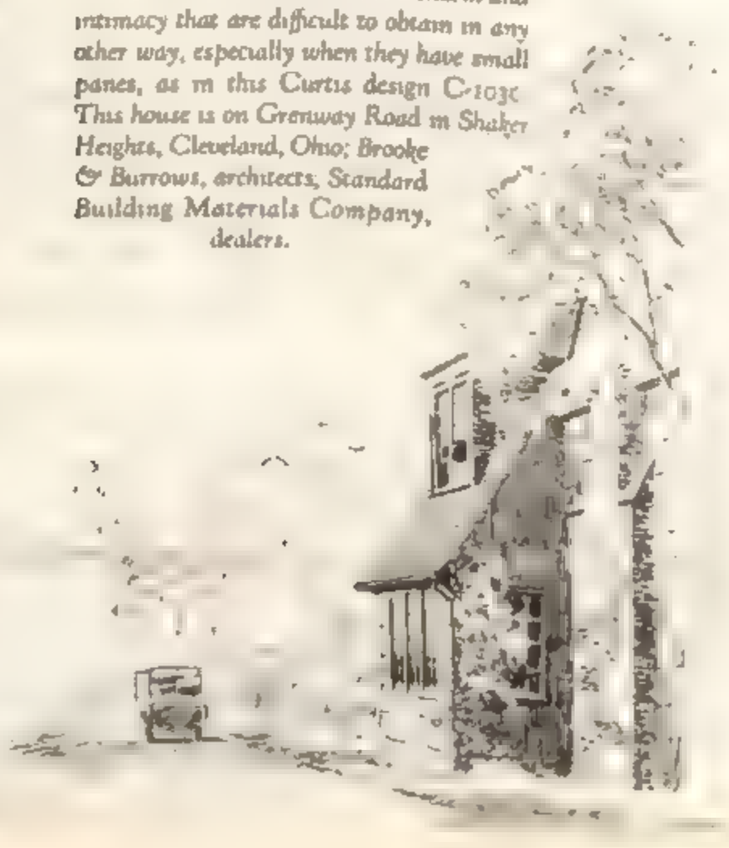
Yet in spite of the fact that Curtis designs are architecturally authentic, Curtis Woodwork actually costs no more than ordinary millwork. Very often it actually costs less when such on-the-job expense items as cutting and fitting and sanding are taken into account.

Curtis Woodwork is economical because every item is produced in large quantities. This makes better construction possible, too, because of greater machine efficiency. Large purchases of woods especially adapted to specific purposes insure better materials than are ordinarily used in made-to-order millwork.

And because every article of Curtis Woodwork is made in the same plant by the same methods and men, and on the same machines as every other similar Curtis article, there is a *uniform quality* in Curtis Woodwork that is not found in millwork produced in other plants.

Perhaps in Curtis cabinetwork the built-in quality that the Curtis trade mark stands for, is best illustrated in the detailed drawing on the next page. That sketch shows two interesting details in the construction of drawers in Curtis cabinetwork.

From both the exterior and interior, casement windows have a charm and intimacy that are difficult to obtain in any other way, especially when they have small panes, as in this Curtis design C-1030 This house is on Grenway Road in Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio; Brooke & Burrows, architects, Standard Building Materials Company, dealers.

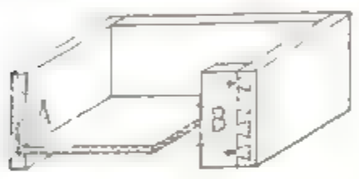


Note the dovetailing (B). Nailed joints pull apart; dovetailed joints cannot. Nor can the drawers get out of square

Note also how the drawer sides and bottom are put together (A). A groove is cut in the sides, front and back, and the drawer bottom is framed into this groove. As a result, the drawer is dust-proof; there are no nails to come out, no joints to loosen up, and the bottom cannot slip back and forth, spilling the contents This, too, is important; the drawer bottom is a three-ply board, which cannot warp, crack or split.

In the finer pieces of Curtis cabinet work there is a delicate molding around the edge of the drawer fronts. This molding has nothing to do with the strength of the drawers, but it adds greatly to the beauty of the cabinet when viewed from the front.

Such details as these cost money, of course. It would cost less to put drawers together with nails and to omit such refinements of design



as the little molding referred to. But such woodwork would not be Curtis Woodwork, and it could not merit the Curtis trade mark.

These are details that perhaps you might overlook in comparing two pieces of woodwork before you purchased. But if you chose ordinary millwork it would not be long before you would discover that somehow your woodwork did not come up to that in other homes, in appearance or construction. Even then maybe you could not tell why. But if you bought the Curtis article and lived with it for a time, you would find yourself liking your woodwork more and more as time went on. Like a true friend it would wear well; it would grow on you.

Since all Curtis Woodwork is manufactured in advance of your needs, confine your selections to Curtis designs, sizes and woods. Then you will avoid the delays, mistakes and expense so often experienced with made-to-order millwork.

A place for linens! This Curtis linen case C-813 is made especially for that purpose. The fronts of the smaller drawers are open, so you can see where everything is, but the two large drawers at the bottom are closed

1866 CURTIS

Any carpenter, any shop or mill can make millwork They can even make designs that look like Curtis designs But no article of woodwork is Curtis Woodwork that does not bear the trade mark shown above.

If you expect to attend the Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia see the Curtis Woodwork in the "Save the Surface" bungalow facing Pattison Avenue in front of Treasure Island and overlooking Gladway Lagoon and the Fine Arts Building Curtis Woodwork is also used throughout in the Ohio Building, which is a reproduction of the old Colonial home of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States

The leading dealer in woodwork in your community (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. He will be glad to show you his stock and to help you or your architect or builder to select the Curtis designs, sizes and woods to suit your plans. He will also give you prices and detailed information about the quality points of every Curtis item. Ask him to show you his Curtis catalog. Or write for a copy of our new book "Curtis Woodwork," containing 32 pages of interesting information and ideas for homebuilders. It is free.

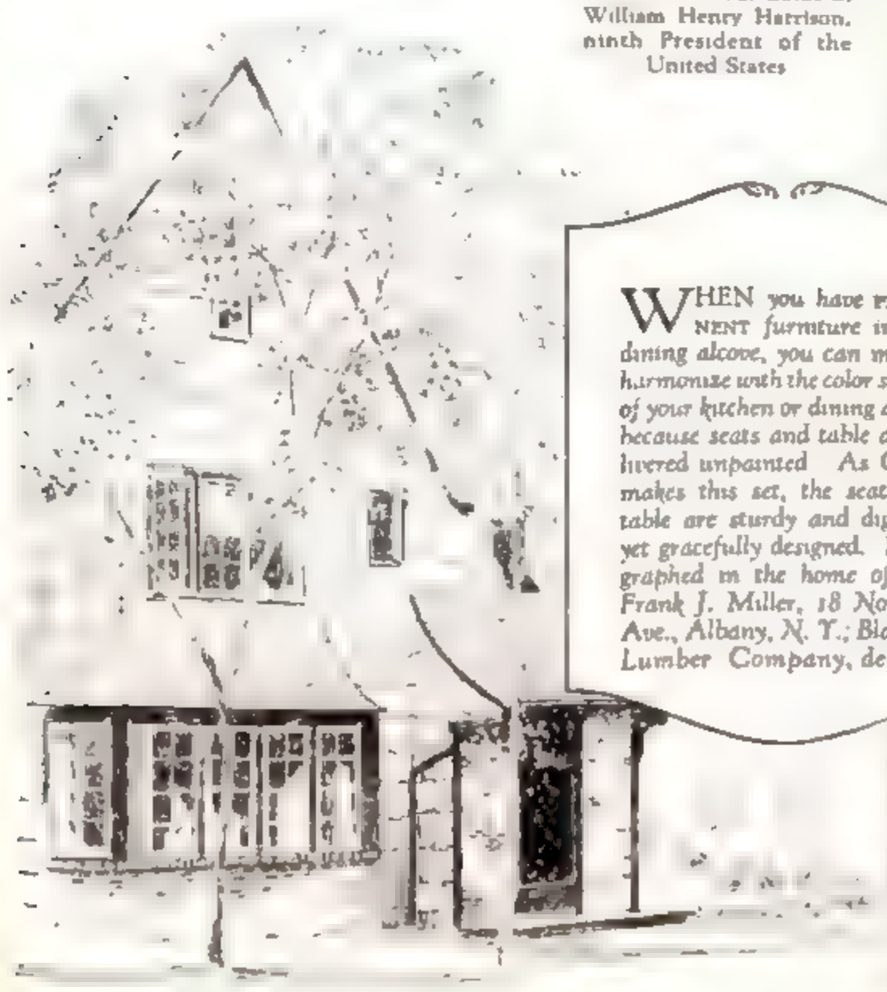
The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
436 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin, Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa, Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska, Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas, Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois; Curtis Companies, Inc., Eastern Sales Office: 25 West 44th Street, New York City

Curtis Companies, Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

CURTIS WOODWORK

DOORS · WINDOWS · FRAMES · MOLDINGS
TRIM · STAIR PARTS · BUILT-IN CABINETWORK



When you have permanent furniture in your dining alcove, you can make it harmonize with the color scheme of your kitchen or dining alcove, because seats and table are delivered unpainted As Curtis makes this set, the seats and table are sturdy and dignified yet gracefully designed. Photographed in the home of Mr. Frank J. Miller, 18 Norwood Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Blakeslee Lumber Company, dealers

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

To modern women vitality is most precious . . .

yet millions risk it daily for lack of this new knowledge

We lead such crowded lives! Every hour of the twenty-four is precious! The woman who must hoard her energy—who is tired before the day is over—misses countless moments of gayety and joy which never can return.

And too often, it is lack of this new knowledge of The Danger Line that is responsible for tiredness, premature old age—or such disorders as rheumatism, heart or nervous troubles.

Science today knows that many serious diseases gain entrance to the system through decayed teeth, exposed root canals and Pyorrhea pockets between the gums and the teeth. Proper care of the mouth should be a safeguard against this danger. Yet thousands who regularly brush their teeth suffer from tooth and gum troubles.

Brushing is not enough

No tooth-brush can reach into all the pits and crevices where acids may form and cause decay. This is especially true at The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet. Here, the edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices in which food collects. Acids form which cause that decay which is hardest to control. Here, too, Pyorrhea and other gum infections usually begin.

To safeguard your health, these acids must be neutralized. One dentifrice can do this—Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains more than fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—long recognized by medical authorities as a safe, effective antacid. Every time you use Squibb's Dental Cream, tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia remain in the crevices at The Danger Line. They neutralize the harmful acids and protect from danger afterwards.

To protect your health use Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day and see your dentist twice a year. Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists'. Only 40 cents for a large tube.

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line. Try this simple test—Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow a part of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened your stomach also. The same result may be obtained using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

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SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 121)

you that warms your heart. I would have planted those two beans if I had suspected them of being pigweed!

I received invaluable assistance from many scientific men too. One of them was Mr. Huron H. Smith, of the Milwaukee Museum, who sent me, among other cherished seeds and bulbs, some contributions from an old Wisconsin Indian whom he called Uncle John. Uncle John never wrote me, as nearly as I can remember, but Mr. Smith was kind enough to forward some of the old brave's letters received by him, and from one of them I quote:

As partly being on a Daupt [in doubt?] on Mr. Jim's Tiny Potatoes for seed already sent you, have found stronger and larger ones to take place of Jim's. Send you today from Robert Pa-ma-po-my, my neighbor, who live close by me here some & he describes these Indian potatoes to be good & will grow on new land to be quite large and long in length, in shape like powder horn or like new moon when first appears. . . . You can do just to please with those 6 potatoes sent you. Probably replace (forward?) to Luther Burbank. Yes, probably there could be an Improvement made on the growing of other potatoes with those of the Indian potatoes sent to experiment with & if they do combine each together or some way to Bear then there will be then "Half Breed Potatoes." Oh how would they taste; well Bully? JOHN V. SATERLEE.

The volunteers that have helped my work number thousands, scattered about the world, often in remote places. Those in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and other English provinces and dominions were most numerous, perhaps because the English love gardens and understand them, and because these people, some of them far from their native island, were caught by the nature and interest of the task I had set myself. I hope some day to be able to write more extensively about these helpers of mine, their adventures and discoveries, their perils and treks, their hopes and disappointments as volunteer collectors; certainly an interesting volume would be made—several volumes—from the letters to me from these friends I never met.

My nursery business had gone ahead satisfactorily throughout the early 80's, but I began to discover that I could not carry the load of business and details it entailed, or give the time necessary to seeing customers and talking to people about orders, with all that meant. I loved my work and I loved people. There was never a time when a man was merely a customer to me—unless it was when he failed to pay his bill, and then I usually just cut him off the roll. So it was often a long job to sell a short order, because people wanted to visit, and maybe I did too.

Exploding a Bombshell

You can't mix visiting and hard, exacting work though. In a way, the man with a big job has to cut himself off from interruptions of all kinds. This seems particularly true to me now, when newspapers and magazines have made people accustomed to knowing about everyone and everything, so that they don't feel it is out of the way to ask questions and poke around. I don't blame them. I never could see a man operating a steam shovel, or a structural ironworker swinging on a girder high above the sidewalk, or a woman running a new-fangled electric ironing machine, without stopping to watch and wanting to ask something about the how and why of their jobs. But to the man on the girder questions might be a little out of place, especially if there was a good strong wind blowing!

I found I had to fish or cut bait, as the saying is, and I decided to cut the bait. If I supplied the varieties and worked out the problems, there were plenty of people handy at selling. I sold half the nursery business and later got out of it entirely. I went at my work in the experimental grounds, and by 1893 I had a bombshell to explode.

It took the form of a catalogue, under date of June, 1893, and its title was New Creations in Fruits and Flowers. Inside the cover page I made the following announcement:

The fruits and flowers mentioned in this list, and to be mentioned in succeeding lists, are more than new in the ordinary sense in which the word is generally used; they are new creations, lately produced by scientific combinations of Nature's forces, guided by long, carefully conducted and very expensive biological study. Let not those who read suppose that they were born without labor; they are not foundlings, but are exemplifications of the knowledge that the life forces of plants may be combined and guided to produce results not imagined by horticulturists who have given the matter little thought.

Limitations once supposed to be real have proved to be only apparent barriers; and, as in any of the dark problems of Nature, the mental light of many ardent, persevering, faithful workers will make the old paths clear, and boundless new ones will appear by which the life forces are guided into endless useful and beautiful forms.

We are now standing just at the gateway of scientific horticulture, only having taken a few steps in the measureless fields which will stretch out as we advance into the golden sunshine of a more complete knowledge of the forces which are to unfold all the graceful forms of garden beauty, and wealth of fruit and flowers, for the comfort and happiness of earth's teeming millions.

Raising Walnuts and Skeptics

Nowadays, when we are accustomed to picking up the daily paper and reading that some heroic flyer has just crossed the Atlantic Ocean, or that a biologist we never heard of has found a new vitamine, or that a machine has been invented that will transform the business of keeping food iced in our homes, we might not be more than passingly interested in the announcement that a horticulturist had created a new kind of pear that would put all the known pears into the shade. In 1893 things were not moving quite so fast, and a claim like mine made quite a loud noise in the sedate and mannerly period when the White House was occupied by President Cleveland and when Queen Victoria still had several years left of her long reign.

Prior to this I had sold several new varieties to the public, or through big nurserymen, but here was a wholesale offering, proposing to dispose of almost a hundred absolutely new plants, flowers, berries and trees, together with complete rights and control, in each case, so that the buyer could be sure that he would have no competition. The list began with the hybrid walnut, which I called the "Paradox," because it was a paradox that a hardwood lumber tree could be produced to grow as fast as the most rapid-growing and short-lived soft-wood variety. The catalogue said of this tree:

The first, and one of the most interesting of the hybrids produced among walnuts. Budded trees six years of age are fully twice as large, broad and tall as black walnuts at ten, or Persian walnuts at twenty years of age. The leaves, which are from two feet to a full yard in length, are clean-cut, glossy, bright green, and have a surpassing sweet odor, resembling that of fragrant apples, and as powerful and peculiar as that of roses and lilies.

They scarcely believed that one; but they went away convinced if they saw it.

There were four new quinces, ten new plums and prunes, a large list of berries, a number of flowers, including the first double gladiolus ever known, with flowers closely arranged around the spike like a hyacinth, and my Silver Lining poppy which, instead of being crimson and black on the inside, is a glistening silvery white, the outside retaining the same brilliant crimson as its forbears. Finally, the booklet was completed with an offering of vegetables of new variety and productivity. Near the end of the book, too, I find, there was a picture of the blossoms of the cross, with which I was then experimenting, between the apricot and the plum—the first public reference, I guess, that was ever made to my Plumcot.

In a statement at the end of the book I set down my whole theory of plant development, summing up all my knowledge and experience in a few words, and laying down the law in these words:

There is no possible room for doubt that every form of plant life existing on this earth is now being and has always been modified, more or less, by its surroundings, and often rapidly and permanently changed, never to return to the old form.

When man takes advantage of these facts and changes all the conditions, giving abundance of room for expansion and growth, extra cultivation and a superabundance of the various chemical elements in the most assimilable form, with generous light and heat, great changes sooner or later occur, according to the susceptibility of the subject; and when added to all these combined governing forces, we employ the other potent forces of combination and selection of the best combinations, the power to improve our useful and ornamental plants is limitless.

It might be a good thing for you to have in your minds, along about here somewhere, that there is a great controversy among scientific people concerning the answer to this question:

"Do our changing racial and individual traits, observable throughout the whole realm of life, both past and present, come to us by inheritance—are the seeds all contained in the minute organisms from which life springs, or, on the contrary, do we acquire new characteristics from our situation or necessities—our environment—and pass those new tendencies or abilities or powers on to our children?"

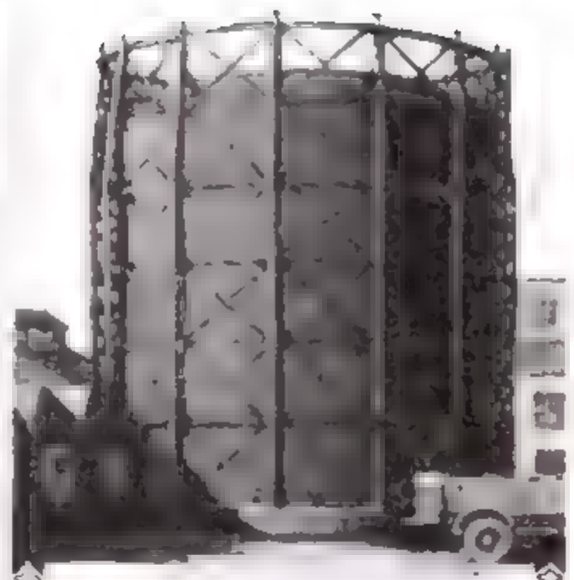
The question is whether all changes which we notice in successive ages of life development are traceable to heredity alone or whether we can inherit acquired characteristics. The man who believes the former says that the loyalty, fidelity and good nature of a fine police dog were contained somewhere, perhaps only potentially and not at all developed, in the wolf from which that police dog finally sprang. The man who believes that acquired characteristics can be and are inherited maintains, instead, that a pair of savage wolves can be caught and somewhat tamed; that their puppies can be raised in domestication and made a trifle less savage and treacherous; that, after generations and generations, the characteristics of gentleness and good-nature and fidelity to a master become so impressed on the succeeding generations that there emerges finally a police dog which is only distantly like the original wolf parents, having acquired so many new characteristics and passed them on, bit by bit, in the blood stream, that the police dog is practically a new species of animal.

Calling Forth a Storm

There is a great deal more to this controversy than my bare outline even suggests; but perhaps this statement is enough to explain the fundamental proposition disputed, and to make clear what I am going to say in connection with my claim that I had produced new creations in fruits and flowers.

I myself believe, beyond question or doubt, that new characteristics, foreign to anything in the heredity of the plants involved, can be and are so impressed on succeeding generations by my process of repetition, repetition, repetition, over and over and over again, and always for the same effect and in the same direction, that there comes out in the end, through selection, a new and distinct plant result. It is this belief, in the face of the controversy that I refer to, that is expressed in the first paragraph of the summary I have given above. I stated that "plant life is now being and has always been modified, more or less, by its surroundings—environment—and often rapidly and permanently changed, never to return to the old form." This was strong medicine for the straight-heredity theorists and balm of Gilead to those who believed with me. I am going on in a moment to tell you something of the processes I employed; in the meantime the catalogue had another far-reaching effect that was sensational and unheard of before. This was the amazement and indignation with which many orthodox people received the claim of a man to new creations.

I could see, and did see, that the term would be examined critically, but it had not occurred to me that it would be considered blasphemous. Not that it would



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The future of gas heating has long since been established. Special house heating rates, granted by many gas companies the country over, and the high efficiency of Bryant Automatic Gas Heating Plants bring the wonderful convenience and comfort of gas fuel well within reach of most home owners.

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BRYANT GAS HEATING

Is Your Road Interested In Saving Coal?

MAYBE you will find some food for thought in the following letter written us from Laurel, Miss., by a fireman. ("Name on request" as they say in advertisingese.)

"Just a few weeks ago I read an article in The Saturday Evening Post (or rather an advertisement) in regard to the quality and comparison with cheaper shovels and Red Edge.

"I am employed by the ..... R. R. as a locomotive fireman. I have been with this Company in this capacity for seven years and during this time I have used many different makes of shovels. I have in my possession a Red Edge drawn from the stock room in 1922 and I consider this shovel has had 30 months at the very least of the hardest of service and still making every day.

"I have held best fuel performance record in November and December in 1925 on Through Freight Service with this three-year-old shovel."

Like all good story tellers, our correspondent keeps the climax of the story for the very end. Thirty months' service is something to talk about. But what does even that amount to in comparison with "fuel performance"?

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

have caused me to use other words if I had foreseen the storm: I have never been one to consider how my utterances would be received by others, so long as I felt convinced that what I said was sound, scientific and accurate. I didn't think much about the matter from this viewpoint, to tell the truth, because I was so absorbed in the importance of my work and the necessity of impressing horticulturists with the significance of what I had accomplished. I spoke up and said my say, and then I went back to my job.

It presently seemed possible that I was going to have a good deal of difficulty staying there. A perfect storm arose, in the heat and wind of which I was called a good many names stronger than blasphemer; I was preached about, talked at, written and telegraphed to, scolded, abused, and even vilified. The more extreme of my critics said that I was setting myself up as a competitor of Omnipotence, and the mildest of them called me a falsifier. One preacher inveigled me into his church, had me seated in a front pew, and then worked up a trap for me by which I had to say just what I believed as to the truth of natural laws behind all life and what I disbelieved as to the truth of metaphysical and superstitious theories concerning creation. When he had me, as he thought, in a fine bag, with the draw strings pulled, he proceeded to berate me in good old orthodox style, and ended by offering a prayer for my awakening. Of course I had neither thought nor said anything either impious or blasphemous, unless it is impious and blasphemous to work with Nature, utilize her laws, direct her work, apply intelligence to plastic living forms, and then claim a victory in getting useful and beautiful results. But it was lively while it lasted!

Plants to Burn

Still another class of people were stirred up over that catalogue of mine, and those were the nurserymen and horticulturists. A good many of them had already heard of me or had seen some of my new varieties, and they were ready to believe almost anything I would seriously claim for my work. A good many had enough information so that though they thought I might have accomplished a part of what I asserted for myself, they discounted me a little for exaggeration. But hundreds of them were straight-out skeptical, or even scoffing. I had said in the catalogue that I could not engage in long explanations by mail: they could either buy outright on the strength of my name and reputation, or they could come and see for themselves. The result was that a shoal of them came.

I have always been fond of the story one of them told me afterward. He said:

"Burbank, I have traveled more than three thousand miles to see your grounds, and to find out about your assertions regarding your new fruit trees. When I got off the train this morning I happened to meet an old gentleman who said he had worked for you for years. So I asked him what he knew about you. He said:

"'Luther Burbank? Why, I know all about him! He used to have a big nursery, and he did well at it. But he sold out, and now he raises acres and acres of all sorts of stuff, and waters it and tends it and cultivates it through the spring; then when summer comes he hires most of it plucked out and burned. Burned! D'ye ever hear tell of such foolishness? He's got a lot of trash left, and talks about selling it, but I wouldn't give him fifty dollars for the whole kit and boodle. That's Burbank!'"

This Eastern nurseryman laughed as he told me the story. I went around the place with him and showed him what I had, and he listened with more and more interest as we passed up and down the rows, and before he left he selected seven plants out of my whole list of new creations, and paid me, cash, six thousand dollars for them. He was satisfied with his bargain, too, and made money out of it—big money, he told me since—and from that day to this he and his sons, who followed him in his business, have been among my best customers and strongest adherents.

Well, the nurserymen came, and before another year was up I had pretty well cleaned out my stock as listed in the catalogue. There were still millions of plants on my grounds, in every possible stage of development and every phase of progress; I couldn't stop; I didn't want to. I went on producing new varieties, and I went on calling them new creations, and I still do, because I claim they were and are new creations.

What do I mean, and how did I bring them into being? That is a fair question, and one that I would like to answer in general terms, and without anything technical or complicated to weary you, who are probably not scientists, but folks interested in the marvels of Nature, in gardens and orchards.

Plant improvement can only be done by a man with a vision and a purpose. It is a lot like a man who puts in a window and thinks he is an architect. There is a wide gulf between the man who visions and plans and supervises the building of a beautiful structure and the man who drives the nails in its walls. Every nail is of importance, every window is of importance, but still somebody has to have all the general laws and principles and the whole idea in his mind. He has to adjust his building to its site, the materials to the surroundings, the workmen to the job, their needs to his purpose, and their equipment and materials to their needs; and then, in the end, there emerges the architecture—the finished building—the thought completed that originated in the designer's mind.

In plant architecture—if I may coin an expression—the main thing that strikes me is that you have to wait for some of your materials to be arranged by Nature. Wild seeds are your raw material—wild seeds or cuttings from native trees or vines or shrubs. They are as wary and timid and hard to tame as wild animals, and also, as with wild animals, they are very likely to surprise you with traits and dispositions and tendencies you haven't counted on at all, so that you must be continually on your guard. Well, these raw materials, and others you or someone before you has developed from them, must grow to your needs, while others you can arrange. You have certain materials at hand, but you have to wait for others; they partially arrange themselves. In ordinary architecture you merely shuffle them.

Ameliorating the Plum

There is a good example of this in setting cement. You bring all your materials for the house or the business block or the public building together and plan your arrangement of them. You shuffle your brickwork and your woodwork and your doors and windows and your porches and balconies, and so on, to get them into the right places, so that your final proportions and balance and mass will be right; but with all this, as soon as you start working you have to wait for your cement to set before you can go on with your fine design. That is the way it is—that is precisely the way it is with the work of the plant developer.

Some of my most important and valuable work has been with the plum. When I began, the plum was small, usually acid, generally unfit for shipping, often with a large stone, and sold in America in a limited number of varieties. I wanted to get a plum that would ship, a plum that would dry well—what we call a prune, because the French call it that—a plum that would be beautiful and delicious, a plum that would be large, a plum for canning, a plum with a small pit, or none at all, and so on. My designs were pretty carefully worked out.

For instance, as regards the shipping plum. The plum developed to be picked from the tree and eaten right there, or within a few hours in the house, was quite a different thing from the plum that could be picked, packed, shipped, delivered maybe thousands of miles away, unpacked, sold, carried home, and finally eaten fresh. You can see that. The variety for home consumption could be soft and juicy the minute it was ripe; the shipping plum had to be soft and juicy and delicious after it had traveled half as far as Nelly Bly. And this couldn't be acquired by accident or chance; it had to be studied and the specifications pretty carefully written.

For shipping, it was necessary to have the trees bring their fruit to the proper stage of ripeness all at once. It would never pay an orchardist to go over and over his orchard, picking the plums that were ready and letting the others hang. Why, a man would starve to death with that sort of an orchard—his pickers would cost him more than his orchard was worth. You should be able to go right through the orchard, when the time came, and clean it up and cash in on the harvest.

Fruit Architecture

Now you have a notion as to the ground plan of just one plum. It was necessary to find parent stock that would contribute the proper blood strains—one for firmness of flesh and juiciness; one, perhaps, for sturdiness in the tree; one for that characteristic of coming to perfection all at once. It was a case of choosing my materials carefully, then by crossing, to get the beginnings of the building. But after that the scaffolding had to come away—I had to select and select and select for the qualities I was after, and it was a long and expensive job, because a plum tree is not like some flowers; it will not take root and grow and bud and blossom and bear fruit all in a month or two, or even in several years. The short cut I used, of course, was to bud well-established, sturdy trees with buds from the crossed seedlings I produced. Many men had worked at this, more or less. Here is where I used the wholesale plan; instead of trying one or two buds, or crossing for one or two results, or growing half a dozen seedlings, I would choose twenty varieties, grow fifty thousand seedlings and bud hundreds of buds. More than that, I made my old parent trees work. Sometimes I would bud as high as three hundred buds into one tree. It was new. It was startling to many. But it hurried Nature along. It brought results.

But not all at once even then. By no means. Take the effort to get a stoneless plum. Remember that man can only utilize Nature's methods—he cannot alter or amend them. The man can plan the work, but he can't induce the plum to drop its stone all right away, even though man knows that for his purposes the stone is useless to the plum. You see, the plum has considered the stone important—about its most important part—through thousands and thousands of years, while man may have had the idea of dropping the stone for a few months. The wolf cannot be tamed in a minute, because he has ten thousand years behind him that put a premium on his wildness.

There is no use trying to change everything in a day. Our environment—the influence to bear on us to change or alter or soften or harden us—what does it weigh? It weighs like a grain of sand, and heredity is untold and unknown accretions of grains of sand, added, added, added, mixed with the cement of time and custom and habit, and slowly changed into stone—almost imperishable stone, yet still susceptible of being taken by a competent quarryman and lifted from its place, and by a fine sculptor, with chisel and mallet, being transformed into something beautiful and majestic and immortal.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

National SAFETY WEEK

NEXT week, September 12th to 18th, will be Safety Week all over the United States.

During that week not only will the necessity for greater care of life and limb be impressed upon the American public, but the attention of everyone will be directed upon the progress that has been made in safety construction.

Just as the railroads are realizing that effective protection to passengers must surmount the human fallibility of enginemen and flagmen, so motor car manufacturers must learn that safe motoring cannot be achieved by the single expedient of preaching safe driving.

The Stutz Motor Car Company is the first builder of private passenger automobiles to recognize the manufacturer's duty to the full by incorporating into its cars the highest possible degree of in-built safety.

Special Safety Exhibits and Demonstrations by all Stutz Dealers

During Safety Week all Stutz dealers will make special exhibits in their showrooms and give demonstrations of the New Safety Stutz designed to bring out its protective features in a practical way.

These will include:

Exhibits of the Safety Glass used *all around* in all models of the New Safety Stutz, in comparison with ordinary windshield and window glass, under severe shock.

Exhibit of the New Safety Stutz frame, the backbone of the automobile; the strongest and most rigid on any private passenger car.

Exhibit of the steel running-boards of the New Safety Stutz, literally side-bumpers; with the steel front and rear bumpers, providing a veritable armor belt of steel about the car.

Exhibit of the New Safety Stutz bodies of steel, exceptionally sturdy, shock-resisting and structurally strong.

Demonstration of the narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts of the New Safety Stutz which give an unobstructed view of the road, both ahead and diagonally to the sides.

Demonstration of the advanced four-wheel hydrostatic brakes of the New Safety Stutz developed and built by Timken on a newly-utilized principle, attaining perfect equalization, prevention of skidding and increased effectiveness in stopping.

Demonstration of the instant acceleration of the New Safety Stutz—giving a "nimbleness" to the car that quickly pulls it out of tight places in traffic and dangerous situations on the highway.

Demonstration of the wonderful stability and perfect balance of the New Safety Stutz, with its lower center of gravity and scientific spring suspension, eliminating sidesway and top-heaviness, and increasing road-adhesiveness, ease-of-riding and ease of control.

Demonstration of the remarkable ease-of-handling introduced by New Safety Stutz design which makes for safety at all times, because the car *acts* as quickly as the driver *thinks*.

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Visit the showrooms of your local Stutz dealer. See these impressive demonstrations of the exclusive protective features of the New Safety Stutz.

Learn how these features not only safeguard your family, and your investment, but also give a new pleasure to motoring by virtue of the mental relaxation—the feeling of confidence and security—that they impart at all times.

Watch your local newspapers for further announcements.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc., *Indianapolis*

The New SAFETY STUTZ is permanently protected against theft by the Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This also is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriter's Class A rating on both fire and theft.

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

All closed bodies automatically ventilated by Hubbard Ventilating Eaves—another exclusive feature.

STUTZ

New SAFETY STUTZ

THAT KIND OF WOMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

"No. But they do things differently from the way they used to. The really smart women all get into something."

"Well, they'd be better off out of them."

"I wish," she said again, "that I knew some of those women—like Mrs. English. The girls get awfully tiresome, always squabbling over a tenth of a cent a point or what movie they'll go to, or getting all worked up because someone else has bought a dress like theirs."

Blanding was lost. He was aware that his wife was complaining, but he could not see the firm thread of logic which in Nell's mind connected all these things. So, being through with his dinner, he simply rose from the table and went out to the sun porch, where, in the midst of a brown wicker family of chairs and tables, he read the evening paper and reflected on Berkeley's candidacy. For it meant a good deal to Mr. Blanding to have a friend who was a United States senator; and more than seldom, it meant something in a perfectly respectable way to Mr. Blanding's important clients.

He was aware, during the days that followed, that Hawkins had been right. There was a queer wayward gust of wind blowing through the political system and tossing things where they did not belong. Things were unsteady. Blanding had seen them unsteady before—during 1912, and later during the war, when people had been so jumbled in political adherence. This was different only because it was so difficult to settle on a general cause for it. Here and there people fought for their candidates on the basis of their wringing wetness or their bone dryness to the almost comic eclipse of all other virtues or demerits, and elsewhere hot battles on world peace were brewing.

Blanding was convinced, as he looked the situation over, that it needed a strong hand to put it in order, and he was inclined to think it was his own hand. The Berkeley campaign committee was too weak and needed complete reorganizing and strengthening to get it through these last few months, and Blanding had about made up his mind that he would head that committee. He had refused to do that for Berkeley once before, but he knew the boys would be soon around to ask him again. This time he was inclined to go out in the field and make a clean-up.

In the meantime the Kirkpatrick wedding, which had been engaging the minds of florists and decorators and photographers and bridesmaids and principals to such a degree that they would have been entirely unconscious of any political struggle even if the republic had been suddenly declared a monarchy, came to an end just then in a short church ceremony one evening, and a very elaborate reception and dance afterward. Blanding had quite forgotten that Kirkpatrick's girl was to be married until Nelly mentioned it. He handled the Kirkpatrick law business, but somehow he and Nelly had never mixed much socially with his client's family, though, of course, they had been asked to the wedding.

Nelly had not forgotten it. For weeks it had been a dangling event which had filled her with a kind of dread, and yet had exalted her above the other members of her set, who looked greedily on at the Kirkpatrick festivities without participation. To that group of women she had retailed a full description of the present she and Ted had sent and the dress she had bought to wear. Secretly, she hated to go, and yet was determined to go, even if most of the pleasure she could get would come from talking about it afterward.

"You better come home early tonight, Teddy," she reminded him in the morning, "to dress for the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"You know—Ivonne Kirkpatrick's."

"Catch me going to that shebang!" he had rejoined.

Nelly grew flustered, but she stood her ground. She had boasted of this invitation and it had to be seen through. "But we've got to go now. We've accepted. You said you'd go a month ago when I asked you. I asked you then whether I should accept. Besides, I have a new dress and everything."

She stood tremulously before him and he realized she was about to melt into tears.

"Oh, all right," he said grudgingly, "all right. But we don't have to stay long."

He came home early, and dressed after dinner with all the reluctance of the man who always feels his evening clothes are an annoyance and an affectation. They fitted him rather badly, having spent more time on hangers than on his shoulders, and his figure had shifted and changed since they had been made. He felt padded at the shoulders and tight at the belt, and it affected his temper. Nelly knew it. But she counted on the presence of many people to subdue his choler and she meant to see that wedding.

She did. An usher placed her on the east side of the church, so that she could see the bride come down the aisle, and Nelly sat there beside her husband, enjoying the flower-scented hush of the preliminaries, the feeling of being part of an important social picture. She was no pusher, was Nelly, and her ambitions did not drive her to a frontal attack on society which did not come her way. But such an occasion as this gave her deeper satisfaction than Blanding would have supposed her capable of.

Gently she nudged Blanding and spoke softly. "Across the aisle in front, one row," she said—"that's Mrs. Fred English!"

"Huh!" said Blanding, and did not alter a muscle. At least, not at the moment. But when they all rose for the entry of the wedding procession, his eyes, instead of resting on the slow march of the extremely sophisticated bridesmaids, turned curiously in the other direction to the row where Nelly had indicated the presence of Mrs. English. He recognized her at once. But in her dark street clothes he had not realized the extent of her beauty. She wore a silver cloak which slipped a little carelessly from one firm white shoulder, and her hair was dark and shaped closely to her head. There were no loose ends like those in Nelly's unmanageable and fretful bob, and no fantastic locks half falling over her eyes. It was smooth and curved. She stood very straight beside her husband and regarded the moving line without much curiosity. Once she turned to Fred English and said something that brought a quick smile to his lips, and the shadow of it lingered on her own as her profile again became visible to Blanding. He wondered what she had said.

At the reception, he and Nelly found themselves rather ill at ease. Blanding knew most of the men, but Nelly was not so well acquainted. They went through the preliminaries, the long reception line, where Nelly made fluttering and unheard statements to the bride and groom. Old Kirkpatrick shook hands heartily with the Blandings and told them how glad he was they had come, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, a blur of responsibility in gold chiffon, assured them that she was also. After that was over they were more or less adrift.

"How about going home?" he suggested.

Nelly was uncomfortable, but not through. "Oh, we must go into the dining room, Teddy."

The great dining room and breakfast room were full of people, of colored waiters, of flowers and delicious food. Blanding and Nelly retired to a corner with their laden plates, and Nelly's soft, half-covetous, wistful eyes took notes on the people she saw, the magnitude of the bride's cake in the center of the great table, the profusion of lilies and roses. Blanding, who hated to eat standing up, deposited his cup of coffee on a window ledge and tried to keep his salad from sliding off his plate.

"Isn't that a marvelous dress Mrs. English has on?" sighed Nelly. "Isn't she the most beautiful creature anyway? Who's she talking to, Teddy?"

Blanding looked. He was no expert on dresses, but his eyes narrowed suddenly as he saw her companion.

"Why, that's Berkeley—Senator Berkeley. You know him, Nelly."

"I knew his face was familiar. But he's never been to the house," said Nell; "you always meet him up in the woods, you know, when you go hunting."

"I didn't know he was in town," said Blanding; "must have just got in. We'd better go over and speak to him, Nelly."

Nelly looked at Corinne English, so beautiful, so serene, so accustomed to everything about her, and demurred.

"Oh, not now. I don't know her or anything."

But Senator Berkeley's ever-attentive eye caught Blanding's just then, and he said something to Mrs. English and came over to them. He was, as Blanding had claimed to Mrs. English, a good friend and showed it.

"Hello, Ted! Well, this is certainly fine! Eat up all those ducks yet?"

Blanding chuckled. "Every last one. This is my wife—Senator Berkeley."

Nell greeted him effusively. Blanding found himself wishing she would be a little calmer, a little less fussy in her manner. But the senator was all suavity.

"Coming in to see you tomorrow or next day," he said to Blanding, smiling; "a few little things to talk over—ducks, and such things."

"How are things looking?" asked Blanding, speaking in a low tone, as Nelly fell out of the conversation.

"Better—decidedly better. We're going to have a nice little organization out here. I just put something over that was more than I hoped for."

"What's that?"

The senator spoke softly. "Why, I think Mrs. Fred English is going to head the campaign committee for me. How's that?"

"A woman! What's the idea of that?" said Blanding sharply.

"That's the whole idea. It's not my votes among the men I'm afraid of. I can hold them. It's the woman vote I'm going to need. And believe me, she can round it up, if anyone can. She was a Cartwright, you know, and she's got her finger on dozens of people upstate."

Blanding glowered. "That kind of play isn't going to do any good," he said shortly. "I know her. She was around in my office asking me to send you a wire last week. Interfering women—that's what they are. Nosey—indiscreet—told."

The senator looked across the room at the nosey, indiscreet, bold Mrs. English, whose lovely, intelligent face was bent gracefully to hear what some elderly woman was saying. He turned to Mrs. Blanding. "I guess your husband sees just one woman in the world worth noticing, and that's you, Mrs. Blanding."

Nelly fluttered and looked nervous. Her hair was beginning to straggle a little and she wasn't at all sure what to say.

Across the room, Mrs. Vancil, austere and distinguished in black, said to Corinne English, "I see your friend Blanding is here."

"He hasn't sought me out," answered Corinne, smiling. "I wonder if that's his wife with him. It must be, of course. She probably leads a pleasant kind of life."

"She must be his wife. It would take a good strong legal tie to get any woman to go out with him."

"I wonder if Senator Berkeley has told him about the campaign committee. And I'm still wondering if I was wise to say I'd do it. But it did seem a chance to get some ideas across which I've been cherishing about the way a campaign ought to be conducted."

"Certainly you were wise. Berkeley came across and did what he ought to on that vote, and we ought to help him. He's going to need help too."

"Suppose Mr. Blanding will work with us? Let's go over and make him growl," said Corinne.

They crossed the room carelessly, and apparently by accident intercepted the Blandings and the senator. It was Nelly's great moment. She met both the ladies, and, as she said afterward, they were such nice, plain women to meet. As for Blanding, he nodded in a rather surly fashion and let the talk go on without him.

"Do you take any interest in politics, Mrs. Blanding?" asked Mrs. English, bringing the conversation around to that in a few deft sentences.

"Well, I haven't," said Nelly effusively, "but I've often thought I'd like to."

"Mrs. Blanding doesn't take any interest in things outside her home," said Blanding suddenly and harshly.

Nelly got her cue. She gave him a frightened look and agreed. "It takes so much time," she said, placating everything and everybody.

"Still, women have so much more time than they used to have," offered Mrs. Vancil. "Look at Mrs. English, with her three children and all she manages to do."

"Have you three children?" asked Nelly, her eyes resting on Corinne English with a strange look. "Three children too?"

Corinne English, who knew something about women, read a good deal in that look. It wasn't just ordinary admiration, the kind she got in quantities every day, nor ordinary jealousy. It was something stifled and starving and suppressed.

"Well, Nelly," said Blanding, "getting pretty late. I think we'll have to be going along. Good night, senator." And he bowed in the general direction of the ladies.

"You'll have a hard time bending him to your charms," said Mrs. Vancil to Corinne. "He's a tough old bird."

Corinne looked after them thoughtfully. "I rather liked his Nelly. Of course she doesn't know whether she's coming or going, but still ——"

Blanding made clear to Nelly on the way home what he thought of women in politics. He delivered quite an oration on it, full of extremely rounded periods, which he felt was merely a rehearsal of the one he would like to give Berkeley, and would give him, too, if he came around. Nell fluttered and grew tremulous; but after all she did not mind very much, for they had gone to the wedding and the reception and met Mrs. English.

"She'd better stay home and raise a family," said Blanding, referring to Mrs. English. "I think Berkeley's lost his mind, putting her on that committee, or else he's turned soft on her."

"But she has a family. She has three children," Nelly objected.

"Bah!" growled Blanding, and generalized further, that point being closed.

"And I," said Nelly, half to herself, "have none."

Blanding didn't hear that. He had plunged into his peroration, which was involved and dealt with the complete collapse of a political organization built up by women.

He made no secret of the way he felt things had been mismanaged. The only reason he did not deliver his speech to Senator Berkeley was that Berkeley did not come around to the office. He got a friendly little note from the senator after he had gone back to Washington, talking of some hunting plans for the fall and referring only casually to the campaign. He received a note asking him to attend the meeting of the Berkeley campaign committee, signed

(Continued on Page 133)

It's easy now to keep every floor clean

Splashed water on the bathroom floor, cooking stains on the kitchen floor, crumbs on the dining room floor, lint on the bedroom floors, tracked-in dirt on the hall floor, dust on every floor. All must be vanquished daily.

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In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

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—Here the sweet charm of natural loveliness that surpasses every other type of beauty. The simple rule in skin care, noted below, is bringing it to thousands—follow it in this way:

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For that reason, natural ways in skin care hold supreme sway everywhere today. Proved ways in skin care are alone followed by the woman who seriously wishes to care properly for her skin.

Leading skin specialists of the world urge the simple rule of cleanliness as best for the skin. It has been proved effective times beyond number. Famous beauty experts employ it. More naturally clear complexions are credited to it probably than to any other method known.

The rule and how to follow it for best results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

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The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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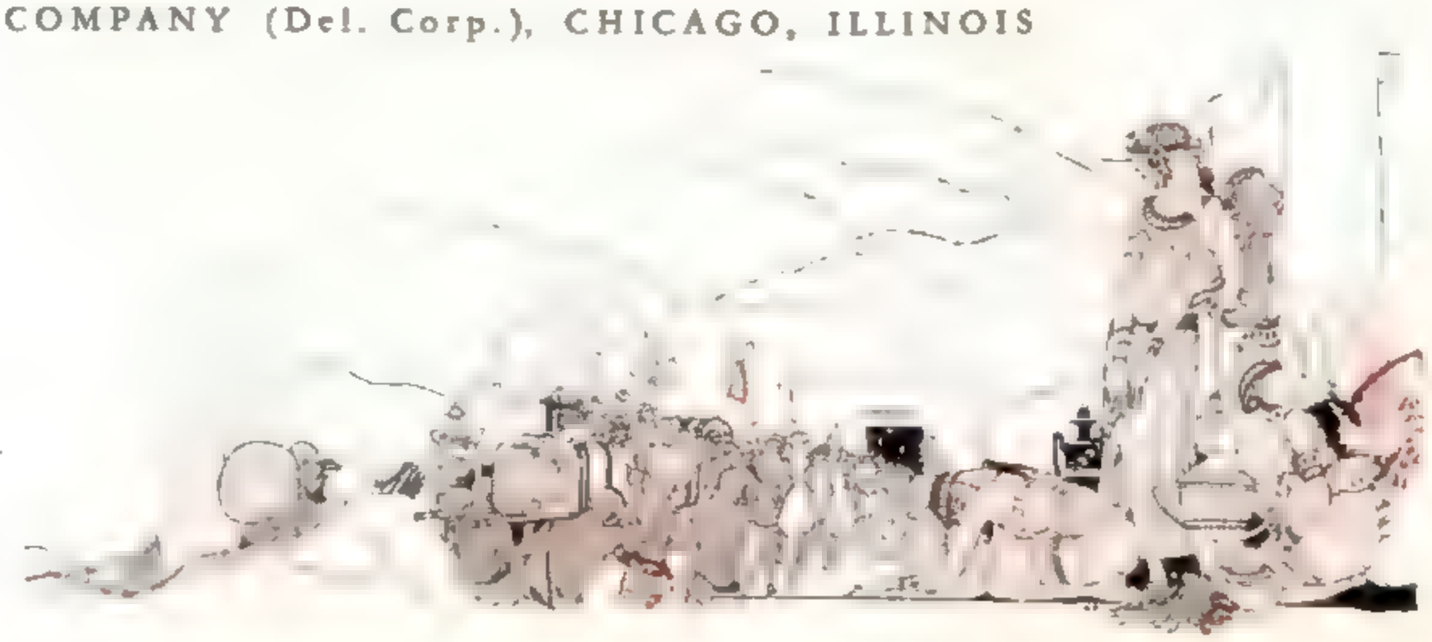

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Upon request we will be glad to send you our very interesting upholstery booklet.

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by Corinne English. He threw the note into the wastebasket and did not attend the meeting. After that no one consulted him on the senatorial fight except in the matter of gossip. But he heard things.

"Things are looking better," said Hawkins, meeting him one day at the club and giving unsolicited information. "We've certainly got a regular Tammany organizer in Mrs. English. She's got a foothold in pretty nearly every district, I guess, and it's building up strong. Berkeley's going to stump the state himself."

"Bad stuff," said Blanding. "Looks as if he was scared."

"Mrs. English says it's the only way he'll be able to get the dry vote lined up. They've been circulating a rumor that he's a booze fighter—the Shevlin crowd. Of course, he doesn't take a drink half as often as Shevlin, if it comes to that; but the rumor's there, making trouble. So he's going to take three weeks and go through the state himself and give them the straight facts. It's her idea."

"Won't get by. Better leave it alone."

Hawkins laughed. "Come on, Ted," he said, "get on the band wagon, why don't you?"

"Band wagon's right," growled Blanding, "and an awful noisy band. No, thanks. I vote for Berkeley as I always do, and I get anyone else I can to vote for him. But I'm not going to play in the parlor."

He caught no personal glimpses of Mrs. English during those summer months. Once in a while he came across her picture in the paper and he never mistook it for anyone else. Even her pictures seemed to come through the press more clearly than those of other people. They all looked like her.

The summer droned through to fall, passing as all the Blandings' summers did. Nell spent three weeks with her sister in Detroit, and Blanding went fishing every week-end when business did not detain him. He had a rough cottage up in the North Woods with a great deal of property around it, but he never brought Nell up there. His idea of summer occupations for Nell was the trip to Detroit and plenty of ice cream.

It had never occurred to him that she had other desires or visions. So one Sunday morning in August, when she was reading the bepictured society section of the morning paper, her remark surprised him:

"We really ought to have a summer place, Teddy."

"Summer place?" he asked. "What's wrong with this for a summer place? Big shady porch, nice lawn—what more do you want?"

"I mean in the country," said Nelly. "If you'd let me fix up the cottage you have at Silver Lake, I should think we could ask people there. It's not a bit far from all those lodges on the Merrinac River."

"Yes," he said satirically, "I'm likely to turn my hunting lodge into a pink tea place. Put up lace curtains. Don't be idiotic, Nelly. Men can't stand those trick places."

"I notice your friend Senator Berkeley and his wife and Hawkins and all those people go up to the English lodge," she answered, still looking at the society page.

"Go where?"

"Up to Mrs. English's lodge at Merrinac. The paper says that they're there this week-end. All the smart people do that sort of thing. We could."

Her husband had become attentive, but not to her last reflection. He was instantly conscious of the amount of political planning which must be going on over that week-end and he was inwardly smarting at being left out of it. After Nell had gone in the house, he picked up the society page and hunted out the notice. There they all were, all right, the whole gang. He tried to tell himself that they were a bunch of fools, but the thing began to worry him. He really had not credited the fact that they would do without him so coolly as all this. Now it came to him that he was being counted out, and for a fool woman, too, he told himself. Well, let them ride to a fall, if they wanted to. He hoped they would, and learn a few things.

And yet if Berkeley should be beaten, it wasn't going to be very comfortable to have Shevlin in. Shevlin was no friend of Blanding's. Either way, it didn't look right, and, most of all, the humiliation of being left out of the political councils pricked under his skin. That afternoon he and Nelly went out for a long ride, but when she again mentioned a place in the country, he roared her down. She cried a little. Nelly had very little spirit of late. He noticed it even while roaring and thought that he must have a doctor look her over. All these fancies and discontents might mean that she had something wrong inside.

However, she did not see a doctor. Whether it was because she seemed vaguely better or whether Blanding forgot it in the press of business and worries and grouches, the doctor was not called. Blanding himself looked once in a while as if he needed one. He grew angry with more than ordinary quickness, and when politics was mentioned he found relief in discouraging prophecy and remarks which scathed women and suffrage for them. But for all that, he knew enough about the signs of the campaign to see that Berkeley's stock was rising higher and higher. The senator stumped the state in September, and the reports that came back from that tour were that he and his wife, appearing together on the platforms in small towns, had done a great deal to allay that planted talk about his dissipation. Mrs. English went along on the tour and did a good deal of speaking herself. It was clear who was going to get the credit for an almost sure victory, and Blanding could work himself into anger at the thought of it. He and Berkeley had been friends for twenty years and this woman seemed to have cut the friendship off abruptly. He had an idea that the senator was deliberately avoiding him.

Blanding went home early one afternoon in late September. He got tired and headachy once in a while these hot fall days, and today he thought he would go to bed. Nelly would probably be out and he could have the house to himself.

At first, when he went in, he thought the house was empty. Then he heard Nelly humming in the sun room. It was an old tune that was running through her head and it sounded very cheerful and happy, reminding Blanding quite unexpectedly of the way Nelly used to sing when she was first married without knowing she was doing it, and of a long-forgotten joke they shared about it. He went to the sun-room door and looked in.

Nelly was seated at the round wicker table, which was cleared for the time of its accustomed magazines and books and ash trays. In front of her were some papers and a telephone book and a card catalogue. But the thing that caught Blanding's eye was a heap of small dodgers, evidently waiting to be folded and inclosed in envelopes. They were yellow dodgers and each of them was printed with the handsome face of Senator Berkeley.

"What on earth are you doing, Nelly?" said her husband sharply. Nelly looked up and her hand flew to her throat in a gesture of fright. Every vestige of natural color went out of her face and only the rouge spots remained. "What's this stuff?" She made a movement as if to clear it away, but he stopped her. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing."

"I don't get it. What's all this Berkeley campaign stuff around here?"

"I was just helping a little," said Nelly defensively; "just in my own precinct."

He withered her with a look. "You don't mean to tell me you're trying to play this female-politician stuff!" he said roughly. She murmured something again about her own precinct. "What are you doing? Getting up a mailing list?"

"I'm working on the poll list, that's all. I'm trying to check off the names and correct some of the addresses."

"Who got you into this?"

She hesitated; and then, as he started to repeat his question ominously, she moistened her lips and tossed her head defiantly.

"Mrs. English did, if you want to know. She asked me herself to be chairman of this precinct and get out the woman vote. I'm chairman."

"Yes, you are! You call her up—and do it pretty quick—and tell her she doesn't make any cat's-paw out of you."

She was afraid of him and he looked angry enough to inspire fear. "I can't. I'm on the list. It's printed."

She held out a sheet of office letter paper which shook a little in her hand. Printed on the side of the paper was a long list of names, and rather far up on the list was that of Mrs. T. S. Blanding. Blanding got that far in his perusal of the list and then tore it in two, crumpling it up and throwing it on the floor.

"That's that!" he said. "And now clear this rubbish out of here."

He started to begin the clean-up, but Nelly got between him and the table. "You leave my work alone!"

"Your work!" he exclaimed derisively. "They're making a fool out of you!"

"They are not making a fool out of me! They thought I'd be good and they wanted me. I am good. I've a captain for nearly every block. I'm one of the best precinct workers Mrs. English has."

"Well, she's not going to have you any longer. My wife's not going to be in politics—and that's that!"

He shouted at her in his most authoritative manner, but for some reason it did not have its usual effect.

"Yes, she is going to be in politics," said Nelly, "if she wants to." Her voice was shrill and nervous. "You've bullied me all my married life and I'm not going to stand it any longer. I've let you bully the brains out of me. And now when I've a chance to meet some people who know something and get somewhere, you're not going to stop me. Those other men don't stop their wives. They can't. This is a free country. I'll do it if I like."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"I will!" cried Nelly, her voice going higher and higher. "Ever since we've been married everything's been your way. You didn't want to adopt any children. You didn't want a summer home like other people, so you had a cottage for yourself. You pay all the bills and I have to ask for every cent I get, like a baby. No wonder I never learned anything. I was at Mrs. English's house the other day when Mrs. Berkeley was there ——"

"You were!" he said, with surprised accent on the "you."

"I certainly was. And I didn't tell you, because you'd fight about it. You ought to see the way those women run their houses and write their own checks and everything. I'm going to be like that kind of women from now on. I'm reducing too. You don't know the way things are now. Women don't ask their husbands whether they can do things or not, you old horse and buggy!"

She stopped, her breath and the clamor of her thoughts exhausted. It was the single time in eighteen years that Nelly had hurled invective at her husband, and in an agony of expression she burst into mad tears and buried her head on a pile of Senator Berkeley's pictures. They were not whining, facile tears of her usual kind. They were sobs of tangled ambitions and repressions and worry and fear. Blanding listened for a moment, cleared his throat and went away. He could not shout those sobs down.

He went out in the garden, where he could not hear them. His mind was still whirling with the shock of his discovery, but it was moving more slowly now, and to his amazement he found that instead of adjusting to anger, a queer, amused satisfaction was coming to the surface. Nelly, he thought, Nelly putting something over like that! Nelly on the committee! A shamefaced thought came to him that it wasn't so bad all around. It wasn't going

(Continued on Page 136

Bank Uses Bates Machines "all over the place"

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DRINK MORE MILK

(Continued from Page 133)

to be so bad to have Nelly identified with it. People would assume he was back of her of course.

He sought for anger in reaction, but it seemed to be gone. So Nelly thought he was a horse and buggy! So she felt she'd not had very much her own way. Poor old girl, she hadn't, when you came to think about it.

When he went in the house an hour later many new aspects of things had occurred to him, but he felt awkward and embarrassed. Nelly's sobs had ceased. The sun room was cleared of politics, and the usual magazines and ash trays were back in their places. He took up the evening paper and settled himself in the armchair by the window, listening for the sound of Nelly's steps on the stairs. She did not come. There was no sound from above and only the faintest of kitchen noises in the distances of the house.

Blanding went upstairs, tossing the unread newspaper aside.

The door of their bedroom was open. Nelly was sitting on a chair by the bed. She looked desperate, and, as he came in, she rose with a gesture that suited her face.

"It's no use talking to me, Teddy! No matter what you say, I won't be bullied any longer. Life's too short. I know I'm old and fat, but I'm through being bullied. You can put me out of the house, maybe, though I don't believe you've any legal right to. But I can go to Detroit to Susan. You'll just have to give me the fare!"

There was something shocking about the revolt that could not be completed unless he gave her the fare. Even Blanding, whose sensibilities were not acute, felt the pity of it.

"Hush!" he said. "You'll not go to Susan's. I mean, don't go to Susan's, Nelly."

"Well, I'm going on with that work, Teddy. I just couldn't tell them I wasn't going to—I couldn't!"

He affected large indifference. "Oh, if you're going to take it that seriously, do as you please. It doesn't amount to anything anyway."

"It does to me."

"Do as you please," he repeated. He went to the door, and then tried to turn as if the idea had just come to him casually and was not supreme concession. But the unaccustomed softness of his tone betrayed him.

"I was just thinking," said Blanding, "that since you're getting in with this crowd of political women, we might fix up the old cottage at Silver Lake and have some of them and their husbands for a hunting party up there to celebrate Berkeley's election. Teach you to shoot. The ducks will be coming in fine about then."

GRANDMOTHER BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

And now she was going, taking the old people's past with her; and the young people were sorrowful, too, thinking of their future and of the land of promise whither Grandmother Bernle was going.

So that they could only wave their handkerchiefs, and the band made throaty noises and the schoolmaster said loudly and rather pompously, "Remember to say 'Thank you' and 'If you please'; then they will think you can speak English and are a very educated person."

But it was the *Bürgermeister* who said the last word. He walked beside her carriage window after the train had begun to move, his round good-natured face very red, as though he were going to cry, and the high hat squeezed all out of shape.

"Remember you can never be far from God, *liebe Frau Bernle*," he said simply.

And these were the words Frau Bernle did remember. She held them very close as the last familiar face flashed out of sight, and closer still when the gray Atlantic rolled between her and the land and she knew she would never see her mountains or her home again.

II

IT HAD been one of those impulses against which no one can defend himself. You can be reckoned the hardest head in your particular line of business—as Fritz Bernle was—and then something happens and for long enough to make a mess of your whole life you lose your judgment. Even so, it might have been all right if he hadn't found that darned old letter. At the worst, he would have sent money.

The letter wasn't even opened. The envelope with the sloping, painstaking writing was covered with strange postmarks, showing how the poor thing had wandered hither and thither, beating its way through the entanglements of war till it reached him. He remembered how little welcome it had been—his own shame and terror when he had found it jammed in his letter box.

Wasn't it bad enough to have a name like his and have people stare at him with a hostile curiosity when he opened his mouth? Wasn't he like the best of them in every other respect, and hadn't he proved it? Hadn't he given more than he could afford to the Red Cross? Hadn't he said over and over again very loudly that he'd like to hang the Kaiser with his own hands? And it was true. He hadn't a drop of feeling for his native land. Not a drop. Why should he? It had done nothing for him. He wanted to forget it. He had forgotten it, and in spite of his name and his accent he was making other people forget it too. His tobacco store was the most popular on the avenue.

Of course he owed a lot to Annabella, who was the real goods. It was like having a princess in the family, and she knew it. When the war came along she had made him feel it. They had been terribly in love with each other until then, and it wasn't that they had ever quarreled. But he began to feel how ashamed she was of him, and that had made him secretly humble and outwardly aggressive. He would talk more and more loudly about what he would do, and wear a button with Treat 'Em Rough printed on it in his buttonhole, and inside he was miserable and small, like a bragging schoolboy who is afraid nobody believes him.

Annabella grew cool and aloof. She did perverse things just to worry and shame him. She guessed there was something to be said for both sides and didn't take much stock of all that atrocity stuff. She guessed people were mostly just people. Of course she could get away with it. Everyone knew who she was and liked her. He had to admit that she had done wonders for them all by just being what she was—calm, poised, dead sure of herself. But it had hurt.

James Henry had helped too. He took after his mother's people, and was lithe and loose-limbed and wore his peaked cap over one eye and knew every baseball player's average from Babe Ruth down to the veriest tyro in the lowest club in the second league. A reg'lar feller.

But Fritz Bernle was short and stout, and there were words he could never get quite right, and that hurt too.

Still, all things considered, he hadn't done badly. He had, as it seemed, weathered the storm when that letter had come. The very sight of the writing had turned him sick and faint, like a blow over the heart. It was as though a hand had stretched itself out of the past, clutching at him. James Henry, looking up from breakfast, had asked, "What's bitten you, pop?" And Fritz Bernle had thrust the cruel thing in his pocket and with a casual "Just some darned old bill, sonny" had left the room. No, he hadn't even opened it. He hadn't dared.

He had forgotten and wasn't going to remember; everything he had—his wife, his son, his business—was here. They'd got to let him go, those ghosts of his youth; they'd got to leave him alone.

But he hadn't torn the letter up either. It was as though the invisible hand that wasn't strong enough to hold him any longer laid itself, humble and appealing, over his.

The Bernles lived on Sixth Avenue in a four-room apartment that looked straight onto the tracks of the Elevated. Anybody in the train who happened to have an interest in the Bernles' domestic life could catch intimate if fleeting glimpses of it as he thundered past, and the noise at intervals was like that of the approaching end of the world. But the Bernles didn't mind. They liked seeing people themselves, and silence would have depressed them. And the place was convenient—just over the store—and cheap. It made it possible for them to have a car—a real balloon-tired affair, none of your rattlebang flivvers; and on Sunday, Fritz Bernle, with a very large cigar thrust in the corner of his mouth, would take the family out to Westchester and drink very soft drinks and come back at the rate of ten miles an hour, boiling and sweating in a three-deep queue of other pleasure seekers.

In the winter they queued up to one of the popular movies; or if Annabella took it into her head that it was time for James Henry to imbibe culture, they bought tickets for one of the highbrow shows. And one day in the year, when it was so hot the pavement shimmered and the bedclothes seemed to have become sheets of flame, they queued to Coney and caught a breath of freshness as they raced, shrieking and clinging to one another, down the Thunderbolt.

Not that James Henry shrieked. Owing to his age, he was nonchalant and superior. He guessed there wasn't much kick left in those old things, and that when he was grown up he was going to build something that went straight up and down for a mile. He came along only because he guessed pop and mom liked it. They seemed sort of happier if he was round.

Once when Fritz had been made manager they went further afield—right out to the Port of Missing Men cabin to a three-dollar luncheon, with the large air of having done that sort of thing all their lives. And afterward Fritz had sat on the porch overlooking the rolling hills and gleaming streaks of water, his sight blurred with a pride that somehow wasn't easy, that made him want to hurt and shoulder people out of his way. And that very night, grinning to himself, he had written home and sent the photographs and told all these poor simps back there just what Fritz Bernle had made of himself. He imagined how they would sit up and rub their eyes.

The years had gone by and he hadn't thought of them again until the letter came, and in a day or two he had forgotten that too. He wasn't the brooding kind, and anyhow he was too busy making money so that James Henry should go to college when the time came. His son wasn't going to keep no tobacco store. You could bet your life on that.

Queer how it had happened. It had been Sunday, a lovely day in April. Annabella and James Henry had gone over to Nyack to visit Annabella's mother. They often went, particularly on the Sundays when Fritz couldn't get away, almost as though they did it on purpose to be rid of him. After luncheon he had taken an hour off, and in his shirt sleeves, popped round in a sea of Sunday supplement, had drifted off into a doze. He hadn't been worrying. A bit hurt perhaps, a bit lonely, a bit more aware than usual that married life wasn't all you thought it when you started out.

(Continued on Page 139

W. W. ROPER
Famous College Football Coach

No trained athlete dares to exercise without this protection. *Should you?*

I HAVE often marveled at the physical assurance of men who gamble with exercise—by neglecting to protect themselves from sudden strain or unaccustomed exertion.

In the heat of any game, no man can foresee the movements of his body. A sudden lunge, a quick turn, an impulsive twist, and some tender ligament or susceptible muscle is painfully strained . . . sometimes causing serious and permanent injury.

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In fact, I believe a health supporter of some kind is often an excellent thing for any active man to wear in strenuous exertion of any sort.

W. W. Roper
Famous College Football Coach

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Wear the PAL when you exercise, but wear the O-P-C daily, to guard against local strain, to conserve nerve force, to lessen the day's fatigue.

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Fry Equipment Company, Limited
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(Continued from Page 136)

Or perhaps the snack luncheon at the drug store hadn't agreed with him. But on the whole, everything was O. K.—fine. He was making money fast. They couldn't despise him if he did that.

He hadn't really fallen asleep. Through a maze of disjointed thoughts he had heard the Elevated come and go like a receding tide of loose metal. He had smelled the faint familiar smell of gasoline wafted in through the open window.

Then something had happened. Perhaps it was the spring -that queer change of the blood that is like a wistful renewal of youth. He had been remembering a time when Annabella had been different—when she had thought him a fine fellow. And then suddenly—it was as though he had blundered out unexpectedly into a familiar pathway—he had seen tall dark-clad mountains ahead of him and heard the wind sighing through the pine trees and the long grass. He had smelled resin and burning wood, and the smoke of it had stung his eyes. A low blackened ceiling had closed down on him, and in the twilight of a little room, so close to the very source of his life that it was like the innermost recess of his own heart, a clock ticked loudly and solemnly. He had heard voices—clear, boyish voices—and then somebody had called him by name and he had sprung up as though he had been shot, stammering, "*Ja wohl, komme gleich, Mutterle!*" And he had found himself standing there, a stout middle-aged man in his shirt sleeves, trembling in New York sunshine.

He had laughed. He had lit a cigar. But a door had opened he couldn't close any more. He had said aloud, "Maybe I'll haf a look at that new Pickford movie." But he hadn't gone. He had even rung up Annabella, but her astonished voice had only added to his uneasiness. He couldn't tell her what was the matter. He didn't know. He had hung up in the middle of her questioning. He hadn't even said good-by. He knew now that he had become a total stranger. He knew that she didn't love him. Her voice, cold and impatient, divorced from her calm smiling presence, had told him. She didn't care what became of him. No one cared. He might fall down dead. They'd be upset, but they wouldn't be really unhappy. Maybe they'd be glad. They'd always been ashamed of him. He had no one—no one in the whole world.

Presently, like a frightened child seeking home, he had gone to his bureau and rooted round till he had found the old unopened letter and opened it. And then the whole thing had fallen upon him in its full strength. It had torn his heart. It had seemed literally to knock his life all to pieces. Nothing of all he had could shield him. His three brothers dead—and he hadn't even written! The hard, bitter winters up there in the remembered mountains; his little old mother who had made *Honigkuchen* for them all when she herself had gone without bread; and out of his own plenty he had given nothing—worse than nothing. He had boasted—thrown his boasts like stones at her and gone his way. And she was so old. He tried to reckon up. Even when he was a little boy she had seemed incredibly old. And now if she were dead ——

He hadn't given himself time to think. With his cigar hanging from his quivering mouth, the tears on his round cheeks, he had written home a second time. He had groped, blundering, for the forgotten words.

He had explained to Annabella that they had been cut off and Annabella had teased him with her cool good humor. She said she guessed he had been drinking and he had grinned sheepishly. He had meant to tell her the truth, to say in a strong assured voice, "My mother is coming home to us." But the very sight of her had sobered him. He loved her. He was terribly proud of her. But he knew now that she didn't love him and that she was ashamed. And there had always been something about her that had frightened him—her good looks, her trim smart clothes, the hard brightness of her manners. Even James Henry frightened him. It was frightening to have a son so different from yourself; who was so slender, so clean-cut; who looked at you with such critical young eyes, as though he thought it queer to have such a father. How could you tell a boy like James Henry, who had made a radio set with his own hands and understood things that Fritz Bernle wouldn't understand to his dying day, that you had a little German peasant woman for a mother? How could you explain to Annabella that you had been wrenched and torn by a homesickness for a world that would make her laugh if she saw it—a world without cars or plumbing or movies or soda fountains, where one lived face to face with a bleak necessity that these two would never know?

No, he couldn't. He couldn't bear the thought of their surprise, their irony, their thinly disguised contempt. No hurry, anyway. No use disturbing folk for nothing. Anything might happen. She might not want to come. There was the quota. It might take years. And then perhaps—the thought skulked through his mind—it might be too late.

No, he wouldn't admit that he had thought that. But with his letter still in the letter box, he knew that he had done a darn fool thing. One had to be hard-boiled in this life—as Annabella and James Henry were—and he had been soft and sentimental. And that was why they despised him in their heart of hearts and why he felt so lonely with them both.

So the months had slipped by, and somehow in the rush of things he would forget the whole wretched business. And then letters would come full of Grandmother Bernle's progress and he would sweat with shame and misery. He would be awake at nights, listening to Annabella's quiet breathing, thinking of the great ship that was bringing his crisis nearer with every minute, trying to gather courage to lay a hand on that shoulder turned against him and tell her the whole simple truth. And in the end, with a heavy sigh, he, too, had turned over and fallen asleep.

Till the day came when an indifferent voice on the telephone had said, "Yes, she docks tomorrow forenoon. The immigrants should be cleared through Ellis Island by six o'clock—those who are O. K." If he was a relative he could come along.

And so the journey of one little old immigrant was over—and still Fritz Bernle had said nothing.

III

GRANDMOTHER BERNLE couldn't have explained. It wouldn't have occurred to her to try. All her life she had been silent about things, and most of all when they hurt. She was just very quiet, as animals are quiet when they are ill and suffering. So nobody took much notice of her. Anyhow, the immigrants were full of their own affairs. They were mostly young people starting out on a new life and they had no use for old people whose adventures at best could be only short and without issue. It was different for the children. Everybody petted and made much of the children, because they were the future, and there was something moving in the thought of their innocence and of all that they might become. But Grandmother Bernle's story was already almost told and it was obviously so simple that nobody had any interest in listening to it.

And then the immigrants were nearly all Lithuanians and Czecho-Slovakians, and spoke a strange wild language and regarded anyone who didn't with a dark hostility. The women in Grandmother Bernle's cabin pushed her about rather roughly, not because they were unkind but because she was old and rather slow and took up so much room with her shawls and her petticoats. So she was glad when they went chattering and screaming at one another to the recreation saloon or to their meals.

Only once had Grandmother Bernle crept in after them, very timidly, not knowing what was expected of her. But the strange foods, the terrible fall and rise of the great ship, made her feel so ill that her neighbor, good-naturedly enough, had taken her up onto the deck and left her there on a pile of rope. But she hadn't stayed. The sight of the vast tossing world in which nothing was at rest made it so hard to believe in God, or at any rate in a God that cared anything at all about Grandmother Bernle, that she had crept down the steep heaving stairway and along the white passages, very slowly and painfully, till she found her own place, which for the first time was almost like home to her. And there she stayed, not eating anything save some dry *Kuchen* that was left over from the paper packages, and sitting very quietly on the edge of her berth, with her wrinkled hands clasped over a little crucifix and her eyes full of an enduring patience.

It was strange that nobody saw how like her eyes were to the eyes of the young children, or, in a way, how close she was to them in her nearness to the final mystery. But, in fact, they despised her a little because she was old and would never shoulder her way to wealth and power, as they were all going to do. And because she stayed so quiet and undemanding, they thought she wasn't right in the head.

It would, indeed, have gone very hardly with Grandmother Bernle if it hadn't been for the thought of Fritz and the young wife, who was also her daughter; and most of all of the little Fritz who was to give her back her children to her. Her thoughts hid themselves in those three. She would forget everything—the hunger and the cold and the terror of strange things—in the picture of them waiting for her. She couldn't think of them as strangers. They were her flesh and blood, and so, of course, it would be all right, and there was nothing for it but to be patient and to remember all the time that God was near to you everywhere, as the *Bürgermeister* had said.

But at night, when she lay quiet and very small in her narrow berth, her petticoats folded neatly at the foot, and listening to the fierce beating of the ship's heart and the snoring of the Lithuanians, she would fall asleep and dream that she was in her dank little *Wohnstube* with the green-bush meadows of springtime shining through the window, and that the *Burgermeister* was there, too, talking to her, telling her the village gossip—of how Hans Stotz was quarreling with his wife again and of how there was illness up there at Dorfmuller. And once, in her dream, it was a Saturday, and all the white little faces were crowded in her doorway, and freckled little noses sniffed the warm fragrance of her *Honigkuchen*. And she said aloud, as she had always done, "*Wartet nur—wartet nur, ihr Schlingel.*"

And the Lithuanians grumbled and said, "That old thing talks in her sleep. She is crazy. They ought not to allow such a thing." And they turned over and snored louder than ever. But Grandmother Bernle, who had wakened herself with her own voice, lay thinking about it all and remembering that now again she was to bake *Honigkuchen* for her own children.

Suddenly everyone went quite mad. It began the night before, like the stirring up of an ant hill, with tremendous packings of boxes and parcels and running hither and thither and excited chatterings. Nobody slept at all, and everybody was dressed and about at daybreak. The Lithuanians and the Czecho-Slovakians filled the passages with bundles and babies and screaming small children, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the ship's officers, who had an air of patient exasperation, herded them into the dining saloon.

In all this confusion Grandmother Bernle was like an old bundle that no one wanted or knew what to do with. She would have liked to stay safe in her cabin, but she was afraid everyone would go without her, for she knew that she was of no importance to anyone save the people at home, who were so far off that it was as if they were in another world, and to Fritz and little Fritz and little Fritz's mother,

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who were waiting for her. She felt she had to get to them at whatever cost; so she struggled out into the passage with her two boxes and made everyone very angry, because, what with her many petticoats and the fact that she was not so young any more, she could not help getting in everyone's way. And to everyone Grandmother Bernle said "Thank you" and "If you please" in rapid succession, which made everyone more annoyed than ever.

At last the maelstrom in the dining saloon poured out and carried Grandmother Bernle with it down congested passages and up companionways to the ship's side. It seemed almost as though they were all being swept into the sea; but when her turn came, squeezed breathless between a stout peasant woman and a bearded gentleman in high boots, Grandmother Bernle found that they were to go down a ladder into another ship, so much smaller, so far beneath, that it seemed as though it must be crushed like an eggshell. But presently they were all on board and drawing away swiftly over the smooth water.

And now suddenly everyone was quiet. Even the children stopped crying. All the assurance seemed to have gone out of everybody. Nobody talked any more of their grand relations or of what they were going to do. It was as though for a moment they were overcome by a profound emotion of fear and wonder and inexplicable sorrow. Everybody who could crowded to the ship's side, from which they could see the mainland rising in magic towers and pinnacles out of the morning mists. The faces of the immigrants had lost all expression and were frozen stiff, as though they were trying to hide even from themselves what they were thinking.

They had become like school children who have been very brave and boastful on the way to the new school, but who, at sight of the great building where they are to be strangers, become very small and frightened and seek with longing for their homes. But none of them wanted to cry before the others.

Grandmother Bernle sat on her boxes apart from the rest. She was frightened too—not on her own account, for she had never really thought of herself, but for everybody. She felt they were all very near the end of the world. It was like something she had heard the *Herr Pfarrer* preach about in church—something terrible and wonderful that might vanish at a gesture from God's wrathful hand. If those great peaks, full of demonic unrest, had suddenly gone up in flame and fury or crumbled to ashes, dragging the world with them into a bottomless pit—as the *Herr Pfarrer* had described—Grandmother Bernle would not have been astonished. It couldn't be right to do such things—to build right into the face of God, as it were. It was like a defiance which God himself would surely punish.

But then Grandmother Bernle suddenly remembered that Fritz and little Fritz and little Fritz's mother might be living on the very highest peak of all, which meant that everything was all right and that she need not be afraid. Because Fritz had always been good. He had always gone to church regularly and had stayed at home to help when the three others had gone playing. He was her youngest and her dearest. If Fritz chose to build high places like that, then it must be right to build them.

The little ship slid into a narrow dock with squat red-faced buildings on either side. There were knots of people waiting, and Grandmother Bernle stood up stiffly with her heart beating all over her. But she was strong now. Everyone had to give way—even the stout Lithuanian peasant woman who laughed, showing her strong white teeth. It was funny to see anyone so old and so excited.

So they let her come to the ship's side. And she leaned over, looking everywhere. She had wonderful sight, but now her eyes were blurred with eagerness. Everyone seemed to be Fritz—every man turning toward her was surely he. And then before she had time to make certain, the immigrants surged forward, carrying Grandmother Bernle with them over the broad gangway.

She had no packages now. They were left behind, forgotten. She held back, peering into every face as it flowed past her, turning this way and that like a rudderless little old ship in a strong tide, calling "Fritz! Fritz!" in a thin small voice that nobody heard.

Any moment she might run right into his arms, might see his boyish freckled face smiling down into hers. For in her growing terror Grandmother Bernle had forgotten twenty years and the photograph of the stout middle-aged man with the high collar and the spotted tie. She was looking for her son.

But presently she was all alone except for a kindly looking man in a blue uniform who patted her on the shoulder and pointed the way the others had gone: "Now then, you mustn't get lost, you know."

And Grandmother Bernle said "Thank you," with a dry throat and a deadly fear tugging at her heart. She knew now that Fritz hadn't come—that something dreadful had happened.

The vast red-faced building was full of people and the pervasive smell of disinfectants. It was like a hospital where everyone is kind but aloof because they are afraid to know too much about one another. Everyone did what they liked with Grandmother Bernle. They looked at her hands and her tongue and into her eyes. Then, after a long time, they were all lined up before an official who was writing on papers nearly a yard wide. On one of the papers was Grandmother Bernle's name and age, and almost all the story of her simple life—if you left out everything that matters. At least there was nothing about the *Honigkuchen* that Grandmother Bernle had baked for the hungry children, or about how she had worked hard and never complained or done harm to anybody. For these are things that official papers never tell. So the official was not interested in Grandmother Bernle at all. He looked at her passport and at Fritz's letters and photograph, which she had laid before him in a kind of dumb despair, as though perhaps he might recognize Fritz and tell her where she could find him. But he was not interested in Fritz either. He pushed over a thick book full of slips printed in every language in the world.

"Read that," he said in German.

And now a terrible thing happened: Grandmother Bernle had forgotten her letters!

All the time they had been doing what they liked with her she had been looking for Fritz. At every new face her heart had broken into a wild beating. And once when a child had called to its mother in her own tongue she had turned with a start of joy that had left her trembling and broken. With each disappointment something had died in her. The little fire of hope at which she had warmed her hands during the long journey had burned lower and lower. And now she was so tired and cold.

"At the top of the page," the official said patiently.

Grandmother Bernle looked where he pointed. She had to hold on to his desk to steady herself. There were the letters. But they meant nothing. They swam hither and thither like black fish in a muddy pond. She thought of the schoolmaster and how ashamed he would be. But that was nothing compared to the thought that Fritz—that everyone was dead, or surely they would have come.

"Now then, let's begin, shall we?" the official suggested, writing hard.

"If you please ——" And then suddenly she broke into German, stammering, speaking so softly that he could hardly hear. "You see, I am waiting for my son."

The official glanced over his glasses. "What's that? What are you reading? Can't you read?"

Somehow all the humanity seemed to die out of her. She stood there dumb and docile like a worn-out beast of burden. It wasn't in her either to explain or argue. All her life she had taken things as they came. One had to remember that they came from God.

"Can't you read?" the official repeated sharply. He turned to the man behind him. "It's a darn shame. How they get away with it I don't know. The shipping folk over there must be as dumb as they are. Put her back for inquiries."

Everyone saw that Grandmother Bernle was in trouble. They pushed her aside, throwing her looks of superiority and pity and satisfaction. They had been afraid, too, but now they knew they were safe. In a little while they would be free and among their own friends, for they were young and could read and write. They were the New World. But Grandmother Bernle did not understand. She waited. She looked from one to the other piteously, and presently the kind-faced official came and took her gently by the arm and led her away.

IV

THEY were good-lookers, both of them. But they hadn't a heart between them. If they had they would have seen that he was terribly unhappy. They would have done something about it. Annabella would have sent James Henry from the room and for once James Henry would have gone quietly, and then she would have put her arm over his shoulder, as she had used to do, and said, "What is it, Fritz? What's the trouble?" And he would have leaned his head against her and told her—told her every darn silly thing about himself. But it hadn't happened like that.

At breakfast it happened that James Henry had given up the idea of building something that went up a mile and down a mile. He was going to own a ball club and buy up the best fellows in the whole country and then let fly and wallop everything in sight. He might even take a hand himself. Yesterday he had hit a homer—what would have been a homer, at least, if the ball hadn't been obstructed by somebody's glass window. James Henry hoped there wouldn't be trouble. People were so darn particular about their silly old windows.

And Annabella was going to buy a new dress. She was always buying new dresses. She thought of nothing else. Neither of them had even noticed that he hadn't touched his breakfast. They didn't care. He was just the go-getter, the provider.

The visitors' room was white and bare save for the rows of benches. Little knots of strange-looking people were talking to one another anxiously in undertones. Fritz Bernle recognized her at once, because she was all alone, seated in a far corner—a quiet, unprotesting bundle of gray shawl.

The official was kind and impersonal. Of course her case would come up before the court. And then if the worst came to the worst, one could appeal to Washington. But they weren't anxious to make exceptions of people who might become charges on the community. And then with a nod the official went about his business.

Fritz Bernle walked on tiptoe. His smart new boots creaked. His heart beat thickly. But he did not know what he felt or was going to feel. He said "*Mutter!*" timidly, like a little boy.

She stood up. She was trembling all over. He knew now. He had read somewhere that a man's whole life can come past him in a minute. It was like that—Annabella and James Henry and the tobacco store might never have happened. It was yesterday he had run away. He remembered how he had hung about her while she prepared their breakfast, torn between his young relentless resolution and a desire to throw his arms about her and cry his heart out. In the end he had just slunk away without a word.

Only he could see that she hadn't been old at all. She must have been quite young. Now she was really old. . . . Twenty years ——

"*Mutter!*" he repeated.

Her clear blue eyes looked up at him vaguely. She put out her hand as though she were feeling her way to him through an obscuring mist, and he realized how much he, too, had changed. He saw himself as he had been on that last Sunday, young and slender and boyish in his native dress, which he had never worn again. He ought to have felt proud. It was she who ought to have been abashed before the smart man of the world that he had become. Instead there was a wistful, seeking look in her lighted face, and a pang shot through him as though of sorrow because she would never find what she was looking for.

Her hands touched him, fumbled over him. It was pitiful how little either of them knew what to do. Awkwardly, diffidently, he put his arms about her. The unfamiliar roughness of her shawl went to his heart. And then, suddenly, as though some sense keener than sight or touch had revealed him to her, she was clinging to him, flattening herself against him as a frightened bird flattens itself against the bars of its cage.

"Fritz! Fritzchen! My little Fritz!"

He kissed her cheeks. They were like soft wrinkled leather. And he fancied the smell of the earth clung to her. Her voice in its soft Southern German came to him in a broken murmur:

"*Mutter Gottes*, I have been so frightened! I thought you must be all dead! I have been so frightened!"

"They wouldn't let me come before," he explained. His native tongue came stiffly. He found he had forgotten words and made mistakes. It wasn't strange, seeing how hard he had tried to forget. Only now it seemed ugly to have forgotten—as though he had tried to forget her. Well, perhaps he had. He went on rapidly, garrulously: "You see, they're very particular. They have to be. You can't blame them. Anyhow, here I am. Tell me, did you have a good crossing? Did they treat you well?"

She seemed not to hear his empty questions. "Fritz, I am so tired. I have waited so long. Let us go home."

"Yes—yes, indeed—presently. Let us talk first. One has so much to say."

But he hadn't. In clumsy silence he sat beside her on the hard bench. He took her hand in his. A clean old hand. But into every wrinkle the earth had worked itself indelibly. In the lines of her withered neck, drawn sharply as with an etcher's knife, was the earth. A queer unhappy laugh choked him. He had had some notion of taking her to some store and getting her fixed up. Now he saw how absurd he had been. She was what she was. Annabella and James Henry could stare their worst, think what they liked. She would not change for them. Well, it seemed she would not have to try.

Her hand fidgeted in his. She was looking anxiously, hungrily, about her: "And the little wife—didn't you bring her too?"

His little wife! That was funny, anyhow. Annabella, the smart city woman who didn't even love him!

"Well, you see, it was a long wait. And she isn't strong. She had to go home."

"And the baby—the baby Fritz?"

Gosh! If James Henry heard her! James Henry, who made radio sets and thought himself no end of a fellow! James Henry, whom his own father didn't dare kiss!

"It's this way, mother: He's at school, you know, and they're mighty particular. I wanted to bring him along, but they wouldn't let him. Anyhow, it's better. After twenty years one wants to be alone ——"

The mean little lies! They made him sweat. He went on hurriedly: "These twenty years—they must have been fearfully hard, mother."

"We managed. God took care of us."

God? Well, perhaps. Anyway, it wasn't for him to be critical—her own son who had done nothing.

"I meant to send—I wanted to help. Somehow things sort of went on—I didn't realize. And then the war came. We were pretty hard pressed ourselves; my being German-born made it difficult. I had to be

(Continued on Page 145)

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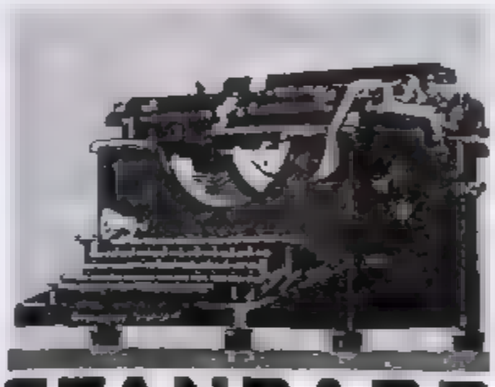

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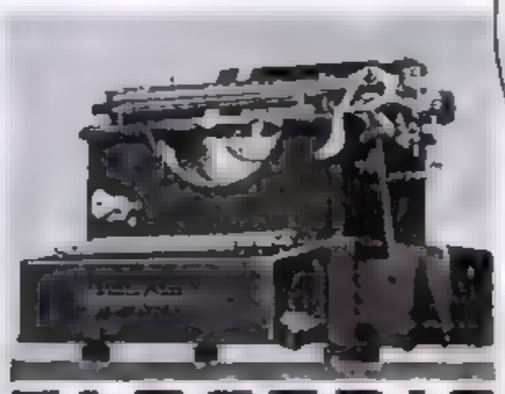

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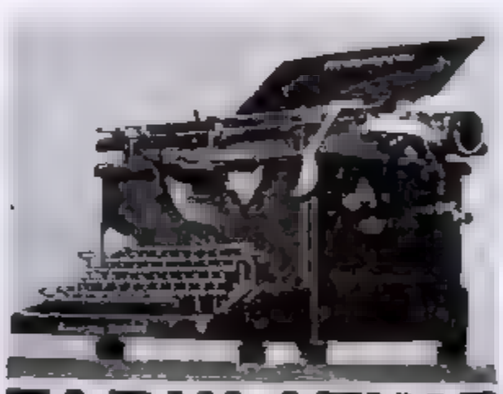

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(Continued from Page 140)

careful. Maybe you can't understand. And I didn't hear about them—about the boys—not till afterward. Somehow, your letter—must have got held up somewhere."

She did not seem to notice how he was stammering. Simply as though she understood how he must want to know, she told him how it had all been. Hans had died on the Somme, Karl in a prisoners' hospital. Nobody knew about Oskar. Fifty of the village boys had not returned. Vaguely Fritz Bernle recalled them. Their names sounded in his memory like the notes of a half-forgotten song of his childhood. With Johann Flitch he had played most often—queer old Johann, who had stayed with him, talking, in his attic bedroom that last night. He could see his earnest freckled face gleaming white in the moonlight. Dead, too, after terrible suffering, most patiently endured. How far away it all seemed! And yet how much part of himself—his real self. He looked down at his smart shoes, at his creased trousers. He was ashamed—but not as he had thought to be.

"They used to talk about you, Fritz. The last time Hans was home on leave he said, 'I wonder what Fritz is doing now. How proud he would have been ——'"

"Mother!"

"'*Denk nur.* A shop all his own, and a diamond ring on his finger ——'"

A dark rage gathered in him—against Annabella and James Henry and the fat shining car and the tobacco store and against himself. He hadn't wanted her. And now it seemed he had no one else in the world. She was his mother—the only being who really cared. She was proud of him. She would have been proud if he had come to her in rags.

And now they wouldn't even let him take her home. For that matter he had no home. She would see that fast enough. He couldn't deceive her as he had deceived himself. He couldn't dazzle those old eyes with things. She would see he wasn't happy, that Annabella didn't love him, that James Henry was hard and smart, with as much heart as would go on a pin's head. She would see how little it all mattered—the prosperous store and the shining car and the fine clothes.

An utter desolation overcame him. He didn't belong anywhere. He had no place, no language, no people.

"Mother, listen—I've boasted a lot. It isn't all as you think. There are things you won't like."

She ran her hand over his sleeve, tentatively, a little humorously, as though the thought of its fine texture made her smile. "*So ein feiner Herr!*"

"Mother, don't—please don't ——"

But she did not hear the misery of his protest. Her hand tightened. It seemed that she had remembered something and couldn't wait any more. She had begun to tremble again. "Take me home, Fritz!. I am so tired."

"Mother, things will seem strange to you."

"My son's home ——"

"Mother, you see, we've got to be patient. It isn't as easy as you think. They're very particular. They have laws, regulations ——"

And now he had to tell her. He had to explain twice, for at first it was as though she were too frightened even to listen. Then she grew quiet. She seemed to grow smaller, to shrink together. But she did not tremble any more. She sat very still, with her hands folded in her voluminous lap. When he had done she turned and looked at him sadly and steadily, and he knew that she knew everything. Her eyes were so shrewd for all their innocence. They knew that it wasn't only that she had forgotten her letters—they knew that he had forgotten her—that at heart he had grown rotten.

"Won't they let me see the little one, Fritz?"

"Yes—yes, of course. It will be all right, I promise."

"And then they'll send me back, all that long way?"

"You see, we don't know—we've got to hope for the best."

He couldn't go on. He couldn't keep up the lies any more. There wasn't anything to hope for. There was no home for her—nor for him, either, whether she went or stayed. His grasp on her thin hand tightened convulsively. It was as though he were clinging to her.

"*Mutter—liebste Mutter* ——"

Then suddenly he began to cry, and Grandmother Bernle's face quivered. She was trying to cry too. But she couldn't, for she was old and had forgotten how.

The official continued to be official. He was kind and cheerful: "Too bad. But what can we do about it? Can't let the whole swarm in, you know."

Fritz Bernle wasn't listening. By this time Annabella and James Henry would be waiting supper for him. It was Saturday, and on Saturday they had fried chicken and ice cream. They would hate to be kept waiting. And after that they'd want to go to a show. Oh, yes, they liked things done right, did Annabella and James Henry.

And she would be all alone—the little old woman who was his mother. Rough food to eat and a white bed among rows of beds—a sort of orphan mother—nobody caring. He saw her as she had stood in the big room where he had left her, so small, so forlorn and lost in all that strangeness. And she had tried to smile. It had broken him all up. He made a queer choking sound.

"I'd like to get drunk," he said wildly—"dead drunk!"

▼

ANNABELLA was looking after the store while the assistant went to luncheon. Even though everything was finished, she had a sense of duty; and besides, she was fond of the store. She was proud of it, and though it was the last thing she would have admitted, she felt tenderly toward it. Because it was there she had gone to buy her father a birthday present of cigars fourteen years ago, and a blond shy young salesman who spoke English with an accent that made her laugh had advised her that a certain brand was the best. And so Annabella had fallen deeply, violently in love.

However, all that was over now. Annabella's box waited, packed in the hall upstairs, and James Henry was hanging about in his best Sunday clothes, looking gloomy and disapproving. Because he didn't want to go to Nyack and he didn't believe for a moment all that stuff about grandmother wanting them to stay a while. He knew better. At his time of life you couldn't pull the wool over his eyes that way. For a long time he had been fully aware that things weren't right between pop and mom and he didn't like it. He had no use for all this quarreling and divorce business. When he married it would be different. He wouldn't be like pop, and he certainly wouldn't put up with the ways of Annabella—let alone James Henry.

Meantime it was very awkward that at the age of twelve you still had to do what you were told.

As for Annabella, she told herself, as she tried to calculate the cost of five packets of cigarettes, that there was a limit to what any woman would endure. It wasn't so much his ringing up the night before and telling her in a queer, violent voice that he wasn't coming home, and refusing her even a conventional lie as explanation. It was their whole life together. At least, not the whole. There were those first years. She would never forget them. It was for their sake she had held out so long, hoping against hope that some miracle would bring Fritz back to her. Because he had gone. The man she had married—the shy, gentle, loving boy had been swallowed up by a commonplace vulgar fellow who boasted and swaggered and cared for nothing on earth but getting ahead and making money and rolling round in his swell car. He didn't even care for her. But he was proud of her because of her looks and because she knew how to doll up in the smart clothes he was always giving her. And James Henry, when he'd been to college, was going to make him prouder still.

Annabella didn't know when it had all happened. She supposed it had been gradual, but she knew very clearly when she had found it out. It had been one morning just after America had gone into the war. Fritz had been reading out the news and making comments in a loud, aggressive voice. He had just said "Nothing's bad enough for the swine," when she had looked up and suddenly she had been ashamed—terribly, sickeningly ashamed—and he had seen the shame in her eyes.

After that nothing had been right. He had seemed to take a delight in saying the things that hurt and humiliated her. Once she had been on the point of saying "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest" but had stopped herself in time. He wouldn't have understood. And she had gone on, putting a good face on things.

It would have been easier if she hadn't loved him—it would have been easier if it hadn't been for James Henry. Then she would have gone away.

"I guess you're feeling fine this morning," her customer remarked good humoredly. "You've given me ten cents too much."

There was another customer in the shop. He wore a dark-blue uniform and a more serious expression than seemed justified by the business of purchasing cigarettes. For an anxious moment Annabella suspected him of being a policeman looking for her husband. After last night nothing would have surprised her. And even when she saw that he wasn't a policeman, she braced herself as he leaned confidentially across the counter.

"Mr. Bernle home, ma'am?"

"No, he's away. If there's a message ——"

"Perhaps it's Mrs. Bernle, ma'am?"

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Bernle."

"Well, if I could have a word with you it would do. It's urgent. Maybe we could get hold of Mr. Bernle."

There was nobody in the store but James Henry, who was under the counter wrapped up in the comic section of the supplement and nobody noticed him.

"You can go ahead," Annabella said coldly.

"It's about the old lady," he explained.

"About what old lady?"

"Well, she's disappeared."

Annabella gathered her thoughts together with an effort.

"I guess you've got hold of the wrong address," she said. "There isn't any old lady about here."

"Well, that's what we wanted to make sure of. It was just a chance—a hope, you might say. Not that we thought much of it. Such a thing has never happened and, rightly speaking, can't happen. You'd need to swim to get off the island and then some ——" He pushed his official cap to the back of his head and mopped himself. "Gee, it's a bad business!"

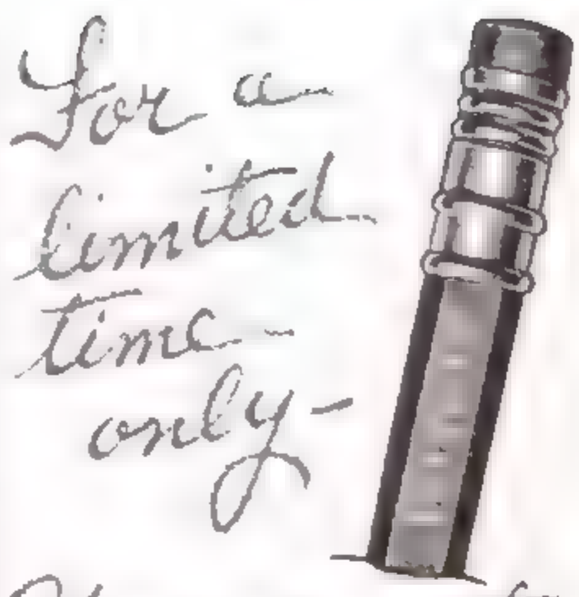
"I don't understand a word you're saying," Annabella declared with nervous irritability.

"Well, ma'am, it's plain enough, worse luck. Looks to me plain enough anyhow. Must have done away with herself. Poor soul, she was all skeery and you can't blame her. You think of it—sixty-five and coming all that way, and then find you've got to go clear back again maybe. I had my own mother come over and I know what she felt like. Ready to die of fright, she told me. And she could speak English."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Annabella insisted with increasing exasperation.

The official regarded her reproachfully. "Well, see here. I'm trying to break it to you gentle, ma'am. It's my opinion she got out of the building somehow and walked into the water. There isn't any other explanation, as I sees it. Anyway, she's gone."

"Who's gone?"



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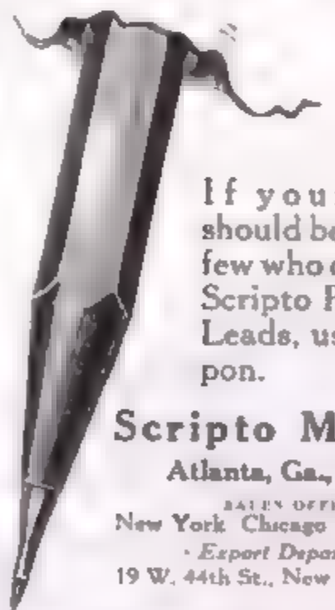

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"Mr. Bernle's mother, ma'am. Ain't I telling you?"

Annabella considered him for a moment in silence. It had been on the tip of her tongue to say, "Mr. Bernle hasn't got a mother," but then suddenly she had remembered. Long ago, in the early days, when they had been happy, he had spoken of her; and they had agreed that when things were easier they'd write. Then they had forgotten. Their lives had been so full, so strenuous. And afterward, when the war came, the subject had been barred between them. She had been too ashamed of her shame. And now

"You're an immigration officer?" she asked quietly. "Is that it?"

"Sure, that's what I am." He was mildly indignant. "What you take me for—the iceman?"

"Well, I wasn't expecting you. I didn't know. My husband never told me ——"

"Never told you she was coming?"

"No."

The official scratched his head. "Maybe he meant it for a surprise, ma'am."

"Maybe he did."

"Well, I'm sorry. If Mr. Bernle had been here I'd have done different."

"Mr. Bernle didn't come home last night."

There was another silence. The officer's face had grown very red. "Maybe he didn't want to worry you."

"Maybe."

"I guess that's the way of it. You see, she hadn't got by the reading list and they were holding her for investigation, and he'd had to explain to her. I guess it came pretty hard—having to leave her there, such an old lady and one's own mother. I saw him afterward and he looked bad—most as though he'd been crying. And when a grown man cries, it hurts some, believe me."

"Yes," Annabella agreed, but as though she weren't really listening.

"And after all, there wasn't no need. She'd have had another chance. There was a schoolmaster in her village who had written. Said she was all right if she took things easy and weren't skeered. It isn't as though we were hard on folks. But we have to watch our step."

"You mean she's gone?"

"Vanished—clean off the face of the earth. There was a big crowd going across this morning, and when we came to check up—well, she just wasn't there. They figured that if she'd got ashore somehow she might get along to you, and they sent me to investigate. She'd got your address written all over her."

"Well, she isn't here."

The officer sighed ruefully. "It's a police job then, and you know what that means. Headliners in all the papers: Immigrant's Suicide Laid to Brutal Immigration Authorities. And half of us'll lose our jobs. Whatever these yer immigrants do, we lose our jobs. It's the one sure thing."

"If she or my husband come along I'll telephone," Annabella said.

"Thank you, ma'am. You couldn't mistake her. A nice little old lady, all shawls and petticoats like they seem to wear them over there. Gosh, I wish I knew she was safe! She'd got money on her too—and not a word of English. Anyone could get hold of her. And New York not being a nest of angels —— Well, if she comes along ——"

"I'll take care of her."

"And tell her not to be skeered. It'll be all right. We aren't hard on folks."

"I'll tell her."

"Not that she'll understand."

"I'll make her understand," said Annabella composedly.

Long after he had gone, she stood motionless at her counter. For all her outward calm, she didn't seem able to think. She couldn't visualize the little old lady in the shawls and petticoats—not yet. She couldn't get further than the idea of Fritz crying. The man he had become wouldn't cry—wouldn't care. That meant there was a mistake somewhere. There was something she did not understand—perhaps had never understood. She had been so sure—so implacably sure in her judgment. And all the time he had been acting in secret, thinking his own thoughts, perhaps in his own way suffering.

Why hadn't he come home? He hadn't wanted to. In the critical moment of his life he had kept away from her. That meant that somewhere she had failed him too. How queer and rough his voice had sounded.

Fritz crying for his mother! It shook her universe. It shook her vision of herself. It might be that she didn't know anything at all. It might be that there were things even in her own son that she didn't know.

She called him. To her dismay, she heard her voice tremble: "Sonny, I guess we won't be going to Nyack after all." No answer. "James Henry!" Annabella demanded more firmly.

She looked under the counter. But where he had been was nothing but the fragments of Mutt and Jeff. James Henry, too, had gone his way.

VI

THE truth was, of course, that nobody knew much about James Henry—not even James Henry himself. If you had asked him what his chief ambition was in life, he would have said to be the best pitcher the Giants had ever owned, or to be an engine driver, or a millionaire, or a drug-store assistant, with free access to the ice-cream department—just as the mood had him—all these ambitions being considered proper and legitimate by his particular bunch. Never for a moment would he have admitted the truth—the truth being that the real and secret longing of his heart was to rescue somebody—dangerously, sometimes at the cost of his life, though not often on account of the difficulties of enjoying one's own funeral, but always with the loss of a limb or with a bullet through the shoulder, sufferings most gallantly endured. The judge invariably complimented him when he appeared as witness against the several bandits he had roped up single-handed, and there were cheers in court.

Mostly it was a holdup gang. But once or twice James Henry had rescued a lady in distress—rather shyly and uncertainly, being less sure of his ground and hampered by conflicting emotions with regard to the sex. On the whole, he thought very little of women—except his mother, who was exceptional—but he had an uneasy feeling that they were biding their time and it would be wiser to suspend judgment. Anyway they were obviously intended by Nature to be rescued; and though showing a lamentable tendency to take care of themselves, one had to make the best of them

James Henry, true to type, invariably rescued blondes—youthful blondes, at that. But he was not bigoted; and after all, a grandmother was better than nothing.

The great feature of James Henry's methods was swiftness of action. When you had to deal with bad men and lost grandmothers, it was of no use sitting round talking about it. You had to act! For that reason James Henry did not stop to consult his mother, whom he knew from experience to be an impediment. With his weekly quarter in one pocket and a large two-bladed knife in the other, he set out quietly and unobtrusively and was at a drug store three blocks down before Annabella even remembered his existence.

A pineapple temptation may seem an unusual stirrup cup for a knight errant on the rescue; but after all, James Henry knew his own temperament. As he licked his spoon to a deceptive brightness, he also put the final touches to his campaign. The great thing was to go straight to the scene of the crime. Immigrants, he had heard, landed at the Battery. Very well, he would go to the Battery and obtain clews. The Subway would take him there, and fortunately he was still five cents to the good. Afterward—well, on an adventure like that it was of no use looking too far ahead.

In the Subway, James Henry thought about his father. The idea of his father crying bothered him. It was true that if one was a man it hurt to cry. It made one feel sick, and sometimes one was sick. Anyhow James Henry had never thought of his father in that connection. His father had always seemed a hard-boiled sort of fellow who didn't want any nonsense from anybody. But perhaps there were things about the old boy one didn't know, undreamed-of possibilities—crying for his mother, for instance. James Henry understood that, having done it himself.

Perhaps pop hadn't had a square deal. Perhaps mom herself didn't treat him right. After all, the old boy wasn't bad. Generous. Always giving you things in a gruff sort of way as though he dared you to imagine that he cared whether you thanked him or not. Perhaps at bottom he'd kinda wanted you to kiss him. And why shouldn't one anyway? It wasn't the sort of thing one needed to shout from the housetops.

Well, if he had been unkind, he was going to make up for it now. If James Henry's father wanted his mother he should have her James Henry would see to that—always supposing she was still alive.

James Henry thought she was. He didn't set much stock on the suicide theory. That was just the sort of bluff the cops always put up when somebody had put it over them. And it wasn't probable that holdup men would worry with an old woman. More likely she'd just wander round till somebody found her. That somebody was going to be James Henry himself.

It was three o'clock and a cold and windy afternoon when he arrived, after inquiries, at the Battery landing place. By this time his plans were mature. Having inspected the ground carefully and found nothing of a suspicious nature, he addressed himself to the nearest policeman.

"Say, you don't happen to have seen an old lady round here—a little old lady in a lot of shawls and petticoats?"

The officer considered him. "Sure! Dozens of 'em. Which one have you lost, sonny?"

"I'm looking for my grandmother," explained James Henry.

"Well, I guess I have, about five minutes ago—going north. Better ask my mate farther along on point. Maybe he can tell you. Not lost yourself by any chance, have you?"

"I guess not!" said James Henry with frigid scorn.

But it seemed that a great many people had seen his grandmother. They were sure of it. It was unfortunate that she was always going in different directions, and that though, according to their account, she had just gone round the corner, James Henry, running his hardest, could never catch up with her. And the pineapple temptation was failing. Like other temptations, those of the pineapple variety are notoriously treacherous. They begin well and end badly. For long and arduous enterprise hot dogs are better.

At the thought of hot dogs James Henry faltered. At six o'clock he was wont to have his supper. By which token he could only suppose that it was well past midnight. And hurrying crowds jostled him and doubtful characters trailed him down dark and lonely streets. Still if one was a sleuth, one had to be patient. One didn't have to mind if it began to rain or if one didn't know any more where one was or if one's feet ached or if one had a lump in one's throat and a hollow lower down. One stuck it. One only hoped one wouldn't cry too.

VII

THERE are things one can only do if one doesn't know how to do them. If Grandmother Bernle had understood that it was quite impossible for an unauthorized immigrant to walk out of the red-faced building and get on board the ferry and land on the other side—all under the noses of the officials—she couldn't have done it. But Grandmother Bernle didn't understand.

After Fritz had gone she had sat alone in the vast recreation room and waited. Every now and again a man would appear on the raised platform and shout out something and the knots of chattering immigrants would run up to him in a wild state of excitement. But either he was speaking in a foreign language or Grandmother Bernle, who wasn't very quick, arrived too late to hear what he was saying.

After a while she saw that everyone had forgotten her. And then the long night, awake, in the rows of white beds. And tomorrow, perhaps, they would send her back.

No, that couldn't be. She was too old. She had borne it all—the weary days in the suffocating train and the terror of the great seas and the strangeness and the loneliness, because she had been going home to her son and her son's wife and the little Fritz. There had been a sort of glory over all the hardship. But to go back would be different. The little house where she had lived her life would be gone for her. There would

(Continued on Page 150)

Moonlight on the Hudson

Are you roped and tied to petty tasks?

DOES your job call for a great deal of detail work? Are you often tied down hand and foot—tangled up in a mass of routine matters, with little time for important jobs you have promised yourself to do?

You can find this cherished time by shifting much of the burden of office routine to printed forms—those handy pieces of paper which are so easy to date, fill in, and route to their proper destination.

You probably use a number of printed forms now; forms for billing, for ordering, for shipping, for memoranda. You know what time-savers these are. There are dozens of other printed forms that can help you to conserve precious time.

When instructions, reports, information and the various office data are reduced to writing, things are understood, responsibility is definitely placed, and records are permanent. Printed forms reduce the hustle and bustle in your office. They prevent needless interruptions. They replace noise and confusion with quiet efficiency.

It may be helpful to you to have our Working Kit of printed forms on Hammermill Bond. A line from you on your letterhead will bring this Kit without charge.

When you order your forms, have them printed on Hammermill Bond, for these six advantages: (1) *Standardized*, the quality is uniform and dependable. (2) *Surface*, right for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon and printing. (3) *Colors*, twelve and white, making identification easy. (4) *Strength*, to stand a lot of handling. (5) *Price*, economical. (6) *Availability*, printers can supply Hammermill Bond when you want it. All know it, and many carry it in stock.

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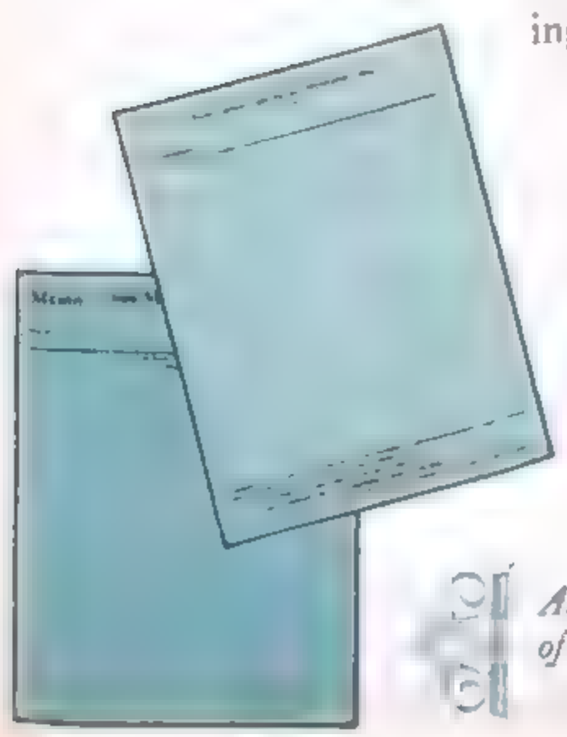

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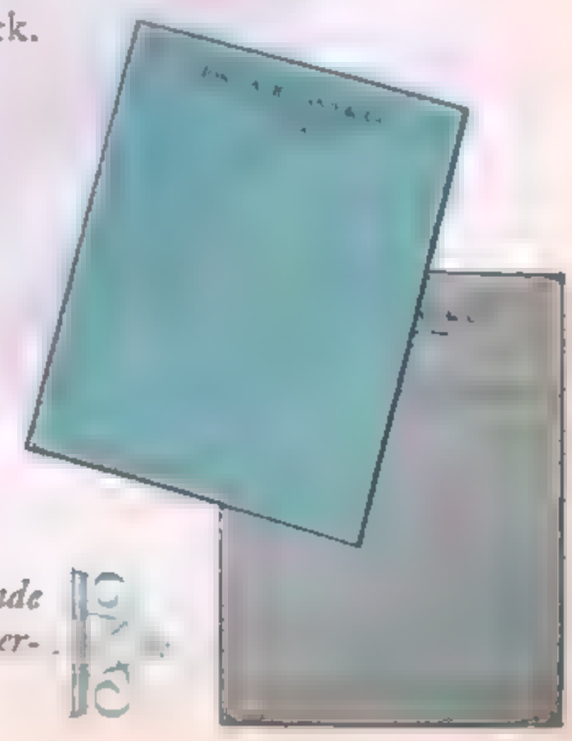


Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

The largest—and most begins its annual

MAIN STREET—Here's a solid leather welt tan Oxford that will do any boy proud—and save money for his parents. And nothing but pure leather in these sturdy, plump leather soles, rubber heels

"The life of a shoe is principally in the quality of the outsole. Good all-leather shoes have 'bend' outsoles. The balance of the hide belongs in insoles, counters and heels. These shoe-making methods are especially important in shoes for growing boys and girls, where greater durability is needed than in shoes worn by the average grown-up."—GEORGE F. JOHNSON, President Endicott-Johnson Corporation.

September! School doors opening. An army of twenty-five million American boys and girls mobilizing. . . . Eager volunteers, carefree adventurers, unwilling conscripts —all surging schoolward. Strenuous days ahead for the shoes they wear!

IT IS an astonishing fact that of 105,000,000 pairs of boys' and girls' shoes purchased yearly by American households, 15 *million* are Endicott-Johnson shoes. One pair in every 7! It indicates that millions of parents have discovered something unusual in these shoes. Long wear and outstanding value are what they've found!

Product of a remarkable organization

Putting durability and unusual value into Endicott-Johnson shoes begins long before the shoe is designed, a sole is cut or a stitch is made. It goes back to the principles upon which this great "Industrial Democracy" of shoemakers operates.

Nowhere another organization like this! Nowhere such an unusual working arrangement between employer and employee. Nowhere such incentives toward good workmanship. Here every one of the 17,000 Workers has a partner's pride in his product; an interest far greater than that of a mere wage earner. You benefit . . . better shoes, lower cost.

Better leather; tested shoes

But that isn't all. The Endicott-Johnson shoes you buy are the product of thirty-six years' experience. We have studied

ENDICOTT-

lovable—army in the world attack on shoes

leather tanning and shoemaking as they were never studied before. We buy leather "raw"; tan the hides ourselves—by processes we know produce better, stronger, finer leather. We test each type of leather; make sure it is right and the very best quality for the purpose intended. We put "bend" outsoles in grades of shoes in which "flanks" and "shoulders" are usually used. Not only better leather, but we use *more* leather, heavier thread and stronger linings than you'll usually find in shoes of similar price-range.

We even test shoes—put different types on active boys and girls. Watch them wear. Improve them wherever we can. We do many things in defiance of shoe manufacturing traditions.

Make your shoe dollars buy more

Put your children in Endicott-Johnson shoes as a matter of business and saving in the family shoe budget. Note for yourself the wear these shoes give for the money you spend. And the good looks and comfortable shapes they have besides. Scores of up-to-the-minute styles—for men and women as well as for boys and girls. Fifty thousand stores sell Endicott-Johnson shoes. Trade-mark is on the sole.

Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50. Smaller sizes still less—$1.50 to $2.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world

Endicott, N. Y.—New York City—St. Louis, Mo.

Write for "The World at Play," an interesting free booklet for boys and girls—and parents too. And if you don't know, we'll gladly tell you where you can buy Endicott-Johnson shoes.

Main Street—A "regular" shoe for boys. Tan calfskin Oxford, rich fall goldenrod shade, roomy, snug-fitting Blucher pattern; new "Norge" last. Caulk welt adds to the smart appearance and keeps the damp out.
Endwell Pump—A delightfully neat, slender pump for girls. Sauterne snake leather follows the autumn vogue for reptile effects. Step-in bow pattern is as clever as it is beautiful.
Endwell Oxford—Youthful fem inunity finds its ideal in this blonde grain Blucher Oxford, leather beeked in the late collegiate style and paneled with alligator. Boyish "balloon" last.

JOHNSON *Better shoes for less money*

(Continued from Page 146)

be no home or place for her any more, no triumphal arches. Everyone who had been so kind would look sad and reproachful. They would say, "They have sent her back because she is too old and stupid." Even the *Herr Bürgermeister* would be sorry and the schoolmaster would think how she had disgraced him. She had disgraced everyone.

But they would send her back all the same, and somewhere on these terrible gray seas she would die. Her heart would break.

And yet she could read. If only she hadn't been so tired and frightened! If only Fritz had been there to give her courage!

But it was as the *Herr Bürgermeister* had said. He had been gone too long. You couldn't expect to find a son who had been gone twenty years. Only at the last moment, when he had begun to cry, she had recognized him. Under the fine gentleman had been the child, the little Fritz, her baby.

Little Fritz! If only she could have seen him! That would make up for everything. But they would never let him come. They wouldn't want him to know that he had a grandmother who was so poor and ignorant. Because she understood quite well how it was. Her son had become a fine gentleman and his wife would be a fine lady, and they would be ashamed.

And yet she knew somehow that the little Fritz, himself, wouldn't be ashamed at all. He wouldn't mind about her not knowing how to read. He would like her *Honigkuchen* just as his father had done. They would learn to talk to each other over the heads of the fine grown-up people. At the very end she would find her lost babies in him.

From where she sat she could see across the water to the tall towers where he lived.

They would send her home.

A queer wild tumult gathered in Grandmother Bernle's heart. It was frightening. She didn't know herself. She who had always been so docile and so patient had come to a place in life where she had to fight, where she couldn't be docile and patient any more.

A crowd of released immigrants, with bag and baggage, were moving along the passage. Grandmother Bernle joined them. The smartest official couldn't have known what a desperate lawbreaker was passing under his nose, she was so mouselike. Besides, old ladies aren't lawbreakers. They do as they are told. Besides, what was happening had never happened before, and couldn't happen. So nobody noticed her at all.

She realized that she mustn't seem strange. She mustn't look as though she were frightened. She must walk quickly and firmly, as though she knew quite well where she was going. It was very difficult, because she was trembling all over, and every minute she expected one of the terrible buildings to fall on her. She could feel their invisible crests swaying in the icy rain-soaked wind that blew down the narrow streets and wrapped her petticoats so tightly about her that she could hardly move, and made wings of her shawls. People smiled at her as they passed. But Grandmother Bernle didn't know they even saw her. It seemed to her that everybody was rushing along in a frantic hurry, as though they were afraid that if they weren't very quick they would be overtaken and destroyed, and that if she were to stumble and fall down they would ride over her without even knowing. So she was very careful. But indeed she was in God's hands. In such a place only God could protect you.

Overhead were grim black girders. From minute to minute they shook and chattered in the teeth of a steel wind that broke over them with a sound of thunder. The streets were full of mad, panic-stricken vehicles. Yet every now and again some invisible power checked them and they stood at the corners of the streets, fretting and champing and making little leaps at Grandmother Bernle as she faltered in front of them. And once when she wasn't quick enough the invisible power, perhaps out of malice, perhaps because it neither knew nor cared, let go its hold and the whole horde broke loose, so that if it hadn't been for a blue-uniformed policeman Grandmother Bernle might never have gone any farther.

The policeman was good-natured but reproachful: "Better watch your step, mother. You leave that sort of thing to the youngsters."

"If you please ——" said Grandmother Bernle breathlessly. And then, because he smiled at her, she showed him the label on which Fritz Bernle's address was written. Whereupon the policeman looked very grave and jerked his thumb over his shoulder and talked at great length and very slowly. In effect he said: "You keep on the way you're going and you'll be there by midnight. Better take the Subway."

He showed her where the Subway was, but Grandmother Bernle had no idea what you did with subways. She hadn't understood anything but the jerk of the thumb, so she said "Thank you" and went on. She knew by the way he had pointed that she would be home soon.

But he had given her courage. And every now and again she would stop someone who seemed less in a hurry than the rest and show him her label and say, "If you please," with her best accent. And some of them, like the policeman, talked a great deal and made gestures, at which Grandmother Bernle nodded earnestly, and some of them who couldn't speak English frowned and shook their heads, and some of them walked a little way with her to get her back to the right road. And to everything they said Grandmother Bernle answered "Thank you," but more and more faintly as time went on.

Time went on a long way. It began to rain. It grew dark, and though myriads of fantastic dancing lights sprang up, they only made the night more terrible. In the darkness of the village street Grandmother Bernle had never been afraid. But she was afraid now. Faces that looked wolfish appeared under the lamplights. The houses no longer towered to heaven. They had become squat and drab, as though they were too worried and busy to grow to their full height.

The crowds densened. And now when Grandmother Bernle tried to show her label nobody listened. They pressed on, white and intent, driven by some fury of unrest and desire. If Grandmother Bernle had only known it, they, too, were fighting their way home.

Sometimes she crept into a doorway just to get her breath. Sometimes she thought a policeman looked at her curiously, and then she hurried on faster than ever. For before they sent her back she must find her children. All her ebbing life had narrowed to that point.

Some of the stores were still open. Through their doors came rich smells and their bright windows seemed to glow with food. Grandmother Bernle was so hungry she dared not look at them. She was so tired that she dared not stand still lest she should fall. Fortunately, she had borne more than she could bear all her life, so that she didn't know that it was almost all over with her.

The rain came down in straight gray lines. It swept the streets clear of all but the taxis that flashed about like giddy fireflies and a few belated pedestrians who pressed homeward with their umbrellas lowered against the wind. They came charging down on Grandmother Bernle, but she stepped meekly aside and they never saw her. And now she was moving very slowly, dragging her feet.

She was beginning to understand. She would never get there. Her knees were giving way under her. Her heart was failing. She could feel it breaking in her breast. Presently she would be down and die like the worn-out horses.

Then Grandmother Bernle remembered clearly what the *Bürgermeister* had said, and leaning against a wall commended her soul to God.

Somebody was crying. She heard the sound distinctly above the splash of the rain and the rush of the wind and the thick beating of her heart. It was a sound like a bugle call. All her life she had answered to it, putting down her work, forgetting her own weariness.

A child crying!

She looked about her. It was just ahead—a little boy walking very slowly, as though he too couldn't walk much more. His head was bent, and with the knuckles of one hand he was trying to rub away the mingled tears and rain. But he was snuffling drearily, as though he didn't care any more who heard him.

Grandmother Bernle hurried her faltering step: *"Aber sag'mal, was ist dann, Kleinchel"* She forgot he could not understand.

He turned. Under the street lamp, they considered each other. Not for thirty years had Grandmother Bernle seen a boy's face so dirty and so doleful. Yet as his swollen eyes, under the once jaunty cap, traveled over her and came to rest on the label pinned to her shawl, their expression changed—lit up with a glee and triumph that made her heart stand still with memory.

"Gee, if it ain't my grandma!" He seized her hand in his. He wasn't crying now. Instead he had become in a moment manly and commanding. "Gosh, I've been looking for you all day! You gotta come along with me. You gotta come home."

And Grandmother Bernle knew then that it was little Fritz. But she didn't know until afterward that because he had found her, therefore she belonged to him forever.

VIII

IT WAS queer how thirty-six hours had lifted ten years from him. He looked as he had done when James Henry had been born—unwashed, unshaved, red-eyed, distraught—as though he had been drinking for days on end; and yet somehow cleansed, not sleek or prosperous any more, but the real man—and somehow lovable. At least Annabella, sewing quietly at her worktable, thought so.

He stood facing her, his hat clenched in his grimy hands, his coat collar turned up about his ears. A disgraceful spectacle, and yet young and boyish and pathetic.

Annabella, after one swift comprehensive glance, did not look at him again.

"Of course you know," he said; "they told me they'd been up here. Otherwise you might have thought I'd been on a jag."

"I just hope none of your customers saw you coming up," Annabella observed irrelevantly. "I know what they'd think. Your collar looks like you'd been digging coal."

"She's gone," he said. "I've been up all night with the police, picking up one clew after another. But it all led to nothing. It was just a chance; they said themselves she couldn't have got ashore—not without their knowing. It's not possible."

"Oh!" said Annabella, biting her cotton.

"And anyway," he continued wildly, "where could she have gone? She had nowhere to go—not a darned place. She knew we was too smart for her sort. We'd be ashamed. Her son was too fine a fellow—she saw what he was. Sure, she did. And it broke her heart. I—I saw it break."

"You'd better shut the door," Annabella advised. "Folks might think you'd murdered someone."

He nodded. "That's how I feel. I guess that's what I've done, sure enough. She'd come all that way, Annabella, and I hadn't a thing for her—not so much as a real kind word. Her own son! And she just made an end. Seems to me I've kinda killed myself too."

"I don't understand," Annabella said. "Say it slowly. I'm not clever."

He looked at her sternly, and yet with a sort of piteous appeal. "No, maybe you won't understand. I wouldn't have two days ago. I would have said I was no end of a fellow, who'd pulled himself up by his bootstraps and had got a dandy wife and a cute kid and a grand car and a bang-up business of his own. I wouldn't have worried how things looked inside. But I know now. I'm a poor skunk, Annabella, a mean, cowardly, bootlicking cur. I've been looking at myself all night and it's made me sick."

Annabella hunted round for her scissors. "You'll be all right after a bath and a shave," she said.

"Don't!" He brought his fist down on the table. "Don't—don't laugh at me! You can despise me all you want. You always haf. Don't I know it? I wasn't good enough for you—a peasant boy, a squarehead that had squirmed its way into a white collar. And me—trying to live up to you, trying to make you forget!"

"Forget what?" she asked innocently.

"What I was."

"What I'd married," she murmured.

But he didn't hear. "Well, that's how I killed myself all right. I wasn't a bad kid till I started wearing a diamond on my finger, swaggering and blowing and lying, making out I was something I wasn't, throwing mud on my people so's to make you think better of me. Because I was mad about you—mad for you to care too."

"And now I guess that's all over."

"It's over." He nodded heavily. "I'm through. I'm what I am. I'm her son. And I'll tell you what she is. She's a little old German woman that can't read nor write, that's worked all her life in the fields and's got the soil in her very skin. I guess she's never driven in a car nor seen a movie nor heard a radio. She don't know nothing of our ways—she wouldn't care nothing. But she's good. She worked for us—me and my brothers, who were Hun soldiers, Annabella, and died fighting. She loves the place she comes from. She'd never go back on it as I've done. She only left it because I sent for her."

"Tell me something," Annabella interrupted. "Why did you send for her?"

He waited a moment. He seemed to be gathering all his strength to speak with a steady voice. "Because I was homesick and lonesome. I—I hadn't no one. I'd got to understand you didn't care—I wanted her."

"Well, you might have told me."

"Yes, I might have. But afterward I was ashamed. I thought how you'd feel, how you'd think. And I loved you so—I couldn't bear it. I kept putting it off and putting it off." He hesitated and then went on slowly, painfully: "I used to think you'd kinda got no heart, Annabella. But I guess it's not that. I guess it's been sort of hard on you too. You didn't know—none of us knew about the war. You couldn't understand what it was like, with a bit of your roots here and a bit of your roots there, trying to feel and think the way you—un—un—breaking your—your head over it all."

His eyes were red with sleeplessness and tears. She was very careful not to look at him.

"I guess there's been a kinda mistake all round, Fritz."

"Well, it's finished now."

"What are you going to do?"

"If—if she's dead I don't know. Seems to me I couldn't live with myself. If she's alive I'm going home with her. I'm going back to what I was. That way you'll—you'll be quit of both of us. You can haf the store. You're smarter at the job than I am. I—I guess it's about all I've given you."

He tottered and sat down, huddling himself at the table, with his head buried in his arms. Annabella put down her work; it was as though she had been waiting. She got up. And then a strange incredible thing happened. She put her arms about him and kissed him gently on the nape of his bowed neck.

"You're all het up, honey. What you want is a good breakfast."

He heard her go across the room. A warm aroma, as touching, as stirring to his memory as an old tune, came to him. He looked up. Framed in the kitchen doorway he saw James Henry perched on a table and Grandmother Bernle baking *Honigkuchen*.

RELAX

POLO calls for a greater combination of action, accuracy and hard play than any game yet devised. The action is set at headlong pace, yet there must be perfect team play among the four, and clean, accurate hitting to the right spot. With this combination to face the nerve pressure is terrific. So experience has taught the veterans to ride and rest.

If you watch America's great international team at play you will see each member using every possible moment for relaxation to save up new force for the next hard charge. Even the trained ponies seem to understand. The international team has mastered the art of relaxing at the right time. They all know its value and its big help for the nerve tension that must follow.

Grantland Rice

UNTIL you have "mastered the art of relaxing" in your car, you cannot know the full enjoyment of completely restful motoring; you cannot know the health-value of the kind of motoring that replenishes instead of exhausting your energies.

Until you have complete confidence that no sudden, violent thrust of spring recoil can disturb your comfort, you cannot ride relaxed.

Until your car is equipped with Watson Stabilators, you cannot know the serene confidence and refreshing relaxation enjoyed by the hundreds of thousands who ride in Stabilated cars.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, Twenty-fourth and Locust Sts., PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

Relaxation is possible only when you know that *no* force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented—and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

Such pre-eminent cars as:

Cadillac	Chrysler
Duesenberg	Franklin
Isotta Fraschini	Jordan
McFarlan	Peerless
Stutz	Willys-Knight

are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring

treasure from a lake!

Trinidad Lake Asphalt—"nature's everlasting waterproofer"—is dug from the surface of Trinidad Asphalt Lake with mattocks, broken into lumps, loaded into small cars and transported direct to vessels in the harbor.

You must know what a roofing is made of to determine how long it will last

There's no mystery about the long life of Genasco Roll Roofing—no secret reason why it stays weatherproof for years after inferior roofings have cracked, rotted or crumbled away.

Genasco Roll Roofing owes its unsurpassed weather-and-wear resistance to Trinidad Lake Asphalt—the same nature-made bitumen with which Sir Walter Raleigh caulked and waterproofed his ships at Trinidad more than three centuries ago.

So tough and binding is this natural asphalt that, as a street-paving material, it has stood the wear and tear of traffic for more than 40 years with little or no cost for maintenance.

The reinforcing material used in Genasco Roll Roofing is a rugged, rag felt, selected for its great tensile strength and power of absorbing the waterproofing saturant.

Genasco Roll Roofing is especially recommended for farm and industrial buildings where long life and low cost are of first consideration in selecting a roof. It is furnished in two styles—smooth surface and slate surface. The latter comes in three colors—red, green and blue-black—and is highly fire-resisting.

Genasco Roll Roofing is one of the famous Genasco Line of asphaltic roofings, flooring, paints and allied protective products. A complete list—also interesting booklets—gladly furnished on request.

All leading builders, building-supply dealers, roofers and carpenters supply Genasco Protective Products.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Kansas City
Pittsburgh San Francisco

Genasco
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
Roll Roofing

treasure from a lake!

Ordinary weather can't damage Genasco Latite Shingles. And once you have laid them *over old wood shingles or new boards* you have ended your roofing troubles and expense for years.

Genasco Latite Shingles are built on a foundation of heavily-saturated asphalt felt—the same tough, rugged, high-quality felt used in Genasco Roll Roofing.

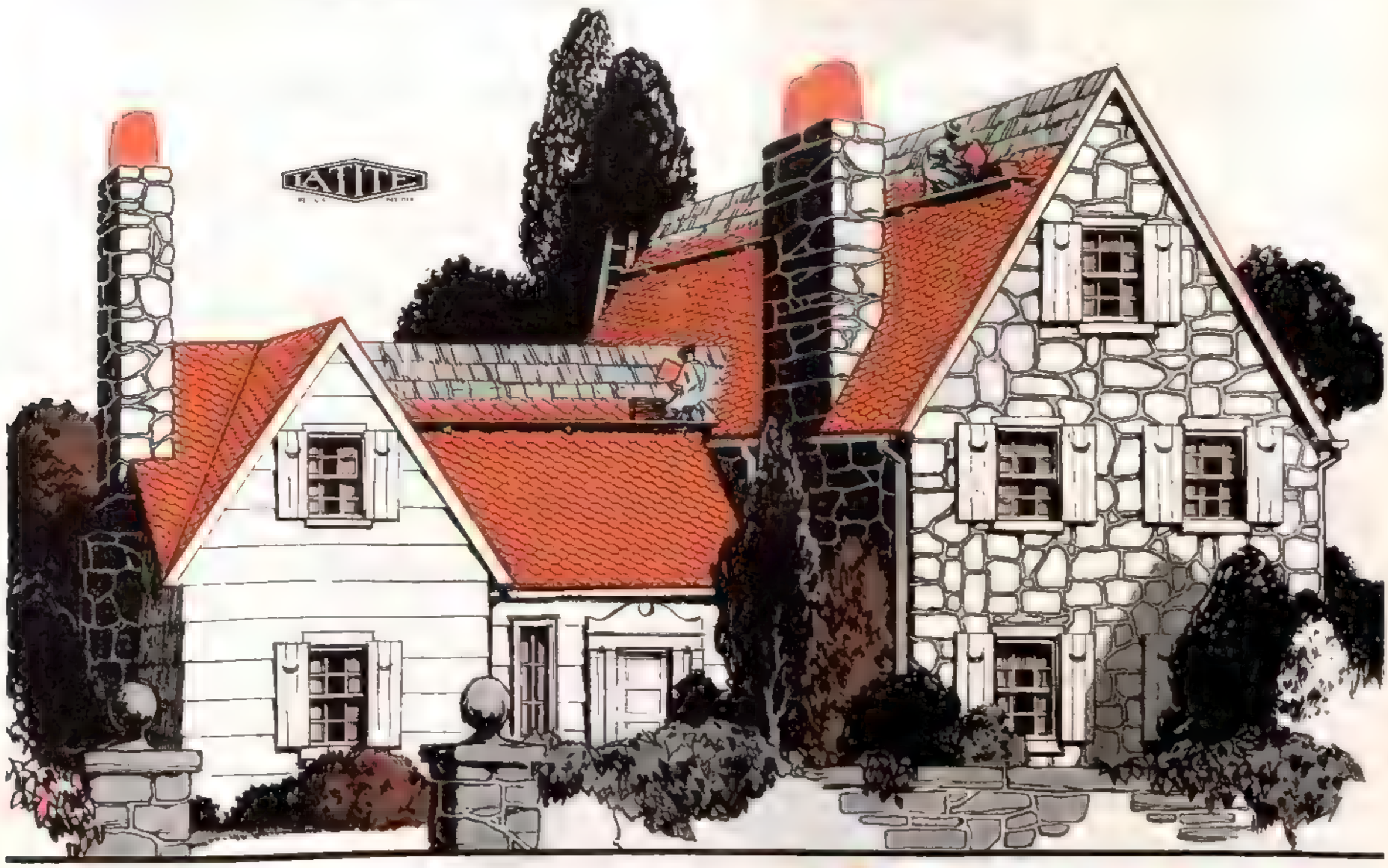
They are protected on both sides—like a battleship with armor—with layers of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement, one of the most element-resisting materials known to science.

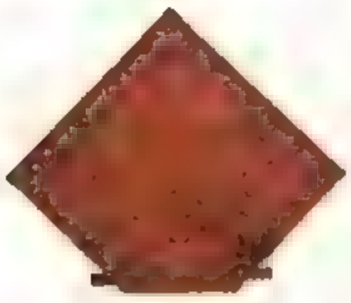
They have the additional protection of crushed slate—a surface coating in three natural, unfading colors (red, green and blue-black) that adds beauty and fire-resistance.

Equally important—Genasco Latite Shingles are locked on. A patented "key" device—an exclusive Genasco feature—clamps each shingle tightly to those underneath. They can't blow off—can't flap in the wind.

Your old wood shingles need not be disturbed when you reroof with Genasco Latite Shingles. You lay the new shingles *right over the old*. Your home is not exposed to the weather while reroofing, and you're saved the trouble of cleaning up dirt-littered lawns and attics.

Genasco Latite Shingles are just as economical for a garage, stable or barn as for the finest home. See your roofer, carpenter, or building-supply dealer, or write to the Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia, for illustrated folders.





Front view

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This is the exclusive feature that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so well adapted for laying over old wood shingles.

Back view

Genasco
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Latite Shingles

How these colored checks "tie the hands" of the forger

The sensitive colors of safety checks resist alteration as the plain white surfaces of old-fashioned checks never could! In the skilfully laid-on Super-Safety colors there is unquestioned protection for your bank account. And they serve another important purpose—their beauty lends distinction to your signature.

SUPER-SAFETY BANK CHECK

How you benefit when your bank ties the forger's hands

TWO classes of criminals threaten your money. One comprises the thief and bank breaker. Steel vaults, massive doors, alarms and the armed guards resist these tangible criminals who would break in and steal.

The other class is the forger, a subtle and elusive crook. He steals your check in transit, alters—cashes it. The American Institute of Accountants estimates his loot at $100,000,000 each year.

However, progressive banks take precautions to thwart the forger as well as the burglar. They extend the modern "service of protection" to their depositors' checks *while in circulation*. They furnish Super-Safety Checks which are designed to betray the forger's handiwork.

Naturally, you benefit when your bank furnishes you with Super-Safety Checks. Maybe your bank is among the many thousands of banks now supplying these famous checks to you. Look in the upper right-hand corner of one of your checks and see if *the eagle*, the symbol of safety, appears surrounded by the words, "Super-Safety Bank Check." If you use checks thus marked, the forger's "hands are tied" should he happen to secure one of them.

Super-Safety Checks come in several beautiful colors. They are often bound in rich, handsome Antique Moorish check books of several styles and sizes—designs convenient for personal and business use

Why the forger fails

The value of Super-Safety Checks lies in the fact that they are designed to prevent alteration by knife, ink eradicator or eraser. Any attempt by these means brings a glaring white spot on the surface of the intricately tinted stock. Super-Safety Checks are never sold in blank sheets—they are made only to order. To prevent counterfeiting, each sheet of Super-Safety paper is guarded as the Government guards banknote paper.

Beautiful as well as safe

Super-Safety Checks are the most beautiful as well as the safest checks provided by banks today. Their colors are inviting. Their designs beautifully executed. It is a pleasure to write on them and a distinction to send them out.

Sample test-check and booklet FREE

Test for yourself the power of Super-Safety Checks to prevent alterations, to make your checking account secure. Send for a sample check with detailed instructions for testing it. Receive, also, the valuable booklet, "How to Get More for Your Money." Bankers Supply Company, Division of The Todd Company, *sole manufacturers of Super-Safety Checks, Todd Greenbac Checks, and the Protectograph.* Chicago, Rochester, New York, Denver.

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY
DIVISION OF THE TODD COMPANY
5950 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

6009

I desire to test the Super-Safety Check. Please send me a free sample test check and your booklet, "How to Get More for Your Money."

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State

READY MONEY

(Continued from Page 27)

corroboration from Uncle Clem he disposed of one wavering objection after another. Presently Mrs. Pringle had put on her spectacles and accepted the eager loan of Mr. Denter's fountain pen. He leaned over her spherical shoulder as she wrote her name, the tip of her tongue emulating the labored maneuvers of the pen.

"Fine! Now the duplicate." He slid another of the printed forms before her. Uncle Clem craned his neck, standing at Mrs. Pringle's right. He reached out, as she poised the pen, and took it from her.

"Got a hair in the point of it, ain't you?" He examined it closely. "No—just kind of bent. Lemme straighten it."

"It'll write well enough," said Denter, with a touch of impatience. "Never mind—there! Now see what you've done!"

Uncle Clem looked penitently at the point. Half of it had broken off cleanly between his inked fingers.

"Too bad," he said. "I'm real sorry, Mr. Denter. Guess I've busted it f'r you." He shook his head over the damage. "Pay for havin' it fixed, of course."

"That'll do me a lot of good right now, won't it?" Denter took the pen from him and glowered at the ruined point. Mrs. Pringle said something about fetching her own pen and ink; the blue gingham heaved with her preparation to rise. Uncle Clem stopped her.

"You set still, Mis' Pringle. I c'n tend to it. Jest wait a minute."

He went briskly out to the van. Through the open door Elmer saw him climb and kneel on the seat, reaching over its back to the lockers behind it, his head and shoulders out of sight. It took him a few minutes to find what he wanted. As he came back, however, he exhibited the red barrel of a Stylo Stylus, one of his chiefest favorites, and Elmer wondered a little at the delay. Uncle Clem could have found the box of Stylos in the dark.

"Here's somethin' better 'n that there pen of yourn, Mr. Denter," he announced. "This here's the Stylo Stylus, the self-fillin' ink pencil that pos'tively can't clog, scratch, leak 'r wear out. Writes easier'n a pencil an' perm'nent as a pen and you c'n carry it in your pants pocket like a jackknife, if you're a mind to. Does away with the ink bottle and writes so light and smooth you don't never need no blotter. Lemme make you a present of this here one free and gratis, Mr. Denter."

He slipped it into Mrs. Pringle's puffy fingers. Denter, mollified, revealed his teeth and pointed to the blank space at the bottom of the duplicate lease. Slowly and with even more intricate evolutions of her tongue, Mrs. Pringle signed.

"Here's your money." Denter gathered up the bills and thrust them into her hand. He waved the lease, folded it and stored it in an inner pocket. "You keep the original for your record, Mrs. Pringle. Don't lose it. Might be worth a pile of money to you."

He pocketed the Stylo Stylus almost gayly and shook hands all round. Uncle Clem went out with him to the livery rig, and Elmer, deliberately absorbing a sugar cookie, followed.

"That's all right," Uncle Clem was saying. "Mighty glad to lend a hand." He wagged his head. "Kind of fun, tryin' to give money away, 'stead of tryin' to get it, f'r a change."

Denter, busy with the tie strap, chuckled amiably. Uncle Clem went on.

"Figured you was sellin' stock, 'stead of buyin' leases. Stopped in to Laban Holley's and he let on 't you ——"

Denter looked up sharply. Elmer saw his face stiffen and then relax to a sly, confidential grin.

"Oh, I see." He lowered his voice. "I let him think that was what I was after. Had him spotted in a minute. If he knew I was after leases, he'd be out right now trying to buy 'em up ahead of me." He winked. "Saw I'd better get the others signed up before I tipped my hand to him. Time I go back after his farms I'll be playing safe."

"I see." Uncle Clem nodded slowly. "That's how it is, eh?" He reflected. "Aim to go see some other folks, then?"

"You bet!" Denter jerked his hand toward the road. "Cover this end of the valley today and go back after Holley when it's too late for him to cut inside me."

"I see. Then I guess me and Elmer'll meet up with you over to Arlo Gunn's. Lives over to the next house, yonder."

"Have to hustle if you do," said Denter, grinning. "I'll be working faster than I did here. Guess I won't have to argue anybody else into taking some easy cash. Can't be any more like Mrs. Pringle."

"H'm," said Uncle Clem. "Ain't done much tradin' with these hill folks, have you? Kind of apt to figure there ain't no such thing as easy money, they are. No wonder, neither—make theirn kind of hard, mostly. Don't know but I'd sooner tackle my job 'n yourn, Mr. Denter."

"Look a gift horse in the teeth, do they?" Denter laughed. "Well, they're welcome to this time."

He drove away. Uncle Clem watched him till a bend of the road took him out of sight. Then, with a curious grimness about his jaws, he went back to the house. Elmer, dealing honestly with his second sugar cookie, gave approving ear to his professional conversation with Mrs. Pringle. Nobody, he conceded, could have made a better trade than Uncle Clem's in the matter of that dress pattern. His spirits had found their normal level by the time they drove on toward Arlo Gunn's, but Uncle Clem, driving in silence, displayed less gratification than the circumstances seemed to warrant. He accepted Elmer's compliments inattentively, his eyes on the road ahead; only when they came in sight of Arlo Gunn's dooryard and saw the livery rig at the hitching post did his face relax. He sat up, slapping the reins.

"Catched up with him again," he said. "Guess Arlo Gunn don't look at a gift horse so different from the way Mis' Pringle done it, Elmer."

They found Mr. Denter's buoyancy fraying at its edges as he confronted Arlo Gunn's unmoved detachment. The oil man's hands waved and his voice was distinctly audible before the van turned in from the road, a voice lifted to something like exasperation. He brightened at the sight of Uncle Clem, and beckoned to him with the cordiality of old acquaintance.

"Here's Mr. Bixby—you just ask him whether there's a bug under the chip, Mr. Gunn. He'll tell you ——"

"You figure it's all right f'r me to sign this lease, Bixby?" Arlo Gunn's eye, the color of lake ice, moved deliberately to Uncle Clem's. The peddler took the printed form from him and read it patiently, as if he saw it for the first time. His glance shifted to the little sheaf of new dollar bills in Denter's hand; the man spread them fanwise, like playing cards, and waved them before Arlo Gunn.

"Long as the money's good, I don't see no reason why you shouldn't take it, Arlo," said Uncle Clem. "This here's a reg'lar lease. You wouldn't get no better offer. If Mr. Denter figures it's wuth ready cash to him, I don't know but I'd sign, if it was me."

His mild glance somehow contrived to silence Denter's urgent fluency. Gunn rubbed a rugged jaw, his eye sidling at the bills; Uncle Clem gave him leisure for reflection, and when he spoke again it was in the detached and casual tone of an unprejudiced outsider. Gunn's wife, flat-bodied and amazingly sharp of nose, came out from the kitchen and Uncle Clem repeated his balanced reasoning for her benefit. A certain quality of vigilance dissolved in her edged face. Presently the leases were spread on the table and Mr. Denter's Stylo Stylus again demonstrated the smooth ease with which it wrote. Both Arlo and his wife signed, but it was Mrs. Gunn who accepted Denter's money. Her husband's attention, at the moment, was distracted by an illustrated lecture setting forth the singular virtues of the Stylo. Uncle Clem, as it happened, found a spare one in his pocket; it passed into the possession of Arlo Gunn while Mr. Denter was still drying the ink on his copy of the lease. By the time his departing wheels rumbled on the bridge Gunn had acquired a particularly decorative pair of suspenders and his wife, having decided a difficult choice between ginghams, was deep in a rapt study of enameled pie pans.

When the van drew out to the road Elmer sighed contentedly and there were pleased little lines about the corners of Uncle Clem's mouth. His good humor lasted until they overtook Denter at Abner Hammond's; it prompted him to lend his aid again in the disposal of a gift horse which was undergoing ungracious dental inspection on the part of the proposed beneficiaries. Here, too, when Denter had gone, business was agreeably brisk.

It continued to be excellent all day, as they followed the long loop of the road that curved along the foot of the hill at the valley's end. Sometimes Denter accomplished his errand without Uncle Clem's supporting presence, but usually they found him still deadlocked in debate.

It was midafternoon when they came to the end of the lane that led up the slope to Wilbur Tilney's. From the highway they could see the livery horse tied at Tilney's retaining wall, and Elmer was moved to protest when Uncle Clem, instead of turning in, kept the team straight on down the road.

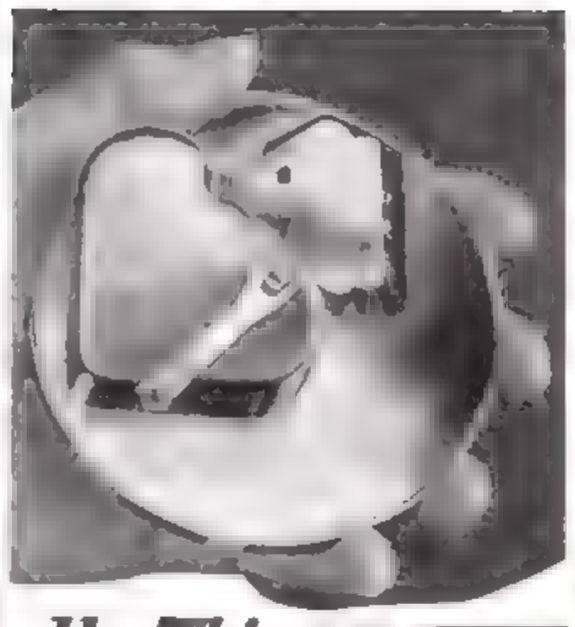
"Guess we better not stop," said Uncle Clem. "Run it kind of close, the way it is." He clicked to the horses. "Kind of want to see Cal Tupper before it goes any further."

He shook his head at Elmer's aggrieved question and the boy subsided presently to injured silence. They passed several promising farms, in spite of his displeased comments, before they came to Calvin Tupper's big brick house in the forks, where one road branched off to circle back toward the foot of the glen. Tupper's buckboard stood in the shade of the honey locusts, and for some reason the sight of it seemed to please Uncle Clem. He swung down from the high seat, whistling, just as Tupper's pulpy bulk appeared in the doorway of the side room that he used as his office.

They were too far away for Elmer to overhear their talk, but he could see Tupper's sleepy face broaden in his slow grin. The huge hand slapped Uncle Clem's shoulder in manifest approval and Tupper shambled across to his buckboard; its slats groaned under him and, as he drove on rapidly ahead of them, the seat canted far to one side. Elmer scowled after it. He noticed that Uncle Clem leaned out now and then to look back along the road, as if he were afraid somebody was following them. They had covered a slow two miles when there was a brisk patter of hoofbeats behind them and Uncle Clem pulled to the side of the road to let Denter pass. The oil man lifted his hand affably as he drew abreast and his grin dimly offended Elmer. There was something condescending about it, as if, instead of moving Denter to a decent gratitude for his help, Uncle Clem had somehow amused him.

The light buggy quickly left the van behind; by the time Uncle Clem turned in at Laban Holley's driveway Elmer estimated that Denter must have been there a good ten minutes before them. He saw Cal Tupper's buckboard in the open doorway of the barn as they passed, but when they came into Holley's sitting room only the money lender and Denter were in sight. It seemed to Elmer that this time Denter wasn't altogether glad to see them.

(Continued on Page 157)



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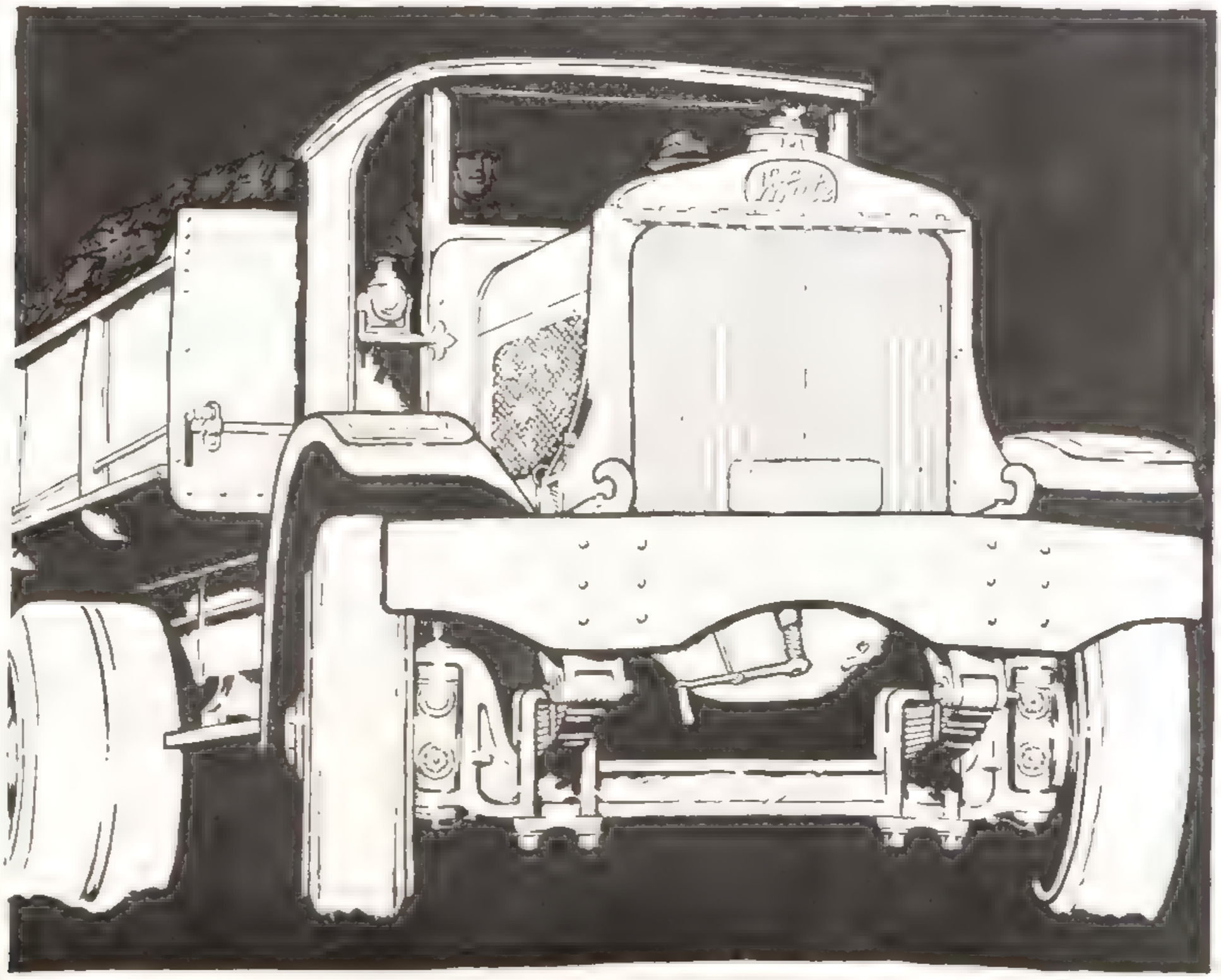

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(Continued from Page 155)

He looked startled; as the door swung open he half rose from his chair, and the glance that he shot back over his shoulder held none of the satisfaction with which he had welcomed Uncle Clem's earlier intrusions on his negotiations. For a moment Elmer fancied that he was afraid; there was no doubt at all of his annoyance. His hand reached out to the neat little pile of paper money on Holley's table in a movement that was almost a snatch.

"All right, then." He spoke impatiently. "I can't afford to waste any more time dickering with you."

Uncle Clem stood still in the doorway; he seemed not to understand that Denter was in a hurry. A mournful whine of porch floor boards drew Elmer's glance behind him to Calvin Tupper's huge bulk. Again, watching Denter's face, he had a feeling that there was fear behind its anger. There was a little silence before Denter spoke.

"Sorry I can't stop, Bixby. Got to hurry if I'm going to catch my train."

He moved confidently toward the doorway. Uncle Clem stood aside, but Calvin Tupper blocked the way. Something in the look of his fat face made Elmer think of Hannah Spinney's big tomcat, drowsing in front of a rat hole. Denter halted.

"Excuse me, Mr. ——"

"Mr. Tupper," said Uncle Clem. "Shake hands with Mr. Denter, Cal." He turned to the oil man. "I was tellin' Cal about them oil leases of yourn, and ——"

"Be glad to lease your land when I come back," said Denter. "Can't spare the time to do it now, or I'll miss that train."

Tupper pulled out a big silver watch.

"Lots of time," he said comfortably. "Train don't go through Hillsboro till after six, even when it ain't late. Kind of like to see that there lease."

Denter's lips sucked in between his teeth and his glance darted out over Tupper's shoulder. Elmer remembered seeing a rat peep out of its hole at that big cat of Hannah Spinney's; he didn't like rats, but he had been vaguely sorry for that one, and as he watched Denter's face something of the same compassion stirred in him.

"All right." Denter shrugged. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a copy of his form. "Look it over and make up your mind. When I come back ——"

Tupper's eye traveled deliberately down the page. He seemed not to notice Denter's gesture, asking for room to pass.

"This looks all reg'lar and in order, Bixby," he said. "Don't see nothing 't could be twisted so's to look like a promis'ry note."

Denter whirled toward the peddler, his teeth showing. "You ——"

"Easy," said Tupper indolently. His hand closed on Denter's wrist. Uncle Clem wagged his head almost apologetically.

"Leave him see the other one, Mr. Denter—this here's the 'riginal." He turned to Tupper. "It's the duplicate 't he keeps, sheriff." Elmer saw Denter's shoulders twitch at the word. It hadn't occurred to him that Denter might not know who Calvin Tupper was. Uncle Clem's voice drawled mildly on. "That's how he works it—leaves you study this here copy till you're kind of tired of readin' it and then kind of slips the other one in front of you just when you go to sign. Wouldn't notice they was anything wrong with neither of 'em without you looked mighty close."

Tupper plunged his free hand into Denter's pocket and pulled out a sheaf of neatly folded forms. Laban Holley came around his table to see; Uncle Clem's forefinger pointed to the bottom of the page, where there were blank spaces to be filled out with figures and signatures.

"See—when you cut along here and here you got a reg'lar note. 'Stead of leasin' so and so many acres, it promises to pay that many dollars." He flattened the form on Holley's table and covered part of it with his hands. Laban Holley drew in a long, hissing breath.

"Get my money off'n him, Tupper! He's got it right in his pants pocket!"

Without haste Tupper pulled out a jingling pair of handcuffs. Denter offered no resistance as they snapped shut on his wrists; he seemed dazed; there was puzzled bewilderment in his blank stare at Uncle Clem. Tupper pulled the bills out of the pocket and laid them on the desk.

"Notice these here marks, Bixby, so's you can swear he had these bills on him. Me and Laban can swear they're our marks."

He nodded placidly.

"Handled it first-rate, Bixby. Don't know as we could 've made out no case against him if you'd give him away soon as you seen what he was up to. Wasn't no proof of fraud till he discounted them notes with Laban."

Holley scowled. "Ran a big resk, all the same," he grumbled. "S'pose I'd bought them notes off'n him before you give me warning?"

"Wasn't no danger," said Uncle Clem. "Found out who-all he aimed to see and give myself plenty of time to git the sheriff here ahead of him."

"Wasn't no way to be sure he'd fetch the notes back here," objected Holley. "Might have taken 'em down to Hillsboro and discounted 'em to the new bank, couldn't he?"

"Didn't figure he'd be apt to try it," said Uncle Clem. "Calculated he'd try and trade with somebody 't was lookin' f'r more 'n 6 per cent, Laban. Not only that—I knowed he aimed to sell them notes to you soon as I found out he wasn't tryin' to sell stock, like he told you. Guess he come here first and told you that so's it'd look kind of reas'nable when he come back with the notes. He could claim he took 'em to pay f'r shares."

"Did," said Holley. There was a touch of anger in his voice, and Denter, suddenly recovering something of his assurance, laughed impudently across at him.

"Yes," he jeered, "and you'd have been in a hurry to believe it too! That's what's biting you now—you're sore because you were tipped off too soon to go through with the deal. You knew mighty well that you could go into court and collect the face of every one of those notes by claiming you bought 'em in good faith. Innocent third party—with a 30 per cent cut in the profits! I had your number all right, anyhow!"

Something in Laban Holley's face, for all its anger, told Elmer that Denter's shot had hit the mark. Uncle Clem shook his head, however, in mild dissent.

"Couldn't have collected nothing," he said. "Didn't aim to run no resk of nothing like that. Soon as I seen what you was up to, back yonder to Mis' Pringle's, I broke that there fountain pen f'r you and traded you a Stylo Stylus. Guess all them notes was signed with it."

"Don't matter," said Laban Holley impatiently. "Note's legal, long as it's signed with ink."

"Depends," said Uncle Clem. "Me and Elmer don't aim to peddle much gimcrack trash, but we git a sight of samples. Filled up that there Stylo Stylus I give to Denter with something 't's called Lovers' Oath ink. Writes same as reg'lar ink, but fades right out soon as it's good and dry."

Laban Holley snatched up one of the trimmed strips of paper that lay on his desk. The penned words that filled out its blank spaces were still boldly legible, but Elmer's delighted eye, enlightened by much experiment with the fascinating possibilities of Lovers' Oath, recognized a familiar brownish tinge that had already begun to sickly the aggressive black. Holley looked up angrily.

"That was a nice thing to do, Bixby. You knowed he aimed to sell them notes to me! S'posin' you didn't make out to give me notice? S'posin' I'd bought 'em off'n him in good faith ——"

"Didn't figure you would, Laban," said Uncle Clem deliberately. "Figured 't if you discounted notes fur a stranger 't claimed he got 'em by peddlin' coal-oil shares to your neighbors, it wouldn't be rightly in good faith. Didn't know but it'd serve you about right to lose whatever you paid f'r 'em. Run the resk of it, anyhow, sooner'n resk leavin' him swindle Mis' Pringle and Arlo Gunn and them others."

"Didn't need to run no resk at all," said Holley severely. "Ought to've went straight off to the sheriff minute you seen what he was up to!"

"Thought some about that," Uncle Clem admitted. "Kind of hated to stop him till he finished up and went to sell them notes."

"Wouldn't have no case against him," the sheriff put in. "Didn't commit no fraud till he offered 'em f'r sale."

"No," said Uncle Clem. "And anyhow it seemed kind of a pity to stop him till he got through handin' out that there ready money." His mild eye moved to Laban Holley, and perhaps it was only accident that his hand touched a pocket that bulged and crackled pleasantly. "Kind of sorry me and Elmer ain't goin' to be peddlin' behind him all summer!"

A Scene Near Stowe, Vermont

The Ashless Ashstand

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And, now, at the country club she sees clean, ashless Smokadors keeping the lounge and porch free from smokers' litter—just like the ones at home and in her husband's office—always on guard against the dangers and dirt caused by matches, ashes and stubs!

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You simply drop your matches, ashes and stubs into Smokador. They are instantly dispatched through the *bottomless tray* and *hollow tube* to the *airtight base*, where the débris safely remains for convenient disposal. Because of these features and its Snuffer Clips, Smokador prevents fires.

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1926

A picture of a promise

THERE is no picture of a suit in this advertisement. There is something more important—a picture of a *promise*—a promise of satisfaction or a new suit, without making a speech about it.

There are thirty-two models in Middishade and Middi*stripe* Blue Serge Suits—by a prize-winning designer—to fit all men. They are all different except for one thing—fashioned of the same fadeproof Blue Serge—the finest money can buy. And yet they retail at a popular price.

Stop in at the store that sells Middishade and Middi*stripe* Blue Serge Suits in your town—or send for style folder and samples of serge to—

THE MIDDISHADE CO., *Inc.*, *PHILADELPHIA*
"Sergical Specialists · operating on Blue Serge Suits only"

[MIDDISHADE is not merely a color or fabric—it is a *suit*. None genuine without the name "MIDDISHADE."]

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

ON INSPIRATION'S TRAIL

(Continued from Page 49)

that may be definitely pinned to the physical perceptions. And, later, to endeavor to link this residue to the intuitions, hunches, telepathy, premonitions and suchlike mysterious manifestations of the human mind, after paring away the litter of superstition, the belief in spirit visitations, and so on, with which this phase of human mental activity is cluttered up. But more of that equation later.

That sort of thing—the doings of birds and beasts, and why—for a number of years occupied my thoughts to a considerable extent. In later years, writing upon Nature themes resolved itself merely into the process of fishing in my mental stream for related facts and fancies that had been stored there by observation and experience in years past; all of which reverts to my original contention that so-called inspiration, be it applied to the practice of medicine, baking a cake or writing a story, emanates from past observation coupled with present research by the process of conscious analysis, and is not to be courted by waiting vaguely on the mountain for a visitation from some mysterious agency.

Take so simple a theme as a day's operations in a prairie-dog village, apparently a monotonous baked flat housing a few underground dwellers, yet in reality teeming with life, comedy, tragedy and death. In all the hundreds of dog towns I have visited, it is doubtful if meadow larks were absent from a single one. What more fitting then than that the cheery notes of the meadow lark, with the first rays of the rising sun, should sound the dog-town reveille, ushering in the day, the story, and summoning the prairie dogs forth for the daylight shift?

The Prodigal Returns

The habit of burrowing owls of bowing deeply, as if in an obeisance of polite servility, was vividly recalled from the youthful days when I had sought their nests, as were some of the preying habits of these savage little birds. Badgers, skunks, hawks, jack rabbits, snakes, terrapins and other denizens and frequenters of dog towns, their modes of feeding, their reactions to the principle character and to one another, the relation of each to Nature's scheme of things—material in abundance bubbling up out of the past. What more fitting than that the great horned owl, the terrible hunter that floats over a darkened world, should summon the night workers on shift; and that the day and the story should close as the coyote chorus sounded the dog-town taps? The finished product, with Dog Town for its title, went to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only a relatively small portion of my time, however, has been spent in the study of birds and animals. The very fact of my departure from school to pursue such matters, resulting as it did in my confronting the problem of wresting a livelihood from an unsympathetic and highly competitive world, operated to curtail my rambles afield; and the lack of a scientific education precluded the possibility of my turning to that field as an occupation.

Round the age of nineteen I returned to the town in which my mother was living and settled down to a more or less normal business career, and hope for my case was slightly revived in the breasts of friends and well-wishers. It was conceded that as a real-estate salesman I gave promise of moderate success. After a few months an opportunity to take a small flyer for myself was presented and for some time I speculated on a shoe-string margin. With the first signs of a slackening of the temporary real-estate activities of the neighborhood, my few holdings were disposed of and my way led through several live Western towns where booms were in progress.

A Man of Ideas

In those days, before the advent of blue-sky laws, one could bond a piece of real estate for any amount up to which purchasers for bonds might be flushed and bagged. A tract of eighty acres adjoining Billings, Montana, seemed highly desirable for subdivision purposes and I hastened to Salt Lake to consult a firm that specialized in disposing of real-estate bond issues, my purpose being to float $75,000 in bonds to cover the purchase price and contemplated improvements of the tract in question, the issue to go to the company at 85 and thence to its customers at any price above that figure that could be obtained. Seventy-five per cent of all sales receipts in the tract was to go into a fund for the retirement of the bonds. The head of the firm admitted its plausibility and even predicted its success, but declined to deal on account of my youth.

Twin Falls, Idaho, was the next port of call. A wild boom, in which prices had temporarily assumed heights that were unjustified, suddenly collapsed. That white volcanic-ash soil of Southern Idaho produces enormous crops when irrigated. Trainloads of excellent potatoes were piled on the ground, purchasable at thirty cents a hundred pounds, with no takers. Alfalfa hay, tens of thousands of tons, cluttered the countryside and could be bought for less than two dollars a ton in the stack, or baled and delivered on board the cars for

(Continued on Page 161)

A Family of Skunks

Why they choose the G-Boy

1-TON CHASSIS
G-BOY
$885

1½-TON CHASSIS
$1245

2-TON CHASSIS
$1445
f. o. b. Detroit

Four points in particular stand out as reasons for the spectacular demand for the G-BOY, Graham Brothers sturdy 1-ton truck:

1 ✓ Exceptional quality

2 ✓ Low Price

3 ✓ Power and dependability of Dodge Brothers engine

4 ✓ Prompt service everywhere by Dodge Brothers Dealers

Backed by a record unique in the field of commercial hauling, these reasons are too fundamentally important to escape the attention of judicious buyers.

Graham Brothers Trucks, with Dodge Brothers ¾-Ton Commercial Cars, meet 90% of all hauling requirements

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

CAPPING off a car that literally breathes style, speed and stamina is the *Gardner Griffin*—emblem of two Gardner qualities which have won for this car an enviable place in the regard of every American who drives.

The Beast is for *stamina*—that stout-hearted strength which Gardner has been building into finest vehicles for more than fifty years—and which explains why eight famous performance records have been established by stock Gardner *Eights-in-line.*

The Bird is for *speed*—that smooth, eager, soaring speed that sweeps you over the road in such cradled comfort that you feel as though you are actually coasting on air.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

OVER FIFTY YEARS OF BUILDING WELL

GARDNER

EIGHT-IN-LINE

(Continued from Page 158

five. Wholesale feed dealers in Utah and Oregon were anxious to buy at fifteen dollars a ton. In carload lots, of twenty tons to the car, the rate to these points was from five dollars to five-fifty a ton.

I ordered two cars a day and sat down to figure my profits at a hundred dollars a car and to map out in advance some lucrative way to reinvest them. Orchard tracts were in vogue then and selling well. Two-year-old apple trees could be purchased and set out, forty-nine to the acre, seven each way, at a trifle less than a dollar a tree. I optioned a piece of land which, when shaped up and planted to orchard, would range a bit under $125 an acre. Such tracts were selling for $500 an acre, on easy payments, the promoters agreeing to work the land for five years, delivering five-year-old bearing orchards at the end of that period, and orchards of that age were rated at $1000 an acre.

It certainly had all the earmarks of a scheme in which no one could lose and with substantial profits for all. My prospects seemed rosy and I left off rolling my own cigarettes and occasionally sported a prosperous-looking cigar. After waiting a month without seeing a single one of my cars shunted onto a sidetrack, and being informed that the existing car shortage could not soon be relieved, it came to me that one moth-eaten old adage contained an element of truth -that all is not gold that glitters, translated in this case into the knowledge that many seemingly brilliant prospects are only prospectuses.

Vanity Good Bait for Suckers

Somewhere round then a young man offered me a partnership in a contemplated promotion of his own—namely, the acquirement of cheap land at a dollar or two an acre and platting it in town sites, with some ten to fifteen small lots to the acre. We were then to visit various citizens and to state to each one with utmost frankness that the town might never attain to the proportions of a metropolis, but that then again, in case the contemplated railroad went through, or if the projected irrigation plans were perfected, or if anything else happened, it stood a good chance to come into its own; that in order to sell lots to the common herd it was desirable to have a few solid substantial citizens, such as himself, among the first purchasers.

In order to gain the prestige of his name it was proposed to present him with a deed to a lot, the only requirement being that he send the instrument to the register of deeds in the county and state designated, along with five dollars to cover the recording fee, cost of survey and the placarding of the property with a sign stating that it was sold to John Doe, Hardware, Blankshury, so that prospects escorted to the town site might see for themselves that substantial citizens had been among the first to invest.

The only point upon which the recipient of the lot was not to be frankly informed was the fact that fifty cents went to the register of deeds in addition to the dollar and a dime for recording fees, the balance to revert to the promoters, which, with the lots costing less than ten cents apiece, plus the cost of survey, still left a sound net profit of some $2.50 a lot.

"You can give away from twenty to 100 lots a day," he declared. "They fall for it 90 per cent strong. Pick any one of these buzzards that imagines he's prominent but just falls short. Your assumption that he's an influential citizen soothes him. He's always out to get something for nothing. Show him where he's on the inside and the other fellow's getting tomahawked, and he's your meat."

He estimated that with good luck and by working fast we could give away half the cheap lands of Texas and New Mexico in Kansas, Iowa and Missouri.

He also had an agency for a newfangled washing machine. The idea was not to peddle washing machines, but to sell exclusive territory in blocks of a dozen or more counties. The chief sales argument consisted of pointing out to the prospect that he, in turn, could sell the exclusive county agencies to others at a handsome cash profit to himself while retaining a nominal commission on all sales, the county agents, in turn, having the privilege of apportioning their territory to suit themselves at whatever figure they chose. Eventually, I suppose, some agents on the outer fringe, finding themselves unable to subdivide their territory lucratively, would be forced to sell washing machines—or to purchase one to find out how it worked.

I declined to engage in the ventures, but this young man's genius impressed me. The impression was not mutual, for upon occasion of our next meeting recognition was one-sided. Some fifteen years later an attorney phoned me that a prominent out-of-town man wished to consult me. Flattered but wary, I hastened to the appointment. The promoter did not recognize me from Adam and his proposition seemed to offer a fair chance for speculative profits, but I failed to get in on the ground floor through an uneasy apprehension that it might fall to my lot to buy the washing machine.

One of my first stories dealt with a giveaway town-site promotion, and when the chief recipient of lots—one who had imposed upon the innocence of the company's representative and bargained for a score of lots instead of the one with which he was to be presented—inquired just when the irrigation scheme was to operate, he was informed that they were merely waiting until suckers shed sufficient tears to raise a crop.

The Wise Fish an Easy Catch

Had I continued in the paths of a shoestring real-estate promoter it is certain that I would either have proved a howling success or would have ended up in jail, but at this psychological moment there came an opportunity of another variety. Several men were floating a chain-store proposition to consist of twenty-five department stores in good Southwestern towns. It seemed that they discerned in me the makings of a future merchant prince. By investing my slender capital I was to become assistant manager and buyer in some lines for the largest store in the chain.

I was made to feel that these shrewd and farseeing men recognized my latent talents—and just on top of listening to the young genius of promotion expound the theory of gulling 'em through their vanity! I should have known better. Long ere this many a come-on game had come under my observation. Anyway after some eight months in this new line, I journeyed to interview the chief and laid before him various observations, conclusions and prejudices, requesting a check for the par value of my stock with interest at 6 per cent, which was at first declined. But I stayed with it until the check was forthcoming and we parted on friendly terms.

The reasons why it seemed that fortune still beckoned from the paths of merchandising are now somewhat obscure, but I wandered into St. Louis, purchased a bill of

(Continued on Page 165)

PHOTO FROM BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

Mountain Sheep in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming

Autocall
PAGING SERVICE

makes every important individual of your organization instantly available at any time anywhere in your place of business. It *"eliminates the Missing Man"*—saves time and money—pleases your customers—speeds up your phone service—pays for itself daily.

Underwriters' Approved

Autocall
FIRE ALARM SERVICE

for interior use is designed to cover the requirements of all kinds of organizations, both large and small, to guard the safety of the workers and to speed up defense against the flames. Complete safety and fire-fighting programs are furnished with the installation.

Underwriters' Approved

Autocall
WATCHMAN'S Supervisory SERVICE

insures uninterrupted protection by giving instant notice whenever a watchman, for any reason whatsoever, is unable to reach a registry-box. It supplements and doubles the actual protection afforded by a watchman by reporting the emergency instantly.

Underwriters' Approved

To secure full information on any one or all three services, mark and clip the coupon to your business letterhead.

The Autocall Co., 508 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.

☐ Send data on Paging System and free trial offer

☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System

☐ Send data on Watchman's Supervisory Service

Special literature for architects and engineers on request.

Most Marvelous Musical in World's History

The BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

utilizes newly discovered electrical processes to bring you music and radio of a beauty hitherto unknown

THE PANATROPE is the joint achievement of four of the most widely known institutions in the fields of electricity and acoustics: Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company.

Amazes critics

Although perfected less than a year ago, this new reproducing musical instrument has been heard by more than four million persons. When first demonstrated, it was given front-page space by the great metropolitan newspapers as the most important musical development of the age. Critics were no less enthusiastic. Nothing in the whole world of music ever created such profound interest and attention.

The Brunswick Panatrope may be had either alone or in combination with the Radiola Super-heterodyne. Thus it puts at your finger-tips all recorded music and the rhythmic, newsy programs of radio as well. Operates entirely from the light socket; no batteries or outside wires needed.

Another triumph

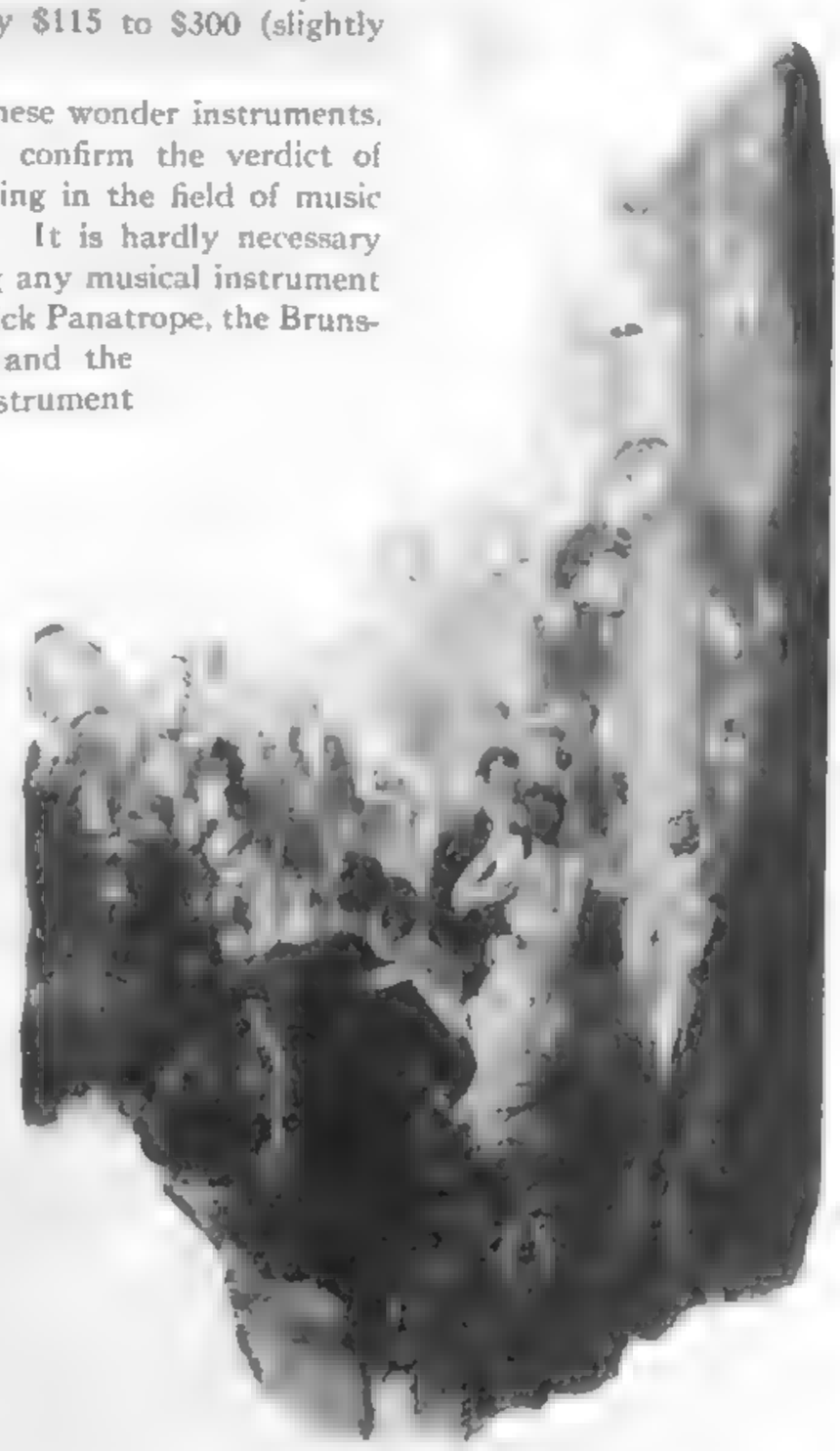
Brunswick has also developed another musical instrument, as yet unnamed,* for bringing out the music of the new records. In tone quality and its ability to reproduce the entire musical scale, this instrument represents a very great advance over anything in existence, save the Panatrope. It does not utilize the electrical equipment of the Panatrope, and its prices are lower, ranging from only $115 to $300 (slightly higher west of Rockies).

Certainly you must hear these wonder instruments. Your musical judgment will confirm the verdict of the critics that there is nothing in the field of music reproduction equal to them. It is hardly necessary to suggest that before buying any musical instrument or radio, you hear the Brunswick Panatrope, the Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola and the new Brunswick musical instrument as yet unnamed.*

Brunswick dealers will gladly demonstrate these instruments. If there is no Brunswick store near you, write us

**$5,000 for a name*

To find a suitable name for the new Brunswick instrument described above, we offer 3 prizes totaling $5,000 for the best name submitted with slogan not exceeding 10 words describing its music. In the event of a tie, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. Contest closes December 15 at midnight. Write for free booklet giving all details. Address Dept. P-109.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 623 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Invention

Great Artists *of the* New Hall of Fame

—those whom the present-day public proclaims to be supreme

Michael Bohnen
Richard Bonelli
Karin Branzell
Mario Chamlee
The Cleveland Orchestra
Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor
Giuseppe Danise
Claire Dux
Florence Easton
Elschuco Trio
Leopold Godowsky
Josef Hofmann
Bronislaw Huberman
Maria Ivogun
Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Edith Mason
Lauritz Melchior
Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra
Gennaro Papi, Conductor
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
Henri Verbrugghen, Conductor
Marie Morrisey
Elly Ney
New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Willem Mengelberg, Conductor
Sigrid Onegin
Elisabeth Rethberg
Max Rosen
Friedrich Schorr
Albert Spalding
Richard Strauss
John Charles Thomas
Willem Willeke

These artists find in Brunswick's "Light-Ray" electrical recording (music by photography) reproduced on the Brunswick Panatrope the perfect medium for their art.

MARIO CHAMLEE

Tenor, Metropolitan Opera Company, says:

"I marvel at the precision and delicacy with which every tone is preserved by your new method of recording and translated into sound again on your musical instruments."

The Brunswick Panatrope, Model 10. Finished in highly figured walnut. Price $650. (Slightly higher west of Rockies)

New Brunswick Records are now on sale every Thursday

Brunswick

PANATROPES • RADIOLAS • RECORDS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 623 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

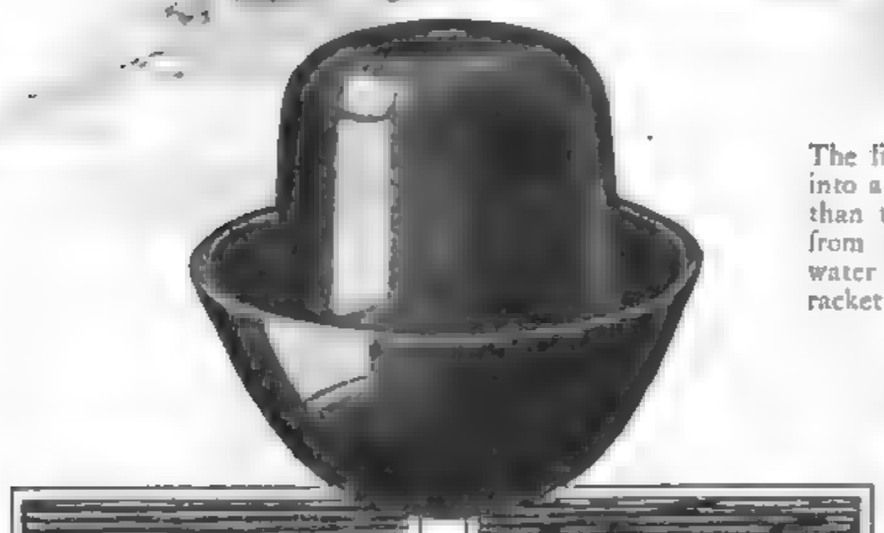
STOP THAT LEAK!

The little Hollander who spent several hours with his fist thrust into a dangerous leak in the dyke suffered no more mental torture than the hostess who entertains amid embarrassing noises issuing from the bathroom. "Trickle gush—gurgle—squish!" goes the water closet with a leaky valve. Stop that leak! Stop that infernal racket and waste of water! Stop it at once and for good with a

MUSHROOM Parabal

IT'S the one patented tank ball guaranteed to stop that leak immediately and keep it stopped for three years. Note the inverted mushroom shape that drops down into the valve and fits like a cork, forming a tight seal all the way around. No noise, no faulty operation, no wasted water when the tank is equipped with a Mushroom Parabal. Anticipate trouble and head it off by calling your plumber today.

Master Plumbers know Woodward-Wanger Quality products and do better work when they are specified. Yours carries Mushroom Parabal and will install one in a very few moments. Price—only $1.25.



MUSHROOM Parabal

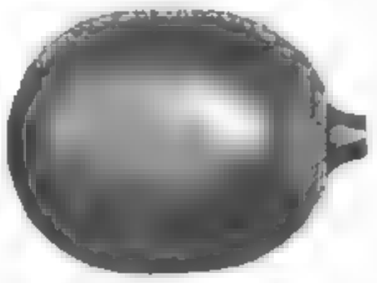
THE old style tank ball, at the left, is a fine trouble-maker. At best it only sits up *on top* of the valve and is easily unseated. After a short life it splits, warps or swells and makes its plight known with irritating noises and much wasted water.

At the right is its successor—*Mushroom Parabal*. One piece, pure para rubber, unaffected by years of underwater service. Designed to fit *down into the valve* and form a perfectly tight seal at every point. Quiet, economical and efficient—that's Mushroom Parabal. And it's guaranteed to stay that way for a full three years. Where else could you buy such satisfactory service for only $1.25?

Woodward-Wanger Co.
Philadelphia

Oakland, California Chicago, Illinois Orlando, Florida

WOODWARD WANGER HOUSEHOLD SERVICE



ENDURO
HARD RUBBER TANK FLOAT

Much water-closet trouble comes from corroded, leaky tank floats. Put an end to this fault. Ask your plumber to install the new Woodward-Wanger hard rubber float. It lasts much longer. Guaranteed five years.

ENDURO
RUBBER SEAT BUMPERS

Replace those hard, useless closet-seat bumpers with quiet, pliant rubber that saves both seat and bowl. If you ask your plumber for Woodward-Wanger you get the best.

ENDURO
SOLID RUBBER STOPPERS

New stoppers of clean, live rubber, with strong beaded chains that won't pull out, improve the appearance and usefulness of every basin and tub. Get the best by asking your plumber for Woodward-Wanger.

NEVER-DRIP
FAUCET WASHER

When leaking faucets and rust stains in your tubs and basins tell of worn-out washers, ask your plumber to replace them with Never-Drip. It's the one washer that master plumbers bank on to do the job right—and do it for a long time

ENDURO
PRESS-DOWN LEVER

An all-china, trouble-proof lever to replace that cranky whirling handle which operates the flush valve only after expert manipulation. Enduro fits any closet tank and requires only a slight pressure of hand or arm for its positive action. Can't work loose, nor stick and cause a wasteful, annoying leak, and has no exposed metal to clean. Your plumber can install one in a few moments.

(Continued from Page 161)

shoes and opened a small retail shoe store For several years this afforded a moderate livelihood and served to double my capital. I had discounted all bills, established a decent credit both with shoe concerns and with my bank, and should have been satisfied.

Instead my feet were more restless daily. I put out a string of traps and covered the trap line before going to the store of mornings. Then I took a vacation and spent a month hunting bear. This brought on a complete relapse. The shoe business was sold and I went to the Wyoming mountains to start what was probably the first fur farm in the whole northwest corner of the United States. All the Northwestern States are alive with fur farms now, but at that time mine was the only such evidence of an unsettled mind within 1000 miles.

Well, there it was again. At the age of twenty-six, at which period of life most men are contemplating entering business, I retired—and the verdict of my friends should have rendered me immune to the death penalty to the end of time. The beautiful valley of the Shoshone had appealed to me while first hunting on its headwaters some seven or eight years previously and on subsequent occasions, so it was not a new region to us.

It is probable that the Yellowstone country contains more varieties of game and fur-bearing animals than any other spot in America, certainly more than any area of similar size. The winters were long and severe, so Mrs. Evarts and son went outside to escape some three to five months of the worst weather each year, during which periods I engaged in intermittent trapping operations, mainly for coyotes. At one time or another I have trapped perhaps a dozen varieties of fur bearers, ranging from muskrat to bear, not any great number of each, but sufficient to learn a little of their habits; and I have seen on its native heath every American fur bearer save three—the fisher, the arctic fox and the ring-tailed cat of the Southwest.

Learning From Others

Even so, a generous part of my information has been acquired from others. All human knowledge is the compilation of many centuries, passed on interminably from one generation to the next, formerly by word of mouth, now by printed records; and it has been pointed out that to permit one generation to elapse without transmitting to it the accumulated sciences, arts and philosophies of centuries would be to turn back the clock of civilization for 2000 years. Therefore what one man may contribute in the way of original thought, if he is a genius, might equal a thousandth part of what he learns from others.

I had become an insatiable reader and this custom opened up many new fields of interest. In reading natural history, however, such works as were available were largely incomplete and often inaccurate; so I made it a practice to inquire of others about such matters as intrigued my curiosity.

The chief obstacle to gathering information in that manner is the fact that many old-timers, whose experience is broad and who are reputed to be authorities along certain lines, are not of an analytical turn of mind. Scores of trappers and hunters, and good ones, are largely unacquainted with animal habits and the reasons therefor. Up to the point of successful hunting and trapping they are proficient, while beyond that they have observed but little.

As an illustration of this, I recall two controversies that raged between old-timers for months a dozen years back. First, whether or not the buffalo emitted low grunting sounds or was a silent beast. Former scouts, traders, Indian fighters and hide hunters of the buffalo days, men who had seen the animals by the million, dipped into the argument by the score and their numbers were about evenly divided in support of each contention.

One Among Thousands

Right on the heels of this another dispute arose. Did the pronghorn antelope shed his horns annually, or did he not? The debate was equally contested by men whose claim to authority rested upon the fact that they had killed thousands of antelope for the market or for their hides. It raged for six or eight months, until it was finally settled by a contribution from my old friend and neighbor, Ned Frost, in which he described the manner in which the horn of the antelope loosens round the base, but only in the form of an outer shell, while the inner fibrous core hardens into a horn, so that it is only the husk that is cast at shedding time, not the whole horn as in the case of the true deciduous-horned tribes.

I lived on the ranch next to Frost for several years and learned from him things of interest.

In Charlie Hedrick, of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, I discovered a man who had observed many odd things which thousands of his fellow woodsmen had overlooked. While at his ranch and while hunting with him I put to Hedrick many a question, and in almost every instance he knew the answer.

At that time it was current opinion among the natives of that part of Wyoming that the nest and eggs of the Canada jay—variously called whisky jack and camp robber—had never been found. During one such discussion it was asserted by several men that a Colorado naturalist had offered a standing reward of $500 for one nest and eggs of this bird. Another man with broad experience in the north said that while in Saskatchewan he had heard it reported that a half-breed had found a curious hole in a late-melting snowdrift and investigated, to find the nest of a whisky jack buried deep in the moss under the snow. I inquired of Hedrick about it.

"Nothing mysterious about that," he said. "They nest in trees, same as other jays, but they hatch out late in the winter, when the snow's still on and the temperature still well below zero. The young stay in the nest till they're feathered out about as good as the old birds."

In answer as to how he had discovered these facts, he said:

"Oh, when I was trapping round. They're good company when a man's out alone of winters. You know how they hang round camp and raid the place for food. There was a few of 'em visiting my camp pretty regular. Then one day quite a bevy of 'em landed in on me. Two of them sat on a log within six feet of me and I noticed whenever another bird snatched a piece of meat and flew above those two that they'd tilt up their heads and open their mouths. I knew then that they hadn't been out of the nest long enough so but what they was still sort of expecting to be fed. Then I took to watching camp robbers till I found out considerable about them."

Another thing mystified me. The strength and ferocity of the wolverine are proverbial. No creature of its size can meet it in combat, and larger killers do not molest it. The wolverine has several young in one litter. Available natural histories and outdoor legend both credited the animal with almost superhuman intelligence, which, if true, should have enhanced the chances of its tribe to increase in plenty. Yet the wolverine, with everything apparently in its favor, was a comparatively rare animal. At that time I had not even seen one in the hills. Natural histories did not comment upon this scarcity. No one could enlighten me. I thought of the coyote, hounded and harassed by poison, trap and gun; outlawed, with a price on his head and a value on his hide, yet holding his own in settled regions. I checked it up to Hedrick.

"Is the wolverine as smart as a coyote?"

"Not in a thousand years. He's a blundering cuss compared to a coyote. A bear or wolf has him outclassed a mile. Even a fox has him shaded for brains. He's easy to trap but hard to hold."

"Then why are wolverines so scarce?" I asked.

"The porcupines kill 'em," he stated. "A coyote or cat will set out to kill a porcupine, but they'll go at it cautious and patient. A cat will dart a claw beneath one, where there's no quills, and rip his insides out. A coyote'll go under him with his nose and do the ripping with his teeth. They may get quilled some, but not bad. A porky's quills are fashioned to keep working ahead and will travel all through a critter's system sometimes before they're through. You've skinned coyotes and seen the red streaks between the meat and the hide where quills have been traveling."

David and Goliath

"Now suppose it's a hard winter and meat is scarce. A wolverine is hungry and there's nothing for him to eat but a porcupine. Does he go at it easy and cunning like a coyote or cat? Not him. He ties into a porcupine and bites a section out of whatever end he grabs first, which fills his mouth and throat full of quills. Then he throws a murderous fit and bites and slaps the porcupine into ribbons. Time he's through, two-thirds of a porky's quills have been transferred to him, wrong end to.

"You've seen a dog get his whole mouth full of quills at one snap. Figure the wolverine then. He takes it hard and dies on the rampage. I've tracked out quilled wolverine in the snow and seen where they tore things up. I've

A Wild Grizzly, Wyoming

Foot-Joy

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

MEN walk much more than they think they do, and nearly always on concrete, tile or macadam—the best substances known to resist wear and the worst for the well-being of your feet.

No wonder you are tired out at 5 o'clock at night—no wonder thousands have availed themselves of the comfort of FOOT-JOY Shoes, to overcome these conditions. You cannot avoid walking, but you can wear FOOT-JOY Shoes and walk in comfort. FOOT-JOY Shoes are made in styles for all occasions, and are the last word in smartness.

Ask us to send you the FOOT-JOY book—a valuable aid to those who would keep their feet in good condition.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

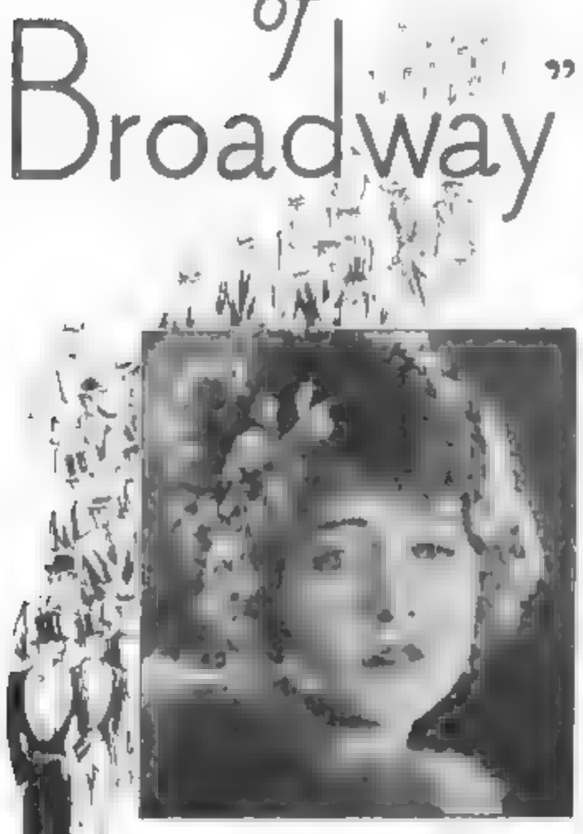
Also makers of
The famous Anatomic Shoes for Men

Name

Address

SEP'21

"The Belle of Broadway"



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"A National Institution"

I found chunks of wood they'd slammed round in the snow, grinding on 'em with their jaws to break off the quills. I've trapped wolverines that was so full of quills that you could scarcely peel the hide off of them. Yes, the inoffensive little porcupine is the gentleman that cleans the wolverines out of the hills. No secret about that."

It was no secret to Hedrick, but it had remained a mystery to all others. The wolverine, most savage killer of them all, meets his offset in the porcupine, the least warlike creature in the hills. In his ferocity he literally impales himself upon the shafts of the lowly hedgehog.

One day I stood on the banks of a landlocked pond. A tremendous beaver house graced its center and the animals played round it with loud whacks of their flat tails upon the water. Much of the pond's surface was covered with the pads of water lilies. Presently a section of lily pads seemed to detach itself and head across open water in my direction. This was a strange phenomenon to witness, a cluster of vegetation the size of a bushel basket propelling itself straight to me as if it were a self-appointed floral offering.

The Home Life of the Marten

Suddenly, when within fifteen feet of my stand, the bouquet executed a dive and I could see the light streak of it as it moved three feet below the surface and disappeared in the bank beneath my feet. A bank-dwelling beaver had gathered a half dozen lily-pad stems and grouped them crosswise in his mouth, the leaves entirely concealing him as he transported the food to his hole under the bank for leisurely consumption. It was late in the season and the beaver colonies were already putting in their food caches against the time that the ice would take. Heaps of willow brush, cottonwood and aspen on the pond bottoms were growing daily in dimensions.

A short time after that I commented to Hedrick about seeing this animated bouquet. During the course of the next few weeks he explained many odd traits of the beaver, most of which I have been unable to find in print, but which I believe to be absolutely accurate.

As a further illustration of the fact that most men are so unobserving as to cause the one observer to stand out in sharp contrast, let us take the case of the marten. It has long been known as one of our most valuable fur bearers, its pelt an item of commerce for 400 years. Untold thousands of trappers have become proficient at doing the marten to death, but none to tell us how it lived.

Quite recently, in company with some Alaskans, I stopped at a house and repaired to some adjacent pens that contained live martens while my companions entered the house. The owner emerged and accosted me.

"I've been laying for you," he announced. "I've read a number of your animal things, but a few years back you slipped up on a marten story. Do you know what time of year a marten mates?"

"No. And I've never been able to find any trapper that did. My guess would be that they mated in February or early March, in common with skunk, mink, fox and other fur bearers," I said.

Earl Crouch, who was with me at the time, recalled that we had discussed the matter ten years back when he was trapping martens in Wyoming and that neither of us had definite knowledge of it.

"The marten mates in July and carries its young nine months," Mr. Rudy declared, "and I'm the man that discovered the fact."

Rudy had caught a she-marten in October and kept the animal as a pet. The following April she gave birth to four kits. This started his investigation of the matter and he had dates to prove his point. I suggested that he should convey this information to the Bureau of Biological Survey and he said that he had laid the matter before E. P. Walker, naturalist and present chief of the Alaskan branch of the bureau. Later, in discussing the case with Mr. Walker, he informed me that he was preparing a paper stating the evidence for the Society of Mammalogists.

After four centuries, during which hundreds of thousands of trappers dealt death to millions of martens, it remained for one Alaskan, Mr. Rudy, to tell the world how the marten lives.

In fact, it is not by killing abundantly that one learns of the ways of wild things. A mighty hunter may be unaware of the everyday life of his prey. The farmer or ranchman who has raised one calf, lamb or other variety of livestock to maturity knows more of it than the brawny individual who wields the ax in the slaughterhouse and deals death to thousands. I know whereof I speak, for I have killed somewhat abundantly myself; yet I have learned more in one hour while watching a bird weave its nest or care for its young than in all my years of killing and through all the thousands of shots that I have fired. Perhaps it is recognition of that fact that induces me to do less killing and more observing. Or perhaps it has been brought about by a growing realization of the basic kinship of all life.

At a relatively early age I had formed nebulous evolutionary theories, so vague as to be mere speculations. Later, learning of Darwin, Huxley and their clan, my own unscientific musings seemed decidedly half-baked. It has always struck me as odd that one should flout the evolutionary theory, since man has not only observed but aided in the evolution of lower animals from time immemorial. He has developed strains of dogs to point the location of game that it may become man's prey; some to follow a track by scent; others, slim-geared and fashioned for speed, to course their quarry by sight; dogs to guard and care for his flocks, dogs to fight his enemies; cows specially adapted to producing quantities of milk; other strains of cattle for their meat-producing qualities—and so on all through the list of stock. It goes on all round him every day. He sees it, helps further it.

He may cling to the idea that all animals came from the ark two by two, but he will go out and hitch up the mules. New breeds of animals are being brought into being annually through the tampering of man with Nature's scheme of affairs; for example, the catalo, a hybrid resulting from crossing the bison with our domestic cows. Experiments are being conducted in crossing the horse with the zebra in an effort to create an African work animal combining the tractability of the horse with the zebra's immunity to the ravages of the tsetse fly.

When the Thrill Passes

Brahman cattle of India have developed such thick hides that ticks and other pests might as well seek to derive nourishment from a slate roof. Now Texas cattlemen are crossing Brahmans with American whiteface and Shorthorn cows to develop an animal that will have the beef-producing qualities of the latter and the thick, tick-resisting hides of the Brahmans. This has progressed so far that Rodney Elward, a stockman near my home in Kansas, recently shipped in from Texas 100 whiteface-Brahman steers.

In Fairbanks, Alaska, experiments are being made in crossing cattle with the Asiatic yak to produce an animal with cold-resisting qualities. I did not visit the experimental station during my stay there last year; but quite recently, in Florida, I went out to view a hybrid bird that purported to be a cross between the turkey and the peacock.

Many a man who sees this going on round him, perhaps aids in it, will nevertheless emit loud cries of outraged denial when asked if he has the slightest faith in evolution, for he someway imagines the interrogator is trying to make a monkey out of him. I recite this with the hope that there is no extradition treaty between here and Tennessee.

In any event, through this or some other agency, I have developed an increasing desire to observe rather than to slay. My last deer was slain some eight or nine years ago. Since then I have been within range of many thousands of deer without firing a shot. In the interim some elk, mountain sheep, bear and other animals have fallen to my gun, but in each succeeding instance there has been less of the old elation that comes at the end of the trail. I still thoroughly enjoy a morning in the blind when ducks are streaming down out of the north or a day afield in search of quail and prairie hens. Therefore, in common with most human tendencies, this slackening of my desire to kill seems shot full of inconsistencies, since I still kill in moderation and in chosen fields; and I have no quarrel with those who still derive a thrill from slaying creatures whose hunting no longer affords me any satisfaction. It is not even cited as a virtue, merely as an inclination, and few inclinations are viewed as virtuous.

I have no maudlin sentiment against killing. If in need of meat and a deer presented itself, it is probable that it would be converted into venison as a matter of expediency, and with no more pleasure than a farm wife derives from lopping off the head of a protesting fowl. This is not a brief for or against; merely the recitation of the transition of a mental attitude. Perhaps in the final analysis it all resolves itself into what one considers achievement, and it now affords me more pleasure to procure a good negative of bird or beast in its native haunts than it would to shoot down all the antlered game in Alaska.

Survival of the Primitive

I profess no hypocritical grief for such killing as has occurred in my past or may occur in the future—no lamentations to launch on the breezes. In fact, if it were within my power to alter that part of the past, I should flatly decline, for when gazing down my back track it is the viewing in retrospect of days afield that occasions the utmost satisfaction. Originally, it was the intent to kill that lured me into the outdoors, and the outdoors contributed to my life much that otherwise would be lacking. It was while out with intent to kill that many discoveries were made, frequently so interesting as to divert me from my purpose and send me home meatless.

On one occasion I was hunting deer on a new snow. Many hunters had commented upon the fact that when out alone they were subject to sudden hunches, intuitive knowledge that there was game in the immediate vicinity. Such phenomena were not infrequent with me. This day, quite without previous warning, I knew that there were elk somewhere close at hand. Stranger still, I veered at right angles from my course and headed directly toward the spot where it was later proved the elk were stationed. After progressing some 200 yards my nostrils were suddenly assailed by the smell of elk—strong and unmistakable, carrying the same certainty with which one will determine the presence of a stable a few yards up wind. A short distance beyond was the spot where a dozen elk had been bedded in the new snow, the animals having departed just prior to my arrival, and the place reeked with elk scent.

This then was the solution, I reflected. My nose had led me to these elk. Long before the scent had reached me in sufficient volume to impress my consciousness with the odor, some stray ribbon of scent had conveyed a message to the subconscious, resulting in the certainty that elk were near, but without definitely apprising me of the source of that message. Then these mysterious manifestations of the human mind, too, in common with animal instinct, could be traced to messages received over the paths of the physical senses.

Man's physical perceptions, once as keen as those of the beasts but now atrophied by the disuse of centuries, still functioned

(Continued on Page 169)

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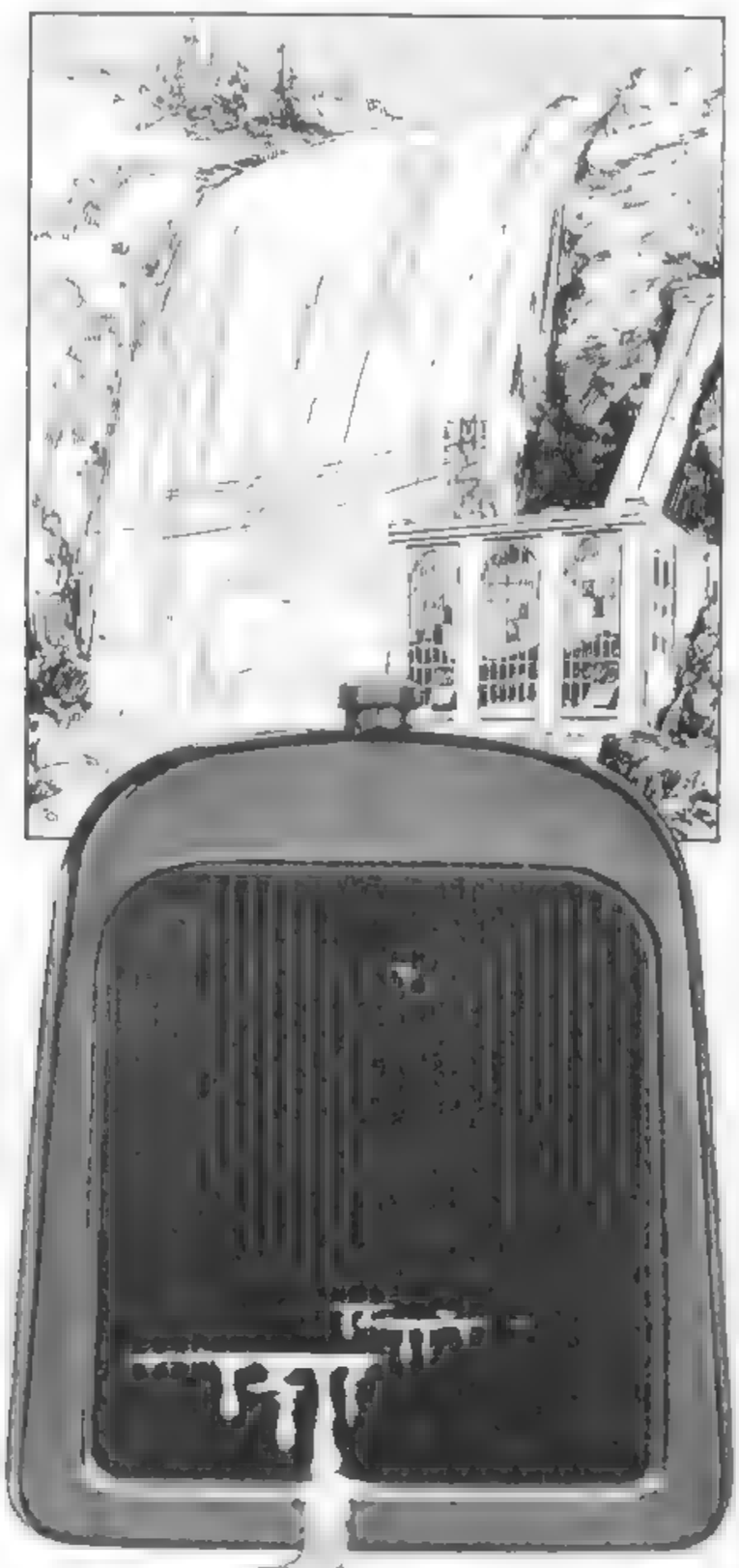

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(Continued from Page 166

feebly and occasioned vague impressions. Distant vibrations of sound, the drumming of the hoofs of a startled deer, the soft padding shuffle of a bear, the hiss of a bird's wings in the air, the snapping of a twig beneath a heavy foot, stray ribbons of scent—all too faint to register vivid impressions upon man's consciousness, nevertheless stirred his subconscious and resulted in these so-called intuitions. The idea, upon which I later enlarged and speculated at considerable length, so intrigued my fancy that I quite overlooked following out the fresh tracks of the elk. Later, in reading somewhat in all branches of psychology, it was to discover that this matter, too, had been evolved before my time.

Primitive religious beliefs revolve largely round animal life, and the probable source of the thousand and one beliefs and practices of various peoples and cults came in for a mild share of my interest in this connection. The origin of some naturally seemed quite simple to decipher. While viewing the Hopi snake dance in the desert of Arizona, knowing the legend, which is common property, I speculated upon the origin of this custom, which is a prayer for rain.

I recalled the fact that in every period of heavy rains, flood or high water, snakes were drowned out from their underground retreats and took to the open. At such period the high spots were frequently crowded with snakes.

In my youth many white men had believed that during extremely heavy rains snakes sometimes came down out of the skies in the downpour. I knew, of course, that the rain brought the snakes, so to speak, by forcing them into the open. Why then was it not logical to suppose that the primitive mind of some Hopi priest, thousands of years in the past, should have reversed cause and effect and pronounced that the snakes brought the rain?

And so it is with a great many of my conclusions and theorizings. Some few of them I have not yet found in print, but no doubt they will leap out at me some day from between the covers of a book 200 years old. Therefore it is highly doubtful that I shall ever contribute an original thought; but the quest of one has frequently occasioned all the thrills of original discovery.

The Changeable Eagle

Perhaps only 20 per cent of my writing deals with Nature themes, and far less than that amount of my time has been devoted to the study of matters pertaining to Nature. I am not therefore, by any stretch of the imagination, a naturalist. I do not know the scientific name of a single creature extant, and it is only the things of particular interest to me that have been followed through; so it follows of natural consequence that my information is spotted.

As previously remarked in this chronicle, information acquired locally, or even by several persons in several localities, may prove incomplete. Still, holding to the Nature theme in that respect, any animal or bird may do certain things in one locality, yet those of the same species residing in another locality may have been forced by environment into the adoption of different habits. One instance each, bird and animal, will suffice to illustrate this.

Our national bird should certainly be as well known as any, yet even competent observers testify to different traits. Locality accounts for this. I have seen eagles in practically every one of the Western states. Without direct evidence, it has always been my belief that the lambs of mountain sheep occasionally fall prey to eagles. While in the Alexander Archipelago off the coast of Southeastern Alaska we saw scores of tiny fawns scarcely the size of jack rabbits. The region was infested with eagles, and I inquired if they did not on occasion prey upon the minute spotted fawns. Swan Swanson, a rather keen observer, declared that the eagle ate only fish, touching no other meat and molesting neither animal nor bird. This was the opinion of several other Alaskans.

I had caught several eagles in coyote traps when they descended to eat a meat bait, had seen numerous others feeding on carcasses. On one occasion I saw two eagles make a most spectacular double swoop at a fleeing sage hen high overhead, one diving as the first missed the quarry. When prey is scarce in the Colorado mountains, eagles resort to the plains of Western Kansas and feed upon jack rabbits. Once I watched two eagles relay a duck or diving bird of some sort, one of them reaching for it every time the prey sought to flip to the surface for air, thus either drowning it or reducing its endeavors until it was helpless from suffocation.

I had encountered eagles in arid regions where they would have died of old age before ever tasting a minnow; so, within my own experience, it would have seemed reasonable to proclaim that an eagle never ate fish. Yet here were observing Alaskans testifying that they ate nothing but fish. Likewise with nesting habits. Swan said that eagles invariably nested in the tall spruce of the islands. Yet I had just returned from Kodiak, where I had seen swarms of eagles nesting in cottonwoods. And in Alaska and elsewhere I have seen dozens of eagles' nests high on the cliffs.

Exploding a New Idea

Far out toward the tip of the Alaska Peninsula a man is attempting to raise a few sheep on a little island. He informed me that eagles carried off his lambs as fast as they were born and that on one occasion he had seen two of the birds attack a full-grown ewe. In the Mt. McKinley region of the interior, within a couple of hundred miles or so of the Arctic Circle, Fritz Nyberg, a ranger, told of examining the nests of numbers of eagles. The refuse indicated that the birds lived largely upon ground squirrels, at least while the young were in the nest, but on three occasions he found the remains of mountain-sheep lambs. So there you are.

It has fallen to my lot to see many thousands of porcupines. One, to my knowledge, was killed in the prairies of Western Kansas, but ordinarily the porky is a hill dweller. I have seen them eat bark and observed them devouring leaves and cutting down and consuming the stalks of elderberry plants; and I've seen hundreds of them in Alaska out above timber line on a berry spree. I would have wagered my shirt that every American porcupine was a tree climber. I have known a porcupine to stay in the same tree for three weeks without ever descending to leave a track in the snow.

Mirror Lake, Yosemite National Park

There came an occasion, while riding through the Sierras of California, well up near timber line, when I observed a large tree trunk that had been completely girdled at a height of some nine feet from the ground, and knew it as the work of a porcupine. A two-foot ring of bark had been gnawed away. The feeding operations of a porcupine are usually more patchy. Then, too, it seemed incredible that the animal should cling to the side of a large trunk for such an extended period as to permit of its consuming any such quantity of food.

"What's this?" I asked. "Have you a porcupine hereabouts that roosts on his tail, woodpecker fashion, while he eats?"

The three packers assured me that there were no porcupines in the region, but failed to shake my conviction that at least one resided there. Eventually I located several other trees, all similarly girdled at varying heights from the ground.

While speculating upon the possibility of a woodpecker-tailed porcupine an occurrence out of the past came to my aid. When boating among the standing trees in the swamp at the head of Jackson Lake in Wyoming, I had chanced to look up and see a sizable cottonwood trunk that had been cut off by beavers some thirty feet above water line. Others, undoubtedly beaver-cut, stood at varying elevations above the water.

"What now?" I inquired. "Have you tree-climbing beavers in these parts?"

A dam had backed the water up during the winter, drowning out all the beavers for miles around, and they had been forced to come out on the ice to cut food. The stumps revealed the varying ice levels at the time of operation. The recollection of this matter solved the porcupine-girdled trees.

"How much snow lies in these hills of winters?" I inquired of the packers.

"Eight or nine feet on the level," they estimated. "More where she drifts."

"These porcupines roost on the snow and girdle those trees," I insisted, "sad as it is to relinquish the hope of discovering a cross between a porcupine and a woodpecker. That's the answer."

Picking Up the Pieces

Some weeks later I laid the matter before Walter Frye, a Sierra naturalist, and he informed me that the few porcupines of that particular region either could not or did not climb trees, but fed from the ground. I'd have lost that shirt. Sometimes a man knows all about a thing—except that he doesn't. Frequently that is my case.

So it is evident that even so simple a matter as a Nature theme, written perhaps in a day or a month, is not a thing complete of itself during the brief period of its composition, but rather a thousand fragments of information gathered during the course of a lifetime and put together, patchwork fashion, in a brief space of time.

Anyway, it all goes to show that the only place to look for inspiration, the same as for any other knickknack, is where one lost it; or to be more accurate, where one has temporarily mislaid it. Frequently I go out upon the mountain, so to speak; at least I sit with face a blank, my mien abstracted, and in the interests of good press-agenting it is to be hoped that my appearance indicates that inspiration and myself are swapping lies. Truth compels the confession that the expression indicates just the reverse, that I have mislaid inspiration and that my mind is busily engaged in doing absolutely nothing. Then I rouse him from his nap, twist his tail and start him scurrying on his back track along the river of past experience to see if he can rout out a few details relative to the matter I am pondering. If it so happens my past information along that line has been moderately extensive, all is well. Then the sapling of an idea climbs into the sturdy tree of a story. Then again, like the Sierra porcupine, sometimes it doesn't.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Evarts

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WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' MONEY

(Continued from Page 28)

involved; the third has charge of examining inventories, appraisements and applications to sell real estate and of keeping accurate records of reports by attorneys in fact and consuls of foreign governments covering their distributions of funds to beneficiaries in other countries; the fourth has the important duty of compelling delinquent administrators, executors, guardians and conservators to give an account of their stewardships and bring them to a speedy close; the fifth is the trouble man of the judicial staff, who investigates complaints and probes situations which have aroused the court's suspicion.

As each of these assistants follows a highly specialized line of work, he naturally becomes expert in it and discharges a large volume of business with almost uncanny accuracy and sensitiveness. These five assistants meet frequently with the judge, who determines the policy to be pursued in handling matters not adequately covered by existing rules of procedure. Reducing the experience gained from new situations, as they arise, to principles and policies which will apply to hundreds of similar situations is the objective always before this judge, who is compelled to do a retail business on a wholesale scale.

A Court of High Speed

Delay is considered the cardinal sin in this court, where any contested matter must be heard within three weeks after the controversy arises. Experienced probate judges from other counties are called in to hear many of the longer trial cases which Judge Horner cannot try in person.

Both for speed and authenticity, the copying of wills, orders, decrees and other important documents in this court is done by the photostatic method. Hence the thousands of records are readily kept up to date.

No other probate court in this country under the jurisdiction of one judge handles as many estates or discharges as vast a volume of business as that of which Judge Horner is, by election, the sole probate judge. As an example of business organization, the Cook County Probate Court will stand comparison with the largest corporations of the country.

The formal opening of this court occurs at ten o'clock in the morning; but Judge Horner is in his chambers at least an hour earlier for the purpose of passing upon matters presented by his assistants and hearing complaints from lawyers, executors, administrators, guardians and conservators, and most particularly from those represented by these persons in administrative authority. Generally the judge finds about fifty of these claimants for special attention awaiting him each morning. In these informal conversations Judge Horner gets the inside dope regarding thousands of estates. Many a family hatchet is buried in these conferences, and a vast amount of incipient litigation over estates, with consequent fees and costs, is here nipped in the bud.

In one of these informals Judge Horner recently heard the complaint of an executor against the lawyer representing the estate in his charge, the complaint of an attorney against the executor of the estate which had retained him, the grumblings of a guardian concerning the incorrigible attitude of his ward, the protests of a spendthrift against his conservator, and the revelations made by a friend of the dead father of an incompetent girl respecting the treatment she was receiving from her conservator.

A motion a minute is the established speed with which Judge Horner disposes of hearings in open court. Ninety motions in an hour and a half is his regular stint. Attorneys appearing in his court have learned—some of them by uncomfortable experience—that brevity is the soul of argument before this judge. Almost every conceivable kind of complication possible to an estate or to the human beings interested in it is aired in these hearings. Usually this session is attended by about 150 lawyers and clients.

The grist of uncontested motions is quickly ground, although not all of them are allowed merely because they are unchallenged. Occasionally the court asks a few sharp questions which result in a motion's denial. The judge must be alertly on guard for the interests of trusting beneficiaries in one-sided ex-parte hearings. But the court is most clearly revealed in the rôle of protector in the hearings of contested motions. The impressive feature of these hearings is the care which the court gives to the affairs of small estates. Judge Horner spent more time one morning, for example, in deciding how much should be paid for the support of a child who was one of the heirs to an estate of only a few thousand dollars than in deciding that $15,000 a year was a reasonable allowance for the maintenance of a minor of college age who would soon come into a large fortune.

The story of Judge Horner's experience with the undertakers illustrates his appreciation of the meaning of small inheritances to those who are entitled to receive them; also it indicates the manner in which the machinery of his court has been developed to standardize protection and make it automatic.

Halting Elaborate Funerals

A Lithuanian laborer died in Chicago, leaving an estate of about $1200. The first bill filed against it was for the burial expenses—$950! The undertaker, questioned by the court, admitted that the man who ordered the funeral was not a relative.

"But," pleaded the undertaker, "he told me John was a good fellow and to give him a funeral that his relatives in the old country would be proud of if they were here. So I put him in a steel casket, got a brass band of twenty pieces, furnished lots of flowers and hired automobiles enough to carry all the friends. His nearest friend ordered a swell funeral and that's what he got. You know, judge, that all the Europeans go strong on funerals."

The court called the undertaker's attention to the fact that the dead laborer had a wife in Lithuania to whom a legacy of $1000 in American money would be a fortune and that it was a mistake for an undertaker to assume that he was called upon to bury the estate along with the deceased.

Many a Family Hatchet is Buried in These Conferences, and a Vast Amount of Incipient Litigation Over Estates, With Consequent Fees and Costs, is Here Nipped in the Bud

Healthy hair is strong, free from dandruff

Only strong, clean looking hair is *healthy*

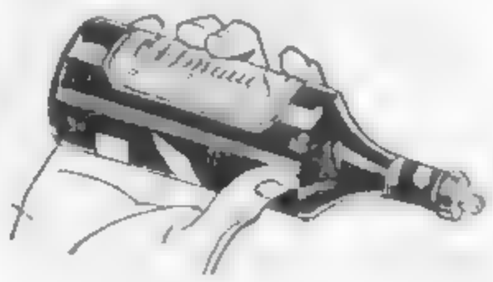
THERE are two ways of becoming bald. *Dandruff* is an actual scalp infection. Slowing down of circulation causes a gradual *thinning* of the hair. Either, if neglected, leads to baldness.

Whichever way you may be threatened with baldness you can check the trouble easily—even when well established, with this *simple* treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick treatment invigorates scalp circulation so that hair is nourished to new growth. Also it destroys dandruff infection. The improved appearance of your hair after only a few days' treatment will astonish you!

Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today* Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris



ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

TIP-TOP, *the wrist-watch*, debonair in looks—an athlete at heart - - - - -

ONE glance at Tip-Top's shining *octagon* case, and you're sold solid on him for life. Smart! And small—the smallest, thinnest, low-priced wrist-watch made. Clean-cut cubist numerals. Beveled crystal. Open hands. And sunk second dial.

Yes! He's built for pride and vanity and all that sort of thing. But he's built for roughing it too. Stands hard knocks like a bull pup. Just the watch for men who golf, ride, sail or rough it. Just the watch for hard-playing boys.

And you can depend on Tip-Top for truthfulness! You won't be disappointed. He's a True Time Teller wherever or whenever you wear him.

Tip-Top at $3.75 is the finest watch-buy you've ever found. If he sold for twice that figure, you'd be glad to pay it.

But Tip-Top's smartest feature is his angle on the strap. See how quick and easy it makes time-telling. You don't have to twist your neck or wrist to read Tip-Top!

Look at Tip-Top at your dealer's—today! He's a real Tip-Top Notcher. Silver dial at $3.75. Radium luminous dial at $4.50. Ask to see Tip-Top, *the pocket watch*, too. It has all of Tip-Top's good points, but is pocket sized. White dial, $1.75. Radium luminous dial, $2.75.

You'll also be interested in Tom-Tom, the *octagon* True Time Teller alarm clock. Tom-Tom with the white dial is $3.25. With the radium dial, $4.25.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY

New Haven, Conn.

Clock-makers for over 100 years

"You don't seem to consider the circumstances of the widow as your funeral," remarked the judge, "but I'm going to convince you to the contrary. You will be allowed only $200 for that funeral."

Then Judge Horner proceeded to standardize the situation by calling in the officials of the Undertakers' Association. He told them substantially this:

"You have a heavy professional responsibility, for you are called upon to deal with persons who are overcome with grief; to take advantage of their emotional condition is about as easy as taking candy from children. Can the undertakers' profession afford to permit that advantage to be abused, or will it attend to its own family discipline? As for this court, it will see to it that any undertaker who induces a grief-stricken family to spend an unreasonable amount for a funeral will himself stand the excess."

The Undertakers' Association promptly decided that swollen funeral charges for persons of small means were not professional, and that this ancient method of preying upon estates must be discontinued by those undertakers whose ethics were determined by compulsion rather than by conscience. As a result, some families have found it difficult to procure as elaborate funerals for their dead as they wished to have in deference to the customs of the countries from which they came. The undertaker has checked their desire for display with the remark: "The probate court will not stand for it."

An Open Season on Buzzards

Much the same results have been accomplished by similar methods with respect to fees for lawyers and stuffed expense accounts for administrators, executors and others. Some of this education has been decidedly painful to those who counted on rich and easy pickings. Judge Horner stoutly asserts that the morale of the Chicago bar is high and that his efforts to discourage abuses have had the heartiest coöperation from the lawyers of Chicago as a whole. He does not deny, however, that the legal profession of his city has its quota of incorrigibles who have to be taught that there is no open season on inheritances in his court.

One of the first lessons which Judge Horner learned when he became probate judge twelve years ago was that every race represented in Chicago's melting pot breeds its own buzzards. The probate courts of this country have long been favorite roosting places for an especially hungry strain of these scavenger birds intent on preying upon people of their own tongue and race. They hover over the register of new estates and pick those involving inheritances going to persons still living in their homeland.

To these they write the glad news of their impending fortune and conclude with instructions to "sign the inclosed blank and send it back; I'll get your money for you." The document sent for signature designates the principal of this hands-across-the-sea drama as an attorney in fact and gives him virtually the same powers those signing it would have if they appeared before the court in person.

Shortly after Judge Horner came into office he encountered a case of this kind which aroused his suspicion. This moved him to dig into the entire foreign-relations situation regarding the stewardships of attorneys in fact for beneficiaries in foreign lands. He found case after case in which the attorney in fact had sent to heirs in the home country only a portion of what he had collected for them. These attorneys in fact were quite generally inclined to hold themselves above giving any detailed accounting to the court. Their attitude was:

"You have accepted our right to represent these heirs and you have our receipt for their moneys. This is as far as you can go; our clients are citizens of another country and your jurisdiction is limited to Cook County, Illinois."

For the moment, this seemed rather a knock-out argument. But Judge Horner decided that justice should always outrank technicalities and that it was possible to find some way by which to prevent these buzzards from fattening upon the funds belonging to widows and orphans in foreign lands.

He hit upon the expedient of requiring all attorneys in fact for foreign heirs to submit themselves to the jurisdiction of his court and to execute an agreement to report to it, within three months, the amounts paid by them to their foreign clients and to prove such payments by receipts from the heirs and to account in detail for their fees and charges. Requirements for the control of attorneys in fact have since been strengthened and now no one will be recognized in this capacity by Judge Horner who is not a resident of Cook County. He will not permit money from any estate under his protection to be paid to any person who does not place himself fully under his jurisdiction and who is not where the officers of the court can place their hands on him—forcibly, if necessary—at any moment.

In many instances consuls for foreign governments act for foreign beneficiaries. Such cases offered peculiar difficulties in the enforcement of a strict accounting for all funds disbursed to foreign heirs. Some of these consuls assumed that the dignity of their governments and of themselves did not permit them to submit themselves to the dictation of an American court of limited jurisdiction. This diplomatic angle of the situation was met by substantially this statement:

> Under the laws of the United States and the state of Illinois, all inheritances under this jurisdiction going to foreign beneficiaries must revert to Cook County unless delivered within a reasonable time to the foreign heirs, if not subject to a redistribution to other beneficiaries resident in the United States. Therefore the financial interests of United States territory are directly involved and a detailed accounting is properly required.

Thus the consuls were brought into an attitude of coöperation and a specific rule of procedure was established and observed. To this plan the consuls have given their approval and whole-hearted support. All consuls for foreign governments who receive funds on behalf of their nationals are required to pay the sums which they receive into the finance departments of their governments and show receipts. When a beneficiary is not located within a prescribed time, the legacy must be returned to the court. This frequently occurs, particularly since the World War.

The Port of Lost Legacies

The total of inheritances going to foreign heirs from estates probated in Judge Horner's court is more than $1,000,000 a year. Many thousands of dollars in undeliverable legacies to foreign heirs have been paid into the treasury of Cook County by the order of Judge Horner. But the amount of funds brought into the county treasury by this system is only an incidental consideration; it has undoubtedly prevented the attorneys in fact, who too frequently become racial buzzards, from robbing widows and orphans in other lands of millions of dollars, mainly in small inheritances.

The unknown heir—that high favorite of popular fiction—is far more common in fact than is generally supposed. The possibility that he may be lurking in the background of every estate is responsible for the law requiring the repeated publication in a paper of general circulation of notice of the probate of every estate. This, however, has degenerated into a mere gesture, because in large cities these legal notices generally appear in journals published especially for members of the legal profession. When experience taught Judge Horner the surprising number of rightful heirs who remain in ignorance of their inheritances, he attempted to remedy the situation by forcing publication of legal

(Continued on Page 177)

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$19.20
LIST
WEST meets East on the Massachusetts home where Lupton Casements are used $230
A Colonial Type $250
HERE is the charm of old England $300
DESIGNED in the Norman Style, this home in Highland Park, Ill., called for Lupton Casements which cost $438
A MODERN home in Atlanta, Georgia. The cost of the Lupton Casement windows throughout was $490
Count up how many Lupton Windows you'd like to have in your home and ask your local material dealer their cost. You'll be delighted at the moderate sum he names.

The low cost of these high grade windows makes it possible for you to use them throughout your house for very little money. Insist on Lupton Steel Windows when you build.

See the low cost of Lupton windows in typical homes shown at the right

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PIONEER MAKERS OF STEEL WINDOWS FOR EVERY TYPE OF BUILDING, STANDARDIZED STEEL SHELVING, AUTO PARTS STORAGE SYSTEMS

Lupton Pivoted Sash is the standard steel window for all business buildings. 25 stock sizes

Lupton Projected Sash are very fine for areaways and for schools and office buildings

Pond Continuous Sash is unequaled for industrial buildings especially with Pond Roof Design

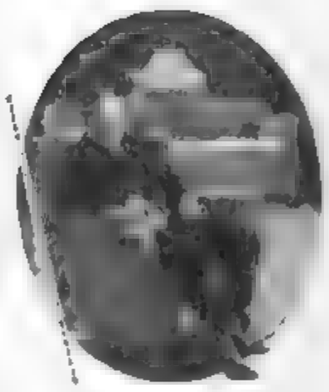
Lupton Basement Windows give more light and air to your basement. Five useful graded standard sizes

Lupton Steel Shelving, modern standard steel, meets the storage needs of every business

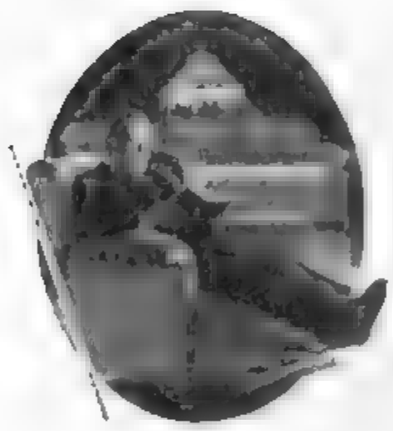
Lupton Auto Parts Storage Systems provide added service, conserve space, and add to profits.

LUPTON *Casement Windows of Copper-Steel*

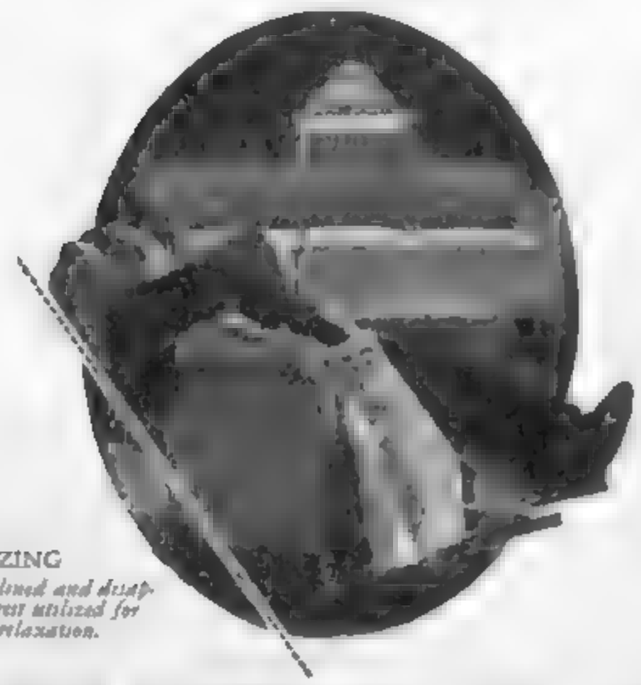
"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"



CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.



READING
Touch hidden pull ring or button and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.



DOZING
Both fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

A Chair of Charm and Distinction

IN WHICH YOU MAY RECLINE . . . RELAX . . . REST

STYLISH and luxurious, a Royal *looks* like any other *fine* chair—and it takes up no more room. But a Royal is *more* than good looking. It is the most comfortable chair of all—the world's easiest easy chair! . . . . When you settle down in a Royal you give yourself up to complete comfort. You get exactly the degree of relaxation you most desire. You recline slightly if you wish—or stretch out at full length—without effort, and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button. Then lean back and *rest!* The hidden features that make the Royal so comfortable respond as by magic . . . . The Coxwell chair shown here (No. 1024 with disappearing leg rest) is but one of many beautiful Royal styles shown in our new book "Royal Comfort". It also shows the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest bed that does not fold and cannot sag. Mail the coupon for Free Style Book and your dealer's name.

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Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 174)

notices in newspapers of large circulation, according to the spirit of the law.

In this he met defeat at the hands of the Illinois Supreme Court, which held that publication of the notices in legal journals complied with the law. But he salvaged a little advantage from his effort by diverting to the estates the 25 per cent rebate commonly allowed by these journals to the lawyers distributing the legal notices. To the inheritor of a small legacy from a small estate this saving is quite appreciable. But the salvage is valuable as an illustration of the alertness of one probate judge in the interest of reducing legal evaporation in settling small estates. Judge Horner holds that the cost of settling small estates—especially in large cities—is too high and should be reduced by every legitimate means possible.

If all estates were left under wills—in which the beneficiaries are named—the problem of locating unknown heirs would be less acute; but in Chicago at least only about one of every three estates is disposed of by will. The proportion of unwilled estates is steadily increasing.

The subject of unknown heirs points directly to the Port of Lost Legacies. One legend might well be displayed at the entrance to this dead-water harbor in which many an inheritance has been lost to its rightful owners: Possession breeds ownership. This has taken on the force of a legal axiom. Its antidote is the estate tickler, which gives automatic notice that a report is due. The number of estates in a large city, according to Judge Horner, which drift into the Port of Lost Legacies is beyond common belief.

Working Backward

Here is a very simple case in point, which started years before the tickler system was established. A widower died leaving an insurance benefit payable to his little boy, then about one year old. The child's uncle was appointed his guardian and given possession of the fund and he invested it in his own business. Possibly he had no definite intention to defraud his ward at the outset, or even ultimately.

Illinois laws require a guardian to make a report at the end of the first year and every three years thereafter. He forgot to make the first three-year report and the court forgot to demand it. In the course of twenty years of possession of the little legacy the money came to seem to the guardian as his own. He never mentioned it to the boy, who left his uncle's home when in his early teens.

When the boy reached his majority he was in a distant state and remained in complete ignorance that he had, for one in his circumstances, quite a comfortable little fortune coming to him. How could such a thing happen? Easily! Probate judges are elected, and any new probate judge in a large city has about every moment of his time occupied with current estates. The clerks of probate courts also change, and so do those under them. In any probate court in a large city which does not have a system which will automatically bring up delinquent reports for action, there are bound to be a large number of estates which are allowed to drift into the Port of Lost Legacies. Such a tickler system is an absolute necessity in any county having a population of 1,000,000 or more, and it is really essential in counties containing 500,000 people.

In business, the longer an account runs, the more disputes it accumulates; in probate, the longer an estate runs, the greater are the opportunities for excessive fees and charges. A decedent's estate should be closed in a year unless there is litigation. Lawyers of a certain class will foment family feuds and encourage litigation. Courageous probate judges will try to do what they can to prevent unwarranted litigation over estates.

A good rule for any beneficiary whose lawyer advises fight is to see the probate judge privately in chambers. The judge may not say in so many words "Don't fight"; but if he is an alert protector of widows and orphans, he will not hesitate to drop a hint that litigation might well be avoided and expense saved. In many instances he will point the way to a fair and peaceable adjustment of differences.

For ten years this probate court has carried on a systematic exploration of the Port of Lost Legacies. It has worked backward in the files of old estates as well as forward with current ones. Its investigators are keen to find estates, no matter how old, which have somehow escaped settlement. Their custodians are served with citations to appear and give an accounting on certain dates. Where there is no response, an attachment, or body writ, is sent to the sheriff's office and the delinquent is brought in if he can be found. Nearly 12,000 notices to close estates, more than 2000 citations to appear and report and about 800 attachments are issued annually by this court.

Occasionally, but not often, the Port of Lost Legacies yields a voluntary return. For example, one day in 1920 an old man wearing the badge of a Civil War veteran and showing considerable mental strain appeared before Judge Horner and said:

"I'm Henry Blank an' I want to get something off my conscience, judge. I guess I'm about as poor an excuse for a conservator as you ever saw. Jim Jones an' me fought together through most of the war and we stuck together afterward; belonged to the same G. A. R. post here in Chicago an' marched together in parades. That went on for about twenty years. Then Jim seemed to go soft in his head and couldn't take care of his money. I guess his folks had died off. Anyhow, I seemed to be the only one to look after him. The boys at the post told me to take Jim to this court an' I did. There was another judge an' he made me Jim's conservator an' gave me directions about taking care of his money.

"Then I went out of the state to stay with a niece. When I got back the boys at the post said Jim had gone way off his head an' had been sent to some asylum. I had to go back, so I didn't get to look him up. This time I stayed a number of years."

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

The judge suddenly interrupted: "Yes—but tell the court how you lost the money."

The veteran stiffened with resentment. He answered:

"'Tain't th' money, judge, that's lost; it's Jim. The money's all right—about $15,000 now. But I can't find Jim. Hunted for him for a long time after I got back to this state an' then give him up. You see, judge, I had quite a lot to think about on my own account. After a while Jim just kind of faded out of my mind. But I had a bad spell the other day that made me realize I hadn't long to stay here, so I want to get this conservator business off my conscience. I'd like to hand it over to you, judge. But I can't turn over Jim, an' that's what's botherin' me. It was awful careless to lose him, I know, but ——"

Again the court interrupted: "We're more familiar here with the kind of carelessness that loses the money instead of the ward. Anyhow, you're an honest man and the court will receive the estate and give you an honorable discharge."

The research department of the court later discovered that the ward had died in a state insane hospital fifteen years before. The attorney in the case had been dead for several years. As the decedent had no heirs, the estate went to Cook County.

Finding lost and unknown heirs is a profession upon which frequent demands are made by the probate court and administrators and executors of estates. Judge Horner's court requires prompt and diligent efforts to locate all heirs of all estates offered for probate. Occasionally, after the most systematic efforts to locate heirs have failed, clews drift into the court from casual and unexpected sources.

An estate amounting to $400,000, for example, appeared destined to enrich the county treasury for lack of heirs, when an old friend of the family happened into court, heard certain formal proceedings in the estate and told the judge:

"I knew that man's family. He had a sister, it seems to me, who was sent to an asylum years ago. Her name was Alice Blank. I've never heard of her death. My impression is that she came West before her trouble."

The court began a careful search of the insane asylums of Illinois. Finally, to the surprise of all concerned, the sister was located. She had lived in the institution for twenty years—a frail, gentle, little old lady, much beloved by the attendants. The court appointed as her guardian a public-spirited man of leisure who welcomed the task of seeing how much light he could let into the remaining days of this darkened life. Under the court's directions, a pleasant little cottage in quiet surroundings was bought and equipped for her. The greatest care was exercised in the selection of a nurse and companion. The choice was fortunate in every respect. Then a good automobile was bought and the nurse sent to the asylum to get her charge.

A Fairy Godmother

From the instant the nurse led her down the steps of the asylum and seated her in the luxurious car, the little old lady regarded her companion as her fairy godmother. When Alice Blank was sent to the asylum she had never seen an automobile. Her first ride in one gave her the thrill of her life. She had entered an enchanted life of freedom and beauty, clouded only by the occasional fear that it might be snatched from her and that she would find herself again in the dreary and discordant confines of the asylum. But these moments of fear were readily banished by the assurances of her companion. The quiet cottage, with its garden of old-fashioned flowers and its dainty appointments, the automobile—which seemed to her a magic carriage—and the cheerful and sympathetic companionship of the nurse made each day an adventure in a new world of enchantment.

"I shall never forget," declares Judge Horner, "the visit of the little old lady to my chambers. She was immaculate and daintily dressed. Though she had all the timidity of a shy child in strange surroundings, her wondering eyes took in every detail of her environment. The way in which she clung to the hand of her nurse, never permitting this companion to leave her side for an instant, was pathetic beyond words. This case made a strong impression on both the conservator and myself. We called it our fairy story and it was a very pleasant thing to think about."

But like most fairy stories, this case held a surprise. One day a woman, approaching middle life, appeared in court with her attorney and presented a bill in the amount of $10,000 for alleged services to the decedent. For convenience let him be designated as Bill Jones. Soon she again appeared with new counsel, withdrew the bill, set up the claim that she was the daughter of Jones and started suit to take the estate from the sister who had been rescued from the asylum.

Fortunately the little old lady of the enchanted cottage was ignorant of this assault upon her happiness. The trial was one of the most dramatic scenes ever staged in a probate court. Briefly, the evidence revealed this story: In 1865 a young girl living on Wolf Island, in the St. Lawrence River, married a clog dancer of local celebrity. About two months later he was stabbed to death in a saloon brawl.

Some seven months thereafter a baby daughter was born to this young widow, who came to Chicago with her baby several years later.

The young widow found employment in a store, where she became acquainted with Bill Jones not long after he had buried his wife. In the words of the evidence, she

"That darn Bennett Kid'" is what the neighbors call him.

"He is active as all get-out," admits Grandma with a reminiscent chuckle.

Mother only sighs: "That boy!"

Ted is at the age when a visit from teacher is never a complete surprise. He needs room and lots of it. Most people are glad to give it to him.

Mother has tried to provide him with room in one direction by anticipating next year's growth with a pair of knickers which she has reason to think will last that long, even on him.

They're real "plus fours" too, you'll notice — not the skimpy kind of boy's knickers that gather tight above the knee. Ted was particular to see that he got a pair just like Dad's, and made by Dutchess too.

Of course, the famous warranty, "10c a Button; $1.00 a Rip," has special significance when applied to Boy's Knickers and the point isn't overlooked when Mother shops for Ted. (*)

"10c a Button; $1.00 a Rip" originally was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today, the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.

DUTCHESS
Trousers & Knickers

POUGHKEEPSIE (Dutchess County) NEW YORK

(*) *That is one of a series of character sketches by famous artists making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series in leather form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include*

"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS
"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"Jim will be voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES
"Eric, the Engineer" in BREECHES
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
[illegible] in WORKING TROUSERS
"As Good as He Looks" in SPORT TROUSERS

The slickest paste package you ever saw

"....years ago I used the water-well jar; then liquid paste—great in their day, but your new LePage's Spreader Paste package is the slickest thing I've ever seen...."

Wonderfully easy to use

Just pick the tube up; hold it vertically as you would a paint brush; and spread—it's as easy as that! Over the mouth of the tube is a newly-patented self-closing flexible rubber tip, which forms the spreader. The whole trick is a little slit in this rubber tip. As you spread, this slit opens to allow just enough paste to come through. When you stop spreading, the slit closes. Then just lay the tube down. That's all there is to it. This spreader works better than a brush—spreads like the human finger. And the remarkable part is, that it continues to operate perfectly until all the paste in the tube has been used, even if you are months in using it.

Always ready

The handiest package ever invented for using Paste or Mucilage. No cap to unscrew. No cap to lose. No brush. No water to supply. Doesn't dry up at all. Cleanest to handle. Always neat and clean. Seals itself when not in use, and never leaks. Operates with one hand. Handier to use than a jar, screw cap tube, ordinary spreader tube or water-well of either stiff paste, liquid paste or mucilage.

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Just as you use LePage's Glue when a strong joint is necessary, use LePage's Spreader Paste for quick, convenient pasting. They are two different products, filling different needs. If you ever use PASTE for anything at all, try this new Package. Send coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps) today to Russia Cement Company, Dept. CC1, Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass., and a tube will be sent you promptly, postpaid.

LE PAGE'S Spreader PASTE
THE MAKERS OF LE PAGE'S GLUE

MAIL THIS COUPON

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Dept. CC1, Gloucester, Mass.
I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me one tube of the New LePage's Spreader Paste. (Note to Office Managers. Dozen tube carton sent for $1.00.)

Name

Street

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took up with Jones and lived with him until her death. That they were ever married was not proved in the trial. The child Mary—not her real name—continued to carry the family name of her clog-dancing father. In her teens, she left the Jones home and went on the stage. Eventually she became a wardrobe mistress. A newspaper account of the death of Jones, containing a hint of the size of his fortune, brought her to Chicago.

The trial was extremely picturesque. Apparently every survivor of the Wolf Island settlement of the 60's had been brought to Chicago for testimony—some in wheel chairs. Several were more than ninety years old. The court room presented a more dramatic scene than any in which the stage-struck Mary had ever figured behind the footlights.

Several old-timers testified that the claimant was old enough, before leaving Wolf Island, to show a distinct lisp in her speech and that the other children made fun of her for it. As the adult Mary was unable to avoid lisping, this testimony carried weight. Before the claimant left the witness stand the judge asked her if she had ever taken out a life-insurance policy. She replied that she had, named the company and added that she had allowed it to lapse. The court remarked to the attorneys:

"If this woman took out life insurance many years ago, and her application can be produced, it will show conclusively whether, as she claims, she was born about two years after her mother came to Chicago."

Instantly the conservator for the sister of the decedent left the court room and dispatched a messenger to the head office of the insurance company in New York. He reached his destination at least one train ahead of the messenger sent by the claimant's counsel and procured the application in which Mary had named Canada as her birthplace and the date of her birth several years previous to her mother's appearance in Chicago.

Tit for Tat

The court decided that the claim of the wardrobe mistress was fraudulent. Her attorneys appealed and the appellate court sustained his finding. Although the case was then appealed to the supreme court, the little old lady from the asylum is still in possession of her fortune, her flowers, her cottage and the limousine, through the shining windows of which she looks with delighted and wondering eyes upon the passing show of life outside asylum walls.

Another case illustrates the fact that the sword of technicalities is two-edged, and that a probate judge who is alert to carry out the intent of a testator can sometimes find a way to turn the blade of technicality. The will of a man leaving an estate of about $275,000 was offered for probate. This man had a son who was a confirmed drunkard. The will cut this son off from any inheritance, but established a trust for the benefit of the three children of the son, the oldest being twelve years of age. The dissolute son had no difficulty in finding a shrewd lawyer who told him:

"We'll beat that easy. The law requires that at least two of the witnesses testify that the testator was of sound mind when the will was executed. When one of the two witnesses to this will testifies that the old man was not of sound mind, the court will be obliged to refuse to probate it. That will give the estate to you as the only heir."

This was precisely what happened when the assistant judge heard the evidence. The son and his attorneys had played a clever trick and bagged the estate, while the deserted wife was doing washing to support the three children.

The lawyer for the children scrutinized all the documents in the case with a sharp eye for technical advantage and finally found one which fully checkmated the shifty move of the son's lawyers. They had forgotten to call the attention of the assistant judge to the fact that the children named in the will were minors. Eventually this discovery saved the estate to the testator's grandchildren and retired their courageous mother from the washboard.

A probate judge who lives up to his opportunities is, in financial matters, a parish priest to the widows and orphans of his county, an overguardian to those needing special protection. In some states his court is called the Court of Widows and Orphans. His possibilities of usefulness as an intimate family adviser are illustrated by this typical incident. A pioneer farmer died in Kane County, Illinois, leaving about $4000 and a rich 400-acre farm. His widow was brought by her lawyer to the chambers of Judge John H. Williams at the Geneva courthouse.

The Element of Human Nature

"Judge," said the lawyer, "Mrs. Blank is in a hard situation. Her husband died without leaving a will. Her toil and economy contributed about as much as her husband's to accumulating this property. Years ago this childless couple took into their home a little orphaned girl who lived with them until she married. Until yesterday Mrs. Blank supposed that, as widow, she was the sole heir. From the records I have discovered what Mrs. Blank had forgotten—that the child was legally adopted. Under the law, the widow will get only a life interest in one-third of the farm and whatever you allow as a widow's award. There, judge, is the only chance partially to offset the moral injustice of the circumstances which have conspired to deny this widow the property for which she has toiled. I'm asking you to go the limit in fixing her widow's award."

After learning from the widow that her relations with her foster daughter were cordial, the judge said:

"The letter of the law doesn't always govern in these situations. There's the element of human nature, which is not always as grasping as lawyers are inclined to suppose. Have a confidential talk with your foster daughter and explain the situation. She may surprise you."

She did—and gave her foster mother a life interest in the entire estate and half of it in fee simple. Commenting, Judge Williams remarks: "The best work a probate judge can do in dispensing equity lies more in the field of human nature than in the legal technicalities. In most states he is less hampered by technical restrictions than the judge of any other state court. He can summarily dismiss, in a fifteen-minute hearing, a claim that would take a two-day jury trial before a circuit judge. He is almost as unhampered in getting at the equity of a situation as is a Federal judge.

"For example, a young woman applied for letters of administration for the estates of her mother and her mother's husband, claiming she was their daughter and sole heir. At the last moment I learned that she was a love child born to her mother in Europe before the mother met the man she married. The young woman knew this, but had the nerve to put in a claim for $2000 for alleged services rendered to her mother's husband during his lifetime. In chambers, I told the lawyer bluntly: 'Your client, as you undoubtedly know, committed perjury in claiming herself to be the decedent's daughter. If that claim is officially presented, you and she know what to expect; the grand jury is now in session.' The claim was withdrawn.

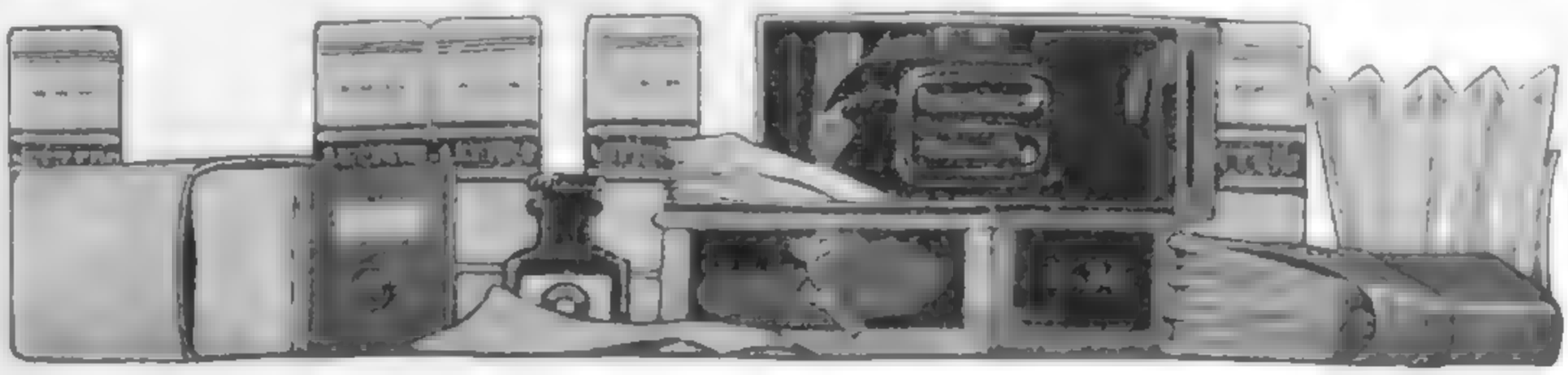
"The fees of executors, administrators, guardians and conservators are fixed by law, but not their expense accounts. Attorney fees are variable—quite. Twenty years' experience as probate judge indicates to me that false or inflated claims are the favorite means of mulcting estates. For example, a beneficiary is appointed executor or administrator of an estate. He feels that his share is smaller than it should have been. A claim for prior services or a consideration of some sort is concocted—probably in the name of another person—and he, as executor, allows it. Probate judges must scrutinize special claims with sharp eyes. Like charity, they are likely to cover a multitude of sins."

New Zealand is regarded by probate judges as having the most advanced system of dealing with estates—a Public Trust Office, with branches or agencies in all towns, having very broad powers and almost unlimited facilities. It was established in 1872. No charge is made for drawing wills and the counsel of its solicitors is free to estates which it administers. Its fees are nominal and intended to provide for actual administrative costs only. The government guarantees to make good any loss to any estate through the negligence or default of an official. It administers public subscription and benefit funds and acts as guardian, conservator, trustee and receiver.

For Their Own Protection

The assets under its administration amount to more than £25,000,000. Moneys that come into the Public Trust Office form part of a common fund—unless, by the terms of the will or trust instrument, they are directed to be specially invested. These funds bear interest from the first of the month following their receipt; there is no delay in waiting for a suitable investment, no break in the continuity of investment, no forced liquidation at inopportune times, no fragmentary amounts uninvested, and funds are always available for distribution.

The women of the United States who are sincerely concerned to use their ballots and political influence where these will count most for their own protection and that of their children are quite generally overlooking the main objective when they concentrate their fire on congressmen and legislators, and neglect a 100 per cent participation in the selection of probate judges. The average congressman is small potatoes in the field of home protection compared with the judge who dictates the soundness and equity with which the inheritances of widows and orphans will be administered. The same advice goes for the men, with the added injunction—which will be echoed by every judge of probate in the country—make a will now; know where your estate is going and who will administer its protection and distribution.



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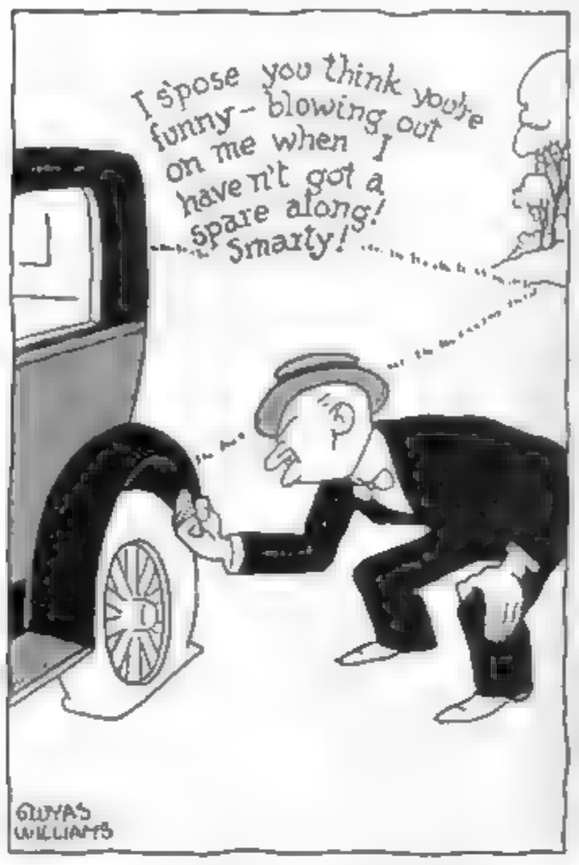

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BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 5)

There was a bulky letter from Bannister—just come—on my desk too. This is it."

He took a soiled worn envelope from an inner pocket and handed it to me. I had the sensation of touching death. "He didn't come back from the engagement he speaks of there," said Bruce MacIntyre in a voice of satisfaction.

I think I must have paled a little; I know my blood stopped a moment; and he remembered that my son Robert also had not come back.

"I'm sorry, Margo. Forgive me," he said. "Never mind reading it. I can tell you what it says."

But I wanted to read it, and, awkwardly, he made a light near me. The envelope was addressed in pencil, blurred, with an APO mark in the lower left corner, with a "Censored, Capt. Hugh Bannister" scrawled above it. I opened the envelope slowly; there were a number of penciled sheets, rough blue-lined sheets as from a child's school tablet; an uncongenial sheet of expensive white note paper slipped away from them and fell to the floor. Bruce picked it up.

"This is an inclosure; he'd just got it from Jean. Read it first," he said. It was a short, swiftly written, heavily penned letter:

Hugh Bannister: Delight Delmar has just been here and I have given her money to go to you. Yesterday I wrote you I was to have a baby. But what I have learned makes that impossible. This is the last letter you will ever have from me, and I will never open another one from you, or you might again blind me into thinking myself BEAUTIFUL.

The word "beautiful" was underlined and signed as if it were a name.

"She's no whiner, you see," said Bruce MacIntyre. At what strange times are men proud, and of what strange things!

"She is your daughter," I assented.

The other letter was harder to read. Many of the penciled words were blurred; smoke from Bruce MacIntyre's cigar drifted in between me and the big sheets as I read:

"My dear Mr. MacIntyre: It isn't to you as a man or as my father-in-law that I'm writing this letter, but to the father you were to Jean before I came between you; and even more than that—to the man who told Jean that the plain-looking girl whose picture she once found in your desk was to you the most beautiful girl in the world.

I've got only a little time; the men are making a hubbub all around; our last orders are due any minute. Delayed mail just came up and I got this letter from Jean which I'm inclosing. If I had any hope that Jean wouldn't destroy my letters unread I'd write this to her. But she will, and I want her to know the truth.

About this Delight Delmar—I saw her last week in Toul on our way up here. The devil helped her find me. And God only knows what she may do now since she's seen me. I got all I could out of her about her visit to Jean. It seems that on the night Jean wrote this note she went to our apartment in a desperate emotional frenzy, demanding that Jean divorce me at once and begging money to finance her way over here with the Women's Welfare Organization. She declared she was ready to shoot herself on the spot unless Jean would help her come over here to be near me. She told Jean I had loved her always, but that her mother wouldn't let her marry a poor man, that she and I had planned my marriage to Jean so that I might control Jean's fortune and procure money to give to her; that I had expected to get a divorce and marry her as soon as enough money had been made sure of. She had letters from me, and bank papers and an uncashed check to prove her assertions. She repeated to Jean things I had told her about my early attentions to Jean, such as my calling Jean Beautiful as a pet name, and my amusement over it. I mention this in particular, fearing almost more than anything else the effect it may have on Jean, because she is so intensely sensitive about her looks.

Miss Delmar said Jean acted as unconcerned as a stock and that Jean said, when she gave her a check for two thousand dollars, 'Your lover worked hard to earn this, you needn't thank me at all.'

I'm not asking, Mr. MacIntyre, that you try to deceive Jean about anything the girl told her. It's nearly all true and Jean will know it. But she wrote me the day before she saw the Delmar girl that Doctor Merea says she is to have a baby. So it's for her own sake—I won't come back—that I'm asking you to help her believe again that I do love her, and as I go up to what seems to be hell just ahead of us, I swear the only beautiful thing that goes with me is my memory of her.

I've got to tell you about Delight Delmar. It's hard to write this in such a mess. I can't remember when the girl didn't possess me. We were in grammar school when it began. I lived with an indifferent aunt across the street from her. She was the remnant of an impoverished Spanish family, beautiful, imperious, wild, selfish as quicksand. I went without everything boys covet, sometimes even food, in order to spend my every cent to buy her favor. She possessed me like wine, always, body, mind and soul. I was in perpetual torment to give her more—more. I got an after-school job with a florist so I could steal flowers for her, and I ran morning errands for a candy house so I could steal candy for her. As I grew older I had no ambition but to get money somehow, anyhow, to give to her.

It's a lie that her mother kept us from marrying. She was too indolent to care one way or the other. She mothered me and cuffed me like one of the family, and entertained herself like a lazy black cat in watching Delight torture me with the same fleshly fascinations she had known as a girl. From a little shaver, I dreamed of working into a bank position, because I knew that in a bank I could find even as much gold as the girl craved. And I got into your bank. I slaved for the officers' confidence. I'll never forget the day Mr. Haines told me I was to meet you with some important papers and that you had your daughter with you—"a marriageable heiress." I told Delight about it that evening and she impulsively shouted, "Marry her, Hugh, and get her money! Then you can marry me!" That night, for the first time, she made me believe that she might, indeed, marry me, and she held me with the wisdom of a witch, denying me when she had promised most generously, relenting as generously when I most despaired of her.

Two months before I married Jean I would have gone to the electric chair for any perfidy, proudly believing myself a sacrifice to a transcending love. And after two weeks with Jean I knew, abjectly, the thing that had devoured me—for what it was. Ten weeks made Delight Delmar more hateful to me than the ten years had made her dear. But I thought, poor fool, that I had wronged her as well as Jean, and I was cowardized completely by fear of losing Jean's regard. I sent the Delmar girl what money I could. Before I sailed I wrote her something of the truth; it was this that caused her furious outbreak to Jean. It seems simple now, God knows, to have told Jean the truth. But I couldn't.

I've got to stop. All I can hope is that you may find enough charity for my baseness and belief in my remorse to help Jean against too great a hatred toward me. You must save her from what she threatens, for her own sake. If the homely girl was as beautiful to you as Jean is to me, perhaps you will be able to tell Jean that you believe I love her.

HUGH BANNISTER.

The homely girl! It's strange that at such a time I should have found the embers of my own life glowing selfishly bright, but I must have looked up with my own interests paramount in my eyes, for Bruce MacIntyre said: "Yes, it was a picture of you; a snapshot I took with my first camera; you're sitting on the church steps, squinting in the sun. Jean found it. I had sent her to my desk for something, with the keys, and she opened the wrong drawer."

"I believe this letter," I said finally. "Don't you?"

"Why, yes. But what good does believing it do?"

"I should think a great deal if you have convinced Jean of your belief."

"Jean knows nothing about it. . . . Ah, wait! She had disappeared, as I told you, when I returned from Europe. She had several months the start of us. It sounds absurd, but it proved impossible to find her. Jean's clever; more than that, she's canny, as the old Scotch say. Above all else, she's not the type to make threats idly, so we were forced to avoid any publicity.

"I employed the best men available, and we hadn't stopped searching when Merea got a message one day from Florida, only four months ago, to come to her at once, that her baby was dying; congenital heart trouble, acute throat infections, together with a normal case of measles. She asked him please not to notify me. He didn't—left that same day. He found Jean living under the name of Mrs. Jean Mack near a little place called Sarasota, on the Gulf Coast. She'd bought a small orange grove from a company that had developed and promoted that part of the country a few years back, and flooded the country with advertising. Jean knew farming was the last thing anyone would dream of her doing.

"Well, Merea found an amazing state of affairs. Everybody down there thought Jean was a penniless war widow. She had worked like a peasant wench, bought the place on a mortgage, got her machinery on the installment plan, sold vegetables in the village and pretended to be making her entire living. She lived like a hermit and had nothing to do with anybody except a man named Hatton—Jim Hatton, a cracker, homely as a mud fence, Merea says, who sold her the property. He's a real-estate agent. He'll probably be the first person you see. He's in Merea's confidence now, and knows all about Jean's mental trouble and this plan they're going to try out."

There came a faint confusion of someone entering. "Good Lord, can that be Merea and Holmquist? I wanted to get through the whole thing before they came. You won't like Holmquist at first, but I think he knows what he's about; you must hold in mind that the case is a purely professional thing with him. He's never seen Jean. He's taken the case on the basis of fifty thousand if his plan succeeds and nothing if it doesn't, so he's ——"

They came in as he was speaking, two as unlike men as I had ever seen together. I had read of Doctor Holmquist. He was tall, dark, a little stooped, carelessly dressed and unconcerned; he had loose thin lips, long cheeks and a manner of utter relaxation.

Doctor Merea's plump pink cheeks, smiling gray eyes and enthusiasm made him seem of another race of man. The servants unobtrusively arranged chairs in a semicircle. The two doctors sat in the center chairs. Doctor Merea scrutinized me with frank, smiling curiosity. The other man did not look at me at all after our first greeting, even when he occasionally spoke to me. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, his head comfortably sunken, staring at the fire. Yet perhaps because his great reputation affected me, I felt certain that he knew I loved Bruce MacIntyre, and that he was quietly entertained by the fact.

"Well, Mrs. Douglas, what do you think of our plan?" Doctor Merea began.

"She doesn't know anything about it," said Bruce, not altogether pleasantly. "You're earlier than we said. I've covered the situation thoroughly up to the time you saw Jean, but ——"

"A Mr. Hatton was just meeting you at the train," I said, and the other doctor smiled. Very few people took words out of Bruce MacIntyre's mouth and I knew uncomfortably that the small familiarity was significant to this inscrutable mender of minds.

"Oh, you'll like Hatton," Doctor Merea assured me. "He's the salt of the earth, and fortunately Jean has entire confidence in him. Now, Mrs. Douglas, do you understand clearly the problem we're facing?"

"I don't understand it at all," I said. "I never heard of a paranoid simplex, and Doctor Holmquist is the first psychiatrist I've ever seen."

"Well, in straight English, Mrs. Douglas, it amounts to this: Jean suffered an emotional shock that has left her a victim to abnormal hatred and suspicions about all men in general, but in particular about any man who in the slightest respect resembles her husband. Her intense humiliation and her hatred for Hugh Bannister are driving her insane."

"I insist that you're wrong there," interrupted Doctor Holmquist. "I'm positive that she doesn't hate the man himself; she wants to hate him; but what she really hates is her love for him."

(Continued on Page 182)

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(Continued from Page 180

"Doctor Holmquist knows more about this than I do," Doctor Merea said, undisturbed and smiling; "but I know more about Jean herself than he does."

"Which is probably a barrier toward accurate analysis," said the other man; "but go on. I won't interrupt again."

"At the time I saw Jean," Doctor Merea went on unirritatedly, "she was regarded as queer by the people there, and was spoken of as a man hater. It had become conspicuous that she chose the ugliest men she could find to deal with, and she had snubbed every just ordinarily good-looking man with whom she'd come in any contact. I learned from Annie that on the occasions she'd been forced into unavoidable contact with any tall dark-eyed chap, even a laborer, she'd have attacks of violent depression afterward, sometimes wouldn't eat for several days and, as Annie expressed it, 'her eyes looked right past you at something else.' Annie said she never saw her cry, but that she often heard her crying nearly all night and her eyes would be red and swollen in the morning.

"The day I got there Annie came out to the gate to meet us—Hatton didn't go in—and told me not to mention Bannister's name under any circumstances; that Jean hadn't once spoken it since the night the Delmar girl came to her apartment. I wasn't surprised much, because in Jean's message she had said, 'I am asking you to come only on the thorough understanding that absolutely nothing of the past be mentioned between us.' Much as Jean depended on Annie, Annie said she knew she would be discharged instantly if she spoke of Bannister.

"Well, I didn't need poor Annie's apprehensions to convince me that things were serious with Jean, but I foolishly let myself believe that she was getting better. I stayed in Sarasota three weeks. Of course it was a normalizing thing for Jean to have me about. She'd always known me; she called me Uncle Doctor just as she always had; I wasn't intimately connected with her tragedy and—I meant the saving of her baby. Naturally that was paramount.

"Barbara improved at once and Jean was almost ecstatic with relief. Jean worships the child—literally does worship her. I don't know if the baby looks like Bannister or not, but she's certainly the prettiest, most bewitching youngster I've ever seen—and the most spoiled. Of course, she's got this serious and congenital heart trouble, and Jean's been constantly harassed by fear of losing her. It's a miracle that the child's alive. But she rules Jean and old Annie like a tyrant; Jean can't deny her anything. And that, Mrs. Douglas, is the thing we want to start working from in this plan to save Jean's mind—her domination by little Barbara."

"Before you get to the plan you'd best tell her about Stuart," said Doctor Holmquist, yawning.

"Yes; yes, of course. It seems that a few weeks after I left Sarasota—remember, I hadn't once spoken to Jean about any of her trouble, because I was convinced she had begun to bring herself round; Annie thought so too—but shortly after I left, this man named Stuart happened along. He was out duck hunting and rowed up the creek that runs through Jean's place; evidently a rich idler with nothing much to interest him. He'd heard gossip about Jean in the village and went as much out of curiosity as anything else. Anyhow, he didn't believe it possible that any woman could be sincere in an aversion to anything so desirable as himself; and in trying to prove his conceit he fell in love with her.

"Annie said Jean got worse from the first day she saw him; went into frequent periods of melancholia and got what Annie calls her mad look worse than she'd ever had it. But it seems she acted normal enough in his presence—merely frankly undesirous of seeing him, and later openly hostile. The fool persisted in his attentions. Annie heard Jean tell him, quietly and sanely, that he wasn't welcome. I think she used the word 'warn' in telling him not to trespass on her place again. But the next day he appeared as usual.

"Jean took her rifle and went out on the stairs of a funny elevated shack she calls the Air Castle that she's built up in some pines, and asked him why he had come again. He said, 'Because I couldn't help it. Surely you're not going to shoot me for falling in love with you!'

"Annie said Jean laughed, naturally and amusedly, and said, 'Oh, so you love me? I won't kill you for that alone. But tell me, Mr. Stuart, *do you—think me—beautiful?*' And Stuart said—a rather Shakesperean retort, I thought—'Of course I do! To me you are more beautiful than beautiful women.' Jean laughed again and quietly shot him. The shot waked Barbara up from a nap, screaming. Annie said Jean went in and rocked her and sang to her—first time she'd sung since they'd been in Florida. Annie ran down with bandages, and, of course, implored Stuart to go away and pretend it was an accident. He was pretty well done in, I guess. He said, 'Why, woman, she's mad—mad!'

"'An' if she is,' Annie told him, 'it's you have made her so. She told you to leave her alone. She's not herself, from hating a man you liken.'

"'Then I envy him,' Stuart said, 'for she must have loved him like the devil once.'

"That puzzled Annie a lot. She asked me what I thought he could have meant by it, envying a dead man. Annie's a great old girl; said she felt so sorry for him, all shot and bleeding, that she told him it was too bad and to send her the doctor bills and she'd get the money out of Jean somehow. Must have been a great comfort to him."

"It becomes more a fact and less a fable to me all the time," said the other doctor impersonally, "that the surest magnet to a man's desire is a woman's honest aversion. . . . But excuse me, Merea. Go on, go on; you're getting so you outdistance even me on detail."

"I want the details, Doctor Holmquist," I said, from a smoldering antagonism toward his complacent intuitions about me. "I'll surely need to learn all I can of the situation if I'm to be of any value."

"Mrs. Douglas," he said, smiling, but not looking at me, "the truth is you are equipped within yourself with a power over the situation which is of far greater value than any knowledge we can possibly share with you. Have you a daughter of your own?"

"No," I said. "I had one son; he was killed in France."

"Oh, I am sorry," he said, oddly gentle. I lost my dislike of him. After a moment's silence he said, "Shall I go on, Merea?"

"I wish you would," said Doctor Merea gratefully.

Without lifting his head, and smoking constantly, the other man took us into his impersonal, professional, mechanistic mood.

"It's enough to know of the Stuart incident that she shot and might have killed him. You can readily see, Mrs. Douglas, that unless matters are speedily mended, it will be imperative for Mr. MacIntyre to assert his responsibility and put his daughter under professional surveillance, where she is safe from becoming a public menace—possibly a murderess. I am absolutely certain we can control this case, absolutely—since I have seen you.

"This is our plan: After you have been with Jean a few weeks, so that the child, Barbara, is used to you, Jean will go to Tampa for a week's dental work. Doctor Merea has arranged all this. Of course, the patient has never heard of me—and never must.

"While she is away a nephew of mine, Wunthrop Evans, will come up the creek which I understand flows directly by her house. He will be with the real-estate chap, Jim Hatton, and will ostensibly be locating some undeveloped property on which to start a small orange grove. They will stop, as they naturally would, and talk with you; perhaps take the child a little way in their boat if it seems best.

"My nephew is tall, dark and unusually good-looking; doesn't appear sick. He is, however, another victim of our late peace propaganda which we term the Great War; his remnant of life may last him two years longer, perhaps not so long. Under any less unfortunate circumstances, of course, he wouldn't be available for this case; but as it is, it happens to be a godsend, financially, for him. He's prompted by no motives of altruism; in fact he's not so much in sympathy with the case as I'd like him to be. His own romance turned out very badly and left him pretty skeptical on the subject of women. He knows nothing of the patient except as much of the history of the case as it was necessary to tell him; doesn't even know who she is. I have objected to Mr. MacIntyre's seeing him because I'm certain it's best to avoid every personal relation, for the case will be lost entirely if the patient finds the slightest clew to what is going on. . . . Does all this seem preposterous to you, Mrs. Douglas?"

"Not yet," I said; "but it does seem—very unusual."

"Not more so than the case; in fact I've never felt more confident of success. My nephew will purchase a tract of land immediately above the patient's place, on the other side of the stream; he will start clearing and even building, if possible, before she returns from Tampa. During the time she's away every effort must be made to develop the child, Barbara's, attraction for him. She must see him as much as can possibly be arranged. He will take her boat riding, give her presents—ordinary little inexpensive things—have a pup in the boat for her to play with. He told me yesterday he'd found a very versatile parrot too. Altogether, we want her entertained and attracted to such an extent that she won't tolerate an end to their friendship when her mother returns.

"For this is the point of the whole thing—the strongest normal influence over the patient is undoubtedly her love for her child; that is the thing we've got to use to break this obsession which is wrecking her mind. If the child loves and insists on seeing my nephew it will force the patient into an impersonal contact with him which I am positive will gradually overcome her violent reaction to any resemblance, or fancied resemblance, to her husband."

There was a short, uncomfortable silence. Bruce MacIntyre got himself a second cigar and sat down again. Finally Doctor Holmquist said, "I think, in general, that is the whole thing, Mrs. Douglas. I wish you'd tell me, if you can, what the strongest idea or impression in your mind is, right now."

"That if your plan succeeds it will mean only another tragedy, for they will probably fall in love with each other—and you say your nephew cannot live."

"Exactly what I said from the first," said Bruce MacIntyre. It was the first time he had spoken.

"But why a tragedy? Surely the four of us have lived long enough to know there is no tragedy in death. Besides"—he glanced at me briefly, acutely—"besides, if Winthrop wanted to live badly enough, I've an idea he could pull it off."

"You anticipate such a circumstance then?" asked Bruce MacIntyre belligerently.

"N-no; I hope for it, Mr. MacIntyre."

"Why haven't you said so before?"

"I hadn't seen Mrs. Douglas. I have now a new confidence, for I feel that Mrs. Douglas will give my nephew a sincere and invaluable sympathy."

"I shall want him to live," I said.

"That is it," he agreed, as gently as a woman.

The hours went by like minutes while we sat there talking. Bruce MacIntyre scarcely spoke. Finally he said, "What about my going down in a few weeks? Jean knows, Merea, that you've told me where she is, and she didn't make any fuss about it. I'd like to—to see her."

"But she asked me to tell you to let her alone," said Doctor Merea reflectively. "I'm certain she's less bitter toward you, but I think it'll be best not to stir her up with anything else just now. Don't you, Holmquist?"

"I think Mrs. Douglas will help to bring that part around all right." And again Doctor Holmquist enjoyed his little smile, which he shared only with himself. "The patient has never seen you, has she, Mrs. Douglas?"

"No," Bruce MacIntyre answered for me. "I knew Mrs. Douglas before Jean was born. Our families came from Scotland together, and Margo and I were schoolmates. As boys, her husband and I once planned to be partners in the village hardware store. But I never got back to Valley Springs and Jean has never heard of my life there, nor of Mrs. Douglas. I've been waiting to ask you—is it best for Jean to know that Mrs. Douglas is an old acquaintance of mine, or should she merely think her someone Doctor Merea sent?"

"Someone I'm sending," said Doctor Merea decidedly, though his firmest tones always reserved a place for Doctor Holmquist's opinion.

"I should let that point," said Doctor Holmquist thoughtfully, "rest entirely with Mrs. Douglas herself. She can better estimate the situation after she finds what attitude the patient adopts toward her."

And this was how they left the matter, after another argument. It was as well so.

Three days later I got off the train at Sarasota, the only woman arrival. Jean MacIntyre came hurrying toward me from the far end of the platform, a tall nondescript figure in a khaki-colored middy blouse and boot-high skirt. My throat filled and my eyes blurred with heat. I put down my heavy suitcase and stood waiting, staring at her. "She *is* plain," I thought. It was a slender face with a large mouth, pale-gray eyes, a low forehead and a long thin nose. She walked well, though her garments lent her no grace.

"Mrs. Douglas?" she called. Ah, it was a beautiful voice. She was suddenly someone who had always been dear to me, inexpressibly dear.

My own voice would not come. I smiled and nodded. Suddenly she slowed her quick pace, hesitated, stopped. I have never known such bewildering misery. She was going to dislike me. Then, with a slow, queer, frightening smile, she came on close and took my shoulders. We were equally tall.

"Why, you are my father's most beautiful girl in the world!" she said, her voice flutelike with a shaken note of laughter. "I found you once in a little drawer."

"Yes, Jean, I am that homely girl," I said. And we put out our arms and with our faces hidden from each other, we both cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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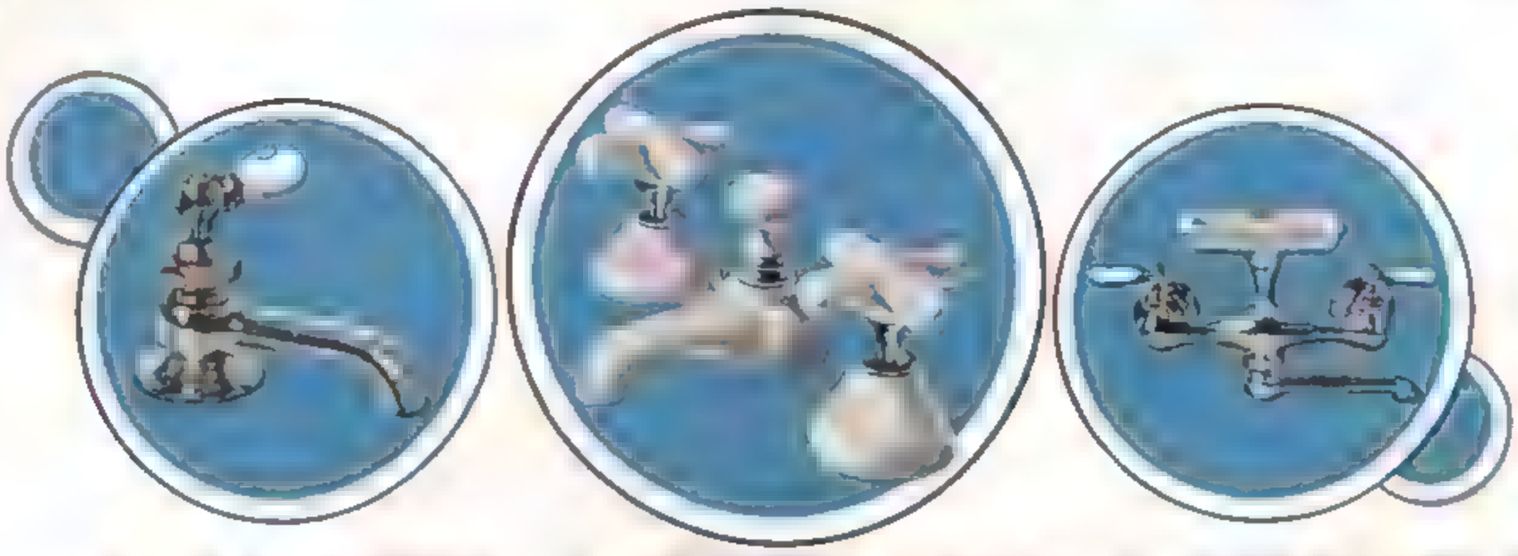

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DISASTROUS JOY

(Continued from Page 15)

Private Erasmus Caleb Conkling said "I say!" in a furious bleat. Then he got up and struck Schultze on the point of the jaw. Joy ducked her head as the blow went by and then sat observing the revolving movement of Sergeant Schultze, who spun slowly and very gracefully four full times before he slumped into the grass below the steps of the back porch. There was something decorous and stately in this spinning, and when he fell, he fell on his back and beautifully lay with his eyes shut, one hand spread on the majesty of his chest. The Mexican waiter, descending the steps with a tray, walked neatly over the prostrate sergeant and then paused to study him with vivid eyes.

"Gee," said Miss Hooper, "you're awful excitable!"

"B-but he h-had his hand on you, Miss H-Hooper!"

"Think I can't take care of myself, kid?"

Robinson rapidly said, "He's a recruit, Joy. Here, bud, get along out of this. Come on, money," he snapped to me. "Pay us out. . . . No, come on, Conkling! He can trim three of you. Come on! We can't start nothin' here, on account of Freddie! Come on, you chicken-feed fool!"

I shed a handful of silver dollars on the table and went limping after Robinson and the bewildered Conkling up the steps. Men had come forward in a wave to stare at Beauty Schultze, but the dark girl still sat at the abandoned table, scowling remarkably, and that sight of her somehow lingered in my eyes while we tramped down the slope into San Antonio; and a sense of something interrupted, besides dinner, went pulsing through my head.

"Never," said Robinson, "hit a drunk, boy, unless you gotta. Especially never hit a drunk three times bigger'n you. Joy was aiming to start trouble between Nate Edge, who's sizable, an' that pork. You had ought to stay out of a lady's love affairs until she asks you in, an' then you better stay out. Oncet, out in Manila, I got very excited about a lady 'at was goin' to marry somebody. I only remember she had green eyes. It's how I got that scar up the back of my neck you can see next time we're washin'."

"But he had his hand on her, sergeant!"

Robinson moaned, "What of it? I hope this givin' wimmen the vote'll stop all that kind of stuff! A girl that ain't downright imbecile can take care of herself three times better'n any guy can take care of her, an' Joy can hit like a mule kickin'. Freddie give her boxin' lessons so soon as he saw she was turnin' out one of them things."

"Wh-what things?" Conkling asked, halting.

"One of those. They disturb everything. You ain't at Newport, kid. This is Santone, Texas. When in Rome," said Robinson, who sometimes read a book if it wasn't too long, "y'oughta do what the Romans are doin'. Chivalrousness is all right when it's wanted. When it ain't, it's worse'n the adobe itch. If Joy wants to start a scrap between Schultze and Nate Edge, let her! It's what she's after, ain't it?"

"How do you know, sergeant?"

In the dimness between two street lamps Robinson lifted his hands toward the imperial sky and said, "Lawd help all poor souls at sea on a night like this! . . . And it went to college! Kid, if one man tells a skirt—dame—lady he wants to marry her an' she tells him another guy has somethin' to say about it, and the guy she tells this to is known for a fightin' fool, why, what you think she's tryin' to do, dearie?"

Three motors went past us, descending the street, and the voice of a gentlewoman said in the last slowly moving machine, "So I made it three spades, and he simply hadn't one card." And I was taken with a sudden sense of savagery: Conkling and I had got out of our world into the bonfire of existence where people openly did what ladies and men in dinner jackets covered up by mannerly dissimulations. We were lost in this region, and Conkling, being younger, was even more lost than I was.

"But ——"

"Come on," said Robinson soothingly. "Is it any skin off of your nose, bud? Joy can take care of herself, sonny. Come on. Let's get us some coffee downtown and do a movin' picture."

The boy gave out a long, exhausted sigh. He was still shivering, I fancy, after the boiling sweat of his performance, and his right arm ached to the shoulder. But he came stolidly along, and we tramped into the thunder and lights of East Houston Street's nightly traffic, becoming atoms in the endless jostle of uniforms strangely lighted by the flare of windows under tin arcades and momently losing each other. In fact, we lost Conkling entirely, and soon. He was quite gone when Robinson and I paused on the steps of an ice-cream parlor, and he didn't appear as we waited.

"Did I hurt the kid's feelings?"

"I don't think so. . . . Funny business, wasn't it?"

"Fairly funny. It's none of my business," the philosopher said, "but I hope that Beauty Schultze don't remember who hit him when he wakes up. It's him that gave Nate Edge his silent ear. Slugged him on it at a party in Corpus Christi. Busted somethin' inside and then it infected. They had a bad time with the boy. Anyhow, that's why he's deaf in one ear. . . . I bet that fool kid's gone to see what Nate Edge looks like."

"Why should he?"

Robinson once more appealed to heaven on behalf of all poor souls at sea and told me, "You never see nothin'. It's the worst of edjcated guys. You get so dumb! Didn't you see the kid's eyes grow up? He was gettin' a week older every minute 'at Joy sat at the table with us. You see nothin'; you hear nothin'; you know nothin'!"

That squelched me totally. I drank two cups of bad coffee in a state of abasement and watched Robinson pondering. He spun two lumps of sugar on the marble table and thought, his hazel eyes partly closed. Presently he decided, "Joy reckons that if Nate an' Beauty had a scrap over some skirt at Corpus Christi who wasn't nothin', they'd ought to have a much nicer fight over her. If that ain't at the bottom of her mind, I dunno what is. She's in love with Nate. It was him told her she looked good with her hair short, after the scarlet fever last year, and it ain't grew since. Boy, we go look an' see if Conkling hasn't been to have his face shot."

This precisely was what Conkling had done. Abandoning us when he passed the black-and-gold sign of N. Edge, Photographs Day or Night, he climbed to the second floor of a building not far from the ice-cream parlor and looked with moderate aversion at Nathaniel Hawthorne Edge rapidly operating under the false sickly lights of a bare studio in which a dozen enlisted youths, very washed, were awaiting turns to be photographed before a canvas representation of the Alamo. Edge, the boy saw, was a long, ginger-headed person in his earlier twenties, who, as Joy had shockingly told us, carried no stomach but wore a deal of shoulder. This naval character was making money very swiftly on his shore leave. He fairly shoved the victims of his inherited art into place before the Alamo, pumped the bulb of his camera, and handed the plate to a sweating young assistant, then said crisply "Next!" and made another five-dollar bill.

Conkling allowed himself to be photographed and gave his address in the woods of Leon Springs Military Reservation. He then went away and walked back and forth in front of Hooper's house on the heights of San Antonio. I don't think he knew at all what had happened to him. Men were singing in the garden hidden by the house's bulk, and after a time, some enlisted cowboy lifted the sad loveliness of Jack of Diamonds toward the purple sky, a drifting wail of words that blended and lost all meaning in the night. Conkling sat down on the curb and shed tears into his palms, but did not quite know why.

Mr. Edge greeted Robinson and me in the studio with a slight air of exhaustion. He had photographed sixty-one enlisted men since six o'clock, and they were, he said, unusually dumb. He spoke with something the accent of his Yankee parents and in fairly workmanlike grammar, having been through high school and a year of the state's university. He sat down on the throne before the Alamo and rolled a cigarette methodically in his lean, large hands, and told Robinson, "I'm sellin' out. A man from Galveston wants to take over the place and I'll probably be developin' plates in Washington from now until the end of this war, Robbie. We're leaving on the afternoon train Saturday. I have to report in Washington on Tuesday. Just got time to make it."

"You'll like Washington," Robinson drawled. "The climate's no worse'n this in summer an' there's things to look at. You look grand in 'em pants, Nate, an' sailors an' even soldiers ain't so disreputable"—he put the accent on the third syllable of the adjective—"since this war broke out. You might marry a congressman's daughter. Try it, anyhow."

"I see myself!" said Mr. Edge. He here curiously blushed from the open spaces of his chest up to his ginger curls, and hastily puffed some smoke from his wide mouth. "When you think your outfit'll start for France?"

"We ain't worried—wonderin'. Oh, say! A skinny kid out of our regiment knocked Beauty Schultze cold up at Hooper's right now. You'd ought to've seen it! Made your tin ear feel better."

"I don't much think it would," Edge said gravely, and ground out his cigarette on the oilcloth of the floor. He tied his hands under one blue leg and sat brooding for a time, hampered by my strange presence. But he reckoned that I wasn't worth a delicacy and said sourly, "Haven't seen anything of Beauty since he gummed my ear on me."

"Yeh? That's year before last, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Edge, regarding his large feet. "He was down at Corpus Christi on pass from here. We had a blowup about a girl in a green bathin' suit. When I was up and round again, all you folks were down on the border. I haven't seen Schultze since. You can tell him I'm leavin' on the four o'clock train on Saturday."

It again occurred to me that I had strayed out of my own world into a savage No Man's Land. I was hearing a cheap photographer send a challenge to a majestic thug, wager of open battle, and the cool directness of Edge's voice startled me. He ought to be a little nervous or a little angry or a little other than serene.

"You're takin' on a handful, Nate."

"I suppose I am. I've got another ear. This," he said, tapping his left ear, "has cut me out of bein' an officer or even gettin' to France, or stickin' on a ship, hasn't it? He stuck his damn thumb into it when he'd got me down—like a greaser would! An' that's what infected it, the doctor said. . . . You tell him we're leaving on the four o'clock, Saturday."

"Yeh," Robinson said, "I'll tell him. Only, you was both soused when you had your fight down to Corpus Christi?"

"A gentleman," Edge remarked, "don't fight like a greaser, even if he is soused."

Some rapt recruits who fairly smelled of hay came trampling into the studio and Robinson took me away. In the street he said "Dawg-gone!" and his eyes roused from their listless consideration of all the human follies. He said, "I'll bet you that Beauty can trim him, though." And presently he said, "I bet Joy has worked this up, though. She wants him to thrash Beauty."

"Why?"

"'Cause it kinda gives her a jolt on her vanity, kid. The s'ciety folks in this town ain't ever been sweet to her. But she fandangoes around with the plebeeans an' starts things. . . . Come on."

I hoped that he wasn't starting off on one of his educational tours through San Antonio, because my lamed right foot was aching inside its oiled bandages, and I wasn't in the mood to roll dice in a cellar under a saloon with any more fat Mexicans or to drink green curaçao in the odd establishment of a grim man who admitted to having been a cattle thief in the 90's and whose employments in 1917 seemed to be those of a bootlegger. Robinson's acquaintances in San Antonio were various, and seldom within the exact color of proper society. I must say that they were all very nice people and most hospitable, but dazing. However, he just led me along East Houston Street and into the color of the Plaza, where the gasoline torches of the tamale sellers were sputtering and buildings caught the starlight wasted on the town's roofs. It was here, in front of a white-and-black cafeteria, that a handsome lad whose head was buried in a dark sombrero called "Hey, Robbie!" from the driving seat of a big blue motor. Joy drew in to the curb, grinning, and drawled, "Drive you out to camp?"

"Thought you'd be down around," said Robinson, dropping beside her. "What you do with Beauty?"

"Pop washed his head for him. He's gone home. That kid was lucky! If Schultze hadn't been pie-eyed, anyhow, there'd of been trouble," Miss Hooper calculated. Then she said practically, "I'll take the two of you out for five dollars."

"You're a good business man," Robinson chuckled. "All right, let's leave "

We shot from San Antonio, missing a small Mexican, clad in a shirt much too large for him, on a side street by one inch and cutting short a conversation between a military policeman and a girl in a red hat on a corner. It was an admirable car. Joy's father had taken it over from a lieutenant in need of funds that spring, and the girl drove well, if too enthusiastically. We became a shimmering spot in the sight of farmers and remote pedestrians, outside the city, and soon Robinson said, "Why so fast, kid?"

"Got an engagement with Nate Edge at eleven."

"Yeh? Dance?"

"No," Joy said: "he ain't ever cared much for dancin'."

Robinson's light drawl lifted a little. He said, "Nate seems to be after a piece of footwork, though. Wants me to tell Beauty Schultze he's leavin' town on the four o'clock, Saturday. 'At might come to quite a scrap, Joy. You been pushin' it on too."

After a while I heard her say, "Yes." And the car went faster up the gray immensities of the vague world lighted by stars. Then we slowed, and she said, "Yes. Nate wants to fight him, Robbie. Nate is kind of proud."

She let the machine slow down. I must have moved or somehow reminded her of my neighboring strangeness, because we rolled along in silence. The tinkle of a banjo came from a farmhouse near the roadside in a jaunty exuberance of some military march. I remember that music, and then there were certainly no words for several miles. The girl's masking hat and the line of Robinson's primmer headgear held my stare. Texas was lightless and somber to right and left of our unimportant movement on its surface. Clouds had washed off the stars from the sky and there was a chilly stir of wind under the car's canopy.

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 187)

"Robbie?"

"Yeh?"

The car stopped. Joy said in a gust of harsh words, "Don't you tell Beauty Schultze 'at Nate wants to see him! He hurt Nate bad enough that time before, and—and now he thinks he's in love with me. He gouged Nate's ear with his thumb that other time. No, don't you tell him! I'm scared!"

Robinson lighted a cigarette, and a side of his face showed pink for a second before he drawled, "You so good as told Beauty Schultze you're in love with Nate Edge yourself, Joy. That's huntin' disaster! You go to make trouble yourself, an' then ——"

"But I don't want Nate hurt! Beauty's a dirty fighter an' you know he is! You don't tell him a thing! We'll get out of town on that train day after tomorrow, and then you can tell him anything you damn please!"

"Quit swearin'," Robinson lightly said. "It's kind of cute in a girl, but a married lady hadn't ought to."

My mouth opened. Joy Hooper shrank aside from the little man and was silent for a long time. When she spoke she did so in a thin child's voice: "How did you know?"

"Guessed. Nate said 'we' a couple of times when he talked about leavin' on Saturday, an' now you said 'we.' Yeh! He told you to give Beauty a scare about him, so's Beauty'd come down there an' start somethin'. You ain't ever been so idiotical as most dames are, Joy. I was wonderin' why you were doin' this. Nate told you to, an' now your feet's cold on you, 'cause you don't want your man's nose busted. When you marry him?"

She stupidly reported, "I drove up and met him at San Marcos the day he was comin' home. The preacher had red hair—kind of gray at the sides. We haven't told anybody. I'll tell dad Saturday morning. . . . I love Nate an awful lot, Robbie. He's awful refined."

"Yeh. I guessed you'd get sick of runnin' round with kids an' army guys one of these days," said Robinson with a faint dreariness. "Nate's all right, too, an' if you got any sense you won't come back to Santone, where folks know you was a noncom's kid. Nate's got plenty money. You an' him better stick out away from here. It's a big world, sister. . . . So you don't want Nate to mix up with Beauty Schultze? All right. He could prob'ly trim Schultze, at 'at, but it's none of my business. But to think of you takin' orders from a fella, Joy!"

"Shut it off," said Joy, in her normal cadence. "What's it to you?"

It was probably a little of something to Robinson, but he philosophically tossed his own case aside and considered that of Beauty Schultze while we tramped, shivering, through the forest toward our regiment, half a mile from the patch of lighted roadway where motors halted in the central camp of Leon Springs.

"This girl," he drawled, "is one of those trouble-makin' hens which always make a guy think of some other dame. It's her eyes or somethin'. She's a kind of composite"—he accented the last syllable—"picture of a lot of women. It's how so many guys fall for her so hard. Beauty Schultze, I bet, has his mind on this money she gets from her mamma, but that don't hinder. He's very crazy about her, and she's been stringin' him ten days or so so's that Nate can have a chance to fight him at his studio or somewheres quiet. If Nate come out here an' tried it on they could both be court-martialed for fightin' in a military reservation. A gob is as good as a soldier when it comes to bustin' regulations. . . . It's none of my business, but she ought to let Nate trim him. He ——"

We both had walked onto a fallen tree, or something large, in the profound darkness. But it swore, and a match proved it to be Sergeant Schultze, grandly recumbent across the trail. He was hatless and his shirt was even more torn than when Private Conkling met him in Hooper's garden. Apparently his progress from San Antonio had been wayward and stormy.

"Well," Robinson yawned, "we can't leave it here all night. . . . Hey, Beauty! . . . No. He's very boiled, ain't he?"

Schultze, once hauled to his feet, was able to walk in an ineffective manner, and he sat down only three times. We slowly moved him around the regimental baths and into the side door of Battery C's cantonment. A busy young guard once proposed to halt us, but Robinson said firmly, "Recruit, quit bein' so military. This is the colonel, very soused, and you'll be sent to Leavenworth if you stop us. G' night." Accordingly we deposited Schultze on the wooden floor of his proper place and walked down the slope of the regiment's street on our toes.

"Think he'll remember who hit him, Robbie?"

"I should imagine not," Robinson pondered; "but he might."

He did; or rather, he was aided to remember by rumors and slanders. A corporal from Battery A had been dining in Hooper's garden, and thus, all day long, the story swelled around the baking regiment that a recruit from Battery F had knocked the redoubtable Schultze down in San Antonio, and yet lived. When Schultze woke on Friday evening his friends held their noses before him and uttered derisions, while the fine young man sat on his cot and tried to recollect what Conkling might happen to look like.

But the worst of this nuisance was that he had been knocked senseless before Joy Hooper, having carried an unstained record as a fighting fool through two regiments, and having been allowed to believe that Joy appreciated his chest as well as his curling yellow hair and his nose. It took him most of Friday evening to think all this out, and then he came stalking into the bedroom of F Battery, where men were darning shirts or playing cards or reading newspapers by the pretty glow of candles. A small audience came with him. He appeared, I admit, majestically in a white undershirt, with his thumbs hooked into his belt, and the mild game of blackjack in which Robinson and I were sitting stopped to observe him.

"You got a kid name of Conkling in this outfit," he told an awed youth. "Where's he at?"

Several boys who had gone to bed arose on their cots. But voices assured Schultze that Conkling had gone to town on pass. This puzzled Schultze for merely a second. People who went to town came back. That offered no complications. He became businesslike, rubbing his nose with a tattooed arm.

"How big is this cheese?"

Informative youths told him that Conkling was pretty tall, as tall as himself, which was true; but Robinson stood up to call down the honey shadows of the room: "Aw, he's only a rooky, Beauty! He's skinny too. Leave it lay. You was stewed an' fresh to a lady an' he slugged you."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," said Robinson gracefully. "You've thrashed enough guys your own weight so's everybody knows you ain't yella, Beauty. Leave it lay."

"Yeh?" said Schultze, turning. "You go wash mules!"

He retired with his escort. His coming and going had spoiled the blackjack game and there was a bubbling discussion of ethics in combat. Theoretically, a sergeant should not fight a soldier. Actually, nobody would think of interfering in a fight carried through with decent privacy. Of course, Schultze would summon Conkling to meet him in the woods beyond the corral, where several appointments of this kind had lately been much appreciated by everybody except the men who were thrashed.

But there was a further point in the case. A sergeant who was really old, almost fifty, sourly stated, "Schultze hadn't ought to fight that kid. The boy don't weigh enough."

"But he's taller'n Beauty, Mulcahy," a corporal insisted.

"It don't count. An' when I was the age of Schultz no sergeant would ha' thought of fightin' a rooky."

"You're shoutin'," Robinson said soberly, and we left the place.

He walked twenty yards across the alley and into the supply office. Then he said simply, "I don't want to see that chicken-feed kid knocked to pieces. The boy thought he was protectin' Joy or somethin'. And her married already and just eggin' Beauty on! Go catch Conkling soon's you get up in the morning, bud, and tell him to keep out of sight. Tomorrow's Saturday. Time Schultze hears that Joy's gone away with Nate Edge he'll forget about this baby an' go get boiled." Taps sounded from the top of our hill and Robinson turned out the lantern above his field desk. In the darkness he added, "Joy's started somethin'. . . . That Conkling is just idiot enough to fight Schultze!"

Conkling was idiot enough to do anything. He dined in Hooper's garden and the disastrous goddess wasn't there, being with her husband in Edge's house on the margin of town; and then about nine o'clock he descended to Edge's studio to claim his photographs, and there was Joy, in skirts, swinging her feet from a table while the industrious Edge went on making money by photographing more recruits. The dark girl gave her protector of Thursday night a smile, and that fleet expression fixed itself in Conkling's soul. He washed on his perfumed billows back to camp, and some wakeful neighbor in the long room whispered that Schultze had been looking for him. Love's lunatic didn't care. He had morally made himself Joy's cavalier. And so, at 8:30 on Saturday morning, he was washing his mess kit in the tub outside F Battery's mess hall when Schultze tapped his shoulder. The silly boy simply looked up and scowled.

"Your name's Conkling, is it?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"This about it! You knocked me out other night at Freddie Hooper's place. Think you can get away with 'at?"

Old Sergeant Mulcahy said uselessly, "Here, Schultze, leave it be! It's against regulations an' you know it!" But there must have been twenty men listening and cigarettes were held free of mouths as the faces watched.

"Think you can get away with that?"

Conkling said heavily, "You've no business to put your hand on a lady," and dipped his mess kit back into the greasy water of the tub.

"You be down at the woods back of the corral at one o'clock. Th' officers will be havin' their lunch then. You be there, fella," Beauty Schultze said, and walked away.

It was Private George Dewey Brown who brought this news palpitatingly into the supply company's office ten minutes later. I groaned. Robinson tapped his cigarette on the desk beside his typewriter and said, "Yeh. One o'clock, Dewey?"

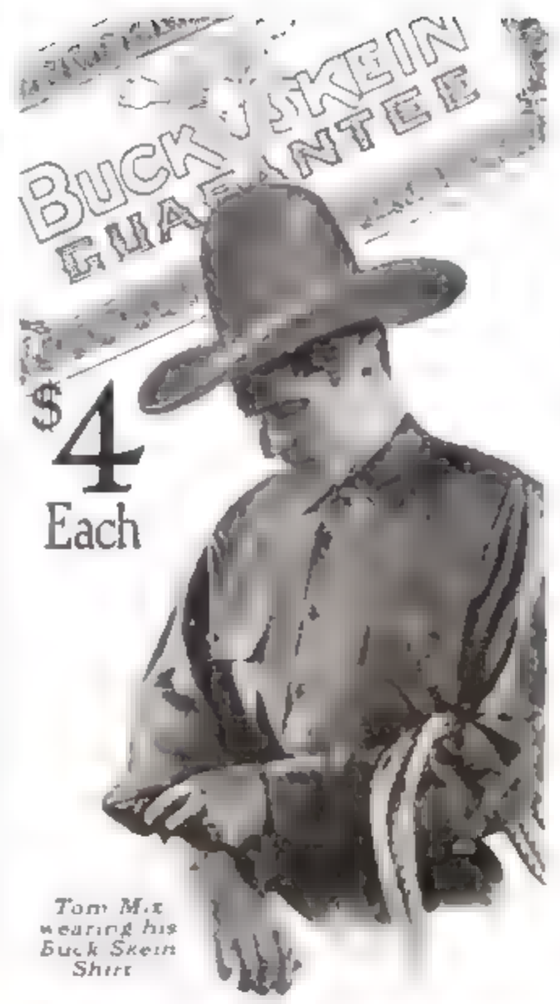
"So sure's you're bohn, sergeant," said Private Brown, who came from Mississippi and was every minute of sixteen years old; "an' it should be a right nice fight, exceptin' Conklin' ain't so very heavy."

"Well, I hope you enjoy it," Robinson affably said, and went on typing for five minutes. Then he told me, "If our supply officer or anybody happens to think of askin' for me, kid, tell 'em I'm over at the remount lookin' at mules."

"And where will you be, Robbie?"

"Elsewhere, my child, elsewhere," the little man said, taking his hat, and trotted out into the agonizing light of a remarkably hot Texan morning.

The supply officer thought it odd that Robinson should go to the remount to look at mules when we needed no mules for the regiment, but he was a trustful young man, and amiable. He signed some official paper, lectured one of the wagoners for overstaying his pass day before yesterday and did his duties solemnly for two hours. Then he



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NAIL CLIPPERS

Gem

went off to his quarters at the top of the hill with a fresh shirt already blackening on his shoulders. The heat had closed in, and brown fronts of the cantonments wavered gently as I looked through the dusty windows.

Our armadillos had hunched themselves into curves of shell on boughs of the soiled trees and the sky was white over Leon Springs.

Meanwhile the batteries drilled on an open meadow below the shower baths, and at eleven the men of F Battery came dripping up the alley to their doorsteps in a circling smell of tobacco, sweat and horses. Seeing Conkling, I had a sudden attack of civilization—the thing was ridiculous and had to be stopped! Schultze would halfway kill him. It would be worse than an unequal fight I once saw between two lumberjacks in a logging valley, in high Pennsylvania. I called to Conkling and said, when he lounged over to the door of the office, "Look here ——"

"I'm not yellow," he growled.

"But this fellow's a dirty fighter, Conkling!"

He had aged a year in two days. His face was certainly twenty years old, and his eyes were not empty or innocent any longer. He had assumed the manly duty of being profoundly absurd over something that didn't matter, and so people would enjoy his slaughter at one o'clock.

"I'm going to fight him."

"All right," I miserably remarked, and went back to my desk.

The regiment ate its noon meal at twelve. At quarter to one I put my hat on and limped slowly down past the corral and across a stretch of simmering turf into the faint shadow of the woods. There were others ahead of me, and some efficient busybody had borrowed a rope from the corral, which lay in a rude square around a patch of grassless dust. The sweat kept thickening in my lashes, and all this—the straight green streaks of the round trunks, the dapper foliage of pin oaks and the bronze of uniforms—muddled a good deal, so that Robinson spoke to me from a shadow in my sight: "Is it all over the regiment, kid?"

"It was the universal topic at lunch," I sniffed.

"Don't be so elegant. If there's been too much talk, some officer may drop in. . . . There's Conkling. . . . Where's Beauty?"

Conkling was sitting on the roots of a tree, shirtless, with some other quiet lads and Mulcahy beside him. The boy's chest and his decent arms glittered in a flame of sun that came briskly down from the terrifying sky.

"Beauty," said Robinson, rolling a cigarette, "would take just about three minutes to do that up. An' here comes our hero."

A positive surge of olive drab and white undershirts followed and surrounded Schultze, entering the forest. Discretion kept the men from applauding his arrival, and his natural vanity kept Schultze from words as he walked up to the rope stretched on the dust and stood undoing his shirt. There was a gigantic and thrilling hush. Then Robinson animated his voice and said with the most airy grace, "Hey, Beauty!"

"Yeh?"

"There's a guy back here in a car says you got fresh with his wife the other night, but you ain't had the guts to come round to his place an' get thrashed."

Schultze's eyes contracted and his chin rose. He took off his shirt and then said, "Quit yer kiddin', Robinson. I ain't been fresh to nobody's wife. I'm as good as engaged to be ——"

"Well," said Robinson easily, turning on his heel, "you better talk to him about it. Come on, Nate! You ain't got much time for this."

Edge pushed through a swaying rim of men, his blue trousers and sleeveless white undershirt quietly appearing in flutters of sunlight. He dropped his foot on the rope, facing Schultze's terrifically opened mouth, and observed, "I ain't seen you since I got home, Beauty. Only, you got familiar with Mrs. Edge night before last and I'd like to settle up about it. We're leavin' town on the four o'clock train."

There was a murmur and a rippling chatter. Recruits were asking "Who's that?" and men used to San Antonio were explaining. The word "Edge" made a funny chopping sound in a dozen levels of tone.

"When did you get married?"

"Joy an' I," Edge said loudly, "have been married two weeks. It'll be in the paper tomorrow. We're going to Washington on the four o'clock. . . . And if you ain't yellow, Beauty, here I am."

I sat down on the grass. My knees undid and let me collapse. Muscles grew out of Schultze's naked shoulders. He plucked at the breast of his undershirt and his eyes seemed to film as he stood. Then he yelled and ran at Edge, and there was an astonishing flat sound of wet flesh struck by flesh, and after that a woman screamed, "You fight square, Beauty!" And then dust fairly poured up from the pounded earth in shaking veils and spurts of powder.

Some pair of legs got in front of me and I began to swear furiously at someone to get him out of my way, and meanwhile, in dodging glimpses, I saw mouths, red mouths and pink mouths, all opened, through the audience that bobbed its heads and lifted its locked fists in the fever of watching. In an intermittent and vague way, too, I was aware that all this was odiously animal, the charge of a disappointed brute at his victorious rival.

But it didn't last long enough to shock me as much as it should have shocked me. Our part of the crowd gave back and Beauty Schultze rolled over three times and his curls landed almost at my feet in a preposterous thud. I said "Oh!" in an amazing hush. After that the dust sank in wide bars and planes through the sunlight and Mr. Edge stooped to brush the flaring ends of his blue pantaloons in the solemn quietude of the general respect. Presently, while Schultze rolled over on his face and began to make heavy sounds in his throat, this quiet became embarrassing. Edge stood fingering a red mark on one arm. Some men turned and trickled off among the trees. Nobody really likes to see a beaten man cry with his face in the dirt.

"'At's all," said Robinson placidly. "You-all clear out of this or some officer'll be down. . . . Clear!"

Old Sergeant Mulcahy raised his voice and bawled, "Get along, the lot of ye! . . . Here, Stacy, an' you there, big boy! Get Beauty outa this! Get along an' to hell with ye! . . . Here, Beauty, you can walk all right."

There was a sort of booming in all directions. Heels battered the earth. Schultze lurched off, wrapped in two pairs of olive-drab arms, and I was a little dizzy in the speed of the spectacle's vanishing. An armadillo gave a dim cough from the bough of a tree overhead and decorously reversed his position, curling his tail under his shell. Robinson, having saved the situation, now rolled another cigarette and told Nate Edge, "Your footwork was bum, boy, but he was so mad it didn't matter any."

"Glad you came and got me," Edge remarked, and pulled his blue overshirt down his sides.

Then there was another bit of quietude. I glanced off at the retreating hosts and up at the armadillo. Joy's blue motor was masked by some brushwood thirty yards away and she was visible just as a shape, with veils twisted around a white hat which had something gold on one side. But the awkward subject was Private Conkling, crumpled down at the foot of a tree, in his ruins, with his shirt tail flickering away from useless fingers as he tried to stuff it inside his belt. He cried, but he cried noiselessly, as a gentleman should.

"Shall I get Joy to come and speak to the poor kid a minute?" Edge asked.

"No," said Robinson, shaking his head. "It's none of my business, but I'd take her right away from here, Nate. She's near killed him, two ways. Enough is enough. So long, an' thank you for comin' out."

"Thank you for comin' in for us," said the bridegroom. "It was fine! Good luck."

Presently the motor buzzed and the blue car shot off over the sunny turf. Conkling did not look up. His head drooped against the bole of the tree and he simply stayed there with his hands limp on his knees. The car and a waving white veil receded until the machine became a toy on the violent green of the meadow.

"Tough on him," said the sergeant softly, and we stood in a dreary helplessness that lasted until Robinson swung and walked across the dust and the forgotten rope to the boy's side. He drawled, "It was none of my business to do this, son, but I was tellin' Joy in town—I'd went in to have some lunch with her and Nate—that you was goin' to fight Beauty. She got all riled up and just heaved Edge into the car. She said she wasn't goin' to stand for havin' as handsome a man as you get mashed up for doin' the right thing, and Nate had better clean up his muss with Beauty right off. Anyhow, she has one of your pictures that he took along with her to remember you by. Only, look here, sonny! She's a married girl now, and you got to remember that. Don't you go writin' her letters or none of that stuff. As good-lookin' a man as you, with a chest on him, can find plenty of trouble. You better let Joy just forget about you, sonny. That," said Robinson superbly, "is the square thing to do."

The boy got up and picked his hat from the grass. He said hoarsely, "Yes. Thanks awf'ly. . . . Yes, I suppose that's the square thing to do. . . . Thank you, sergeant."

He walked into the ferocity of the sunlight at a sort of shamble. Then he halted to brush his shirt, and then he walked on with his shoulders rising. We watched his back droop and then stiffen for forty yards. Then he shook himself and tramped past the shadows of the corral and the inspecting mules.

"And," said Robinson, "she don't even know his name! But it's none of her business. Women make men, even if they go an' do it by accident. But I bet you he marries a girl with black eyes, kid."

Robinson always won bets.

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THE BLACK COAT

Continued from Page 29

green cupolas of churches, away in the dips of the plain, and the turned earth black. Holy Russia! Ah, and that mare he had of the hook-nosed gypsy at Yekaterinoslaff—he had never seen the equal of her black shining coat—what a jewel of a mare!

The cigar burned his lips and he threw the tiny stump into the ashes. That fire was going out—damp wood. But he had a little petrol from the garage in an old medicine bottle. He would cheer the wood up. His coat wasn't dry yet—a heavy rain tonight. He got the bottle and sparingly dripped its contents on the smoldering wood; his hand shook nowadays, and he spilled a little. Then he sat down again, and the Burg clock struck twelve. Little flames were creeping out now, little memories creeping to him from them. How those Japanese had fought! And how his men went over the ridge the day he got his cross. A wall—a Russian wall great fellows! "Lead us, little father, we will take the wood!" And he had led them. Two bullets through his thigh that day, and a wipe on the left shoulder—that was a life!

The crazy chair creaked and he sidled back in it: if one leaned forward, the old chair might break, and that wouldn't do. No chair to sit on then. A cat's weight would break down that on which his coat was spread. And he was drowsy now. He would dream nicely, with that fine blaze. A great evening. . . . The young girl had talked—talked—a pretty little hand to kiss! God bless all warmth! . . . And the general, in his crazy chair, slept, while the fire crept forward on the trickled petrol. From the streets below, too narrow for any car, came up no sound, and through the uncurtained window the stars were bright. Rain must have ceased, frost must be coming. And there was silence in the room, for the general could not snore; his chin was pressed too hard against his chest. He slept like a traveler who has made a long journey. And in the Elysian fields of his past he still walked in his dreams, and saw the flowering, and the flow of waters, the birds and the maidens and the beasts inhabiting.

Two hours passed and he woke up with a sneeze. Something was tickling his nose. Save for starshine it was dark—the fire out. He rose and groped for his matches and a bit of candle. He must be up in time to ring his bell before the dust cart; and, neatly folding his precious trousers, he crept under his two blankets, wrinkling his nose, full of a nasty bitter smell.

A soldier's habit of waking when he would rang its silent alarm at seven o'clock. Cold! A film of ice had gathered on the water in his cracked ewer. But to precede a dust cart one need not wash too carefully. He had finished and was ready to go forth, when he remembered his black coat. One must fold and put it away with the camphor and dried lavender in the old trunk. He took it hastily from the back of the crazy chair, and his heart stood still. What was this? A great piece of it in the middle of the back, just where the tails were set on, crumbled in his hands—scorched scorched to tinder! The wreck dangled in his grip like a corpse from a gibbet. His coat his old black coat! Ruined past repair. He stood there quite motionless. It meant what did it mean? And suddenly, down the leathery yellow of his cheeks, two tears rolled slowly. His old coat, his one coat! In all the weeks of all these years he had never been able to buy a garment, never been able to put by a single stiver. And, dropping the ruined coat, as one might drop the hand of a friend who has played one a dirty trick, he staggered from the room and down the stairs. The smell—that bitter smell! The smell of scorching gone stale!

In front of the dust cart, in his dingy jeans, ringing his bell, he walked through the streets of the old city like a man in a bad dream. In the café he ate his bit of bread and sausage, drank his poor coffee, smoked his one cigarette. His mind refused to dwell on his misfortune. Only when washing an omnibus that evening in the garage he stopped suddenly, as if choked. The smell of the petrol had caught him by the throat—petrol, that had been the ruin of his coat.

So passed that week, and Sunday came. He did not get up at all, but turned his face to the wall instead. He tried his best, but the past would not come to him. It needed the better food, the warming of the little wine, the talk, the scent of tobacco, the sight of friendly faces. And, holding his gray head tight in his hands, he ground his teeth. For only then he realized that he was no longer alive; that all his soul had been in those few Sunday-evening hours, when, within the shelter of his black coat, he refuged in the past. Another, and another week! His friends were all so poor. A soldier of old Russia—a general—well-born—he made no sign to them; he could not beg and he did not complain. But he had ceased to live, and he knew it, having no longer any past to live for. And something Russian in his soul—something uncompromising and extreme, something which refused to blink fact and went with hand outstretched to meet fate—hardened and grew within him.

The rest is a paragraph from a journal:

The body of an old gray-haired man was taken from the river this morning. The indications point to suicide, and the cast of features would suggest that another Russian émigré has taken fate into his own hands. The body was clothed in trousers, shirt and waistcoat of worn but decent quality; it had no coat.

Limbs and Shadows, Oregon

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THE GOOD WILL OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

There was no Lucile Helen King; there were no Kings on Seventy-fifth Street at the address the girl had given.

"Where's Racken?" Steve asked Sigert. Racken knew, at least by sight, everyone who was anybody in New York. It was part of his business.

Racken was not about; so Steve left word for Racken to call at his rooms. He repacked the black bag, but did not relock it.

"If anyone presents the check for this, detain him and phone me," Steve instructed.

Identification, at least the probable identification of the bag as the property of Leroy Kirtlester, confirmed to Steve his opinion of the caste of the girl who had falsely given her name as Lucile Helen King; she was of the old New York set, of the inner few. She was not a sister of Kirtlester; he had no sister. She must be, therefore, concerned with him in some sentimental way.

The episode, whatever it might be, found no connection now in Steve's imaginings with the murder of Higginbotham on that night; there had never, in actuality, been grounds for any such connection. Distrusting his own motives, he merely had been unwilling to let a bag checked on that night go out of his hands until he was entirely certain in respect to who owned it.

In his own room he reopened the bag and reexamined the memorandum book with its pages of peculiar figures. Notations of time they appeared to be; and suddenly Steve, though no horseman himself, but because his mind had been on Higginbotham, suspected what the notations were.

His idea brought him up with something of a shock. It was of course merely a theory, with nothing to confirm it. Racken, he thought, might confirm or deny it. Racken followed the racing news.

Someone nearer at hand also followed the races, and far more closely than Racken. Steve closed the bag and put it away, but kept out the book and rang for Birkie, his valet.

Birkie was a little wiry Englishman, born and bred upon an English country place—"with horses, sir; horses and gentlemen." Horses he invariably put first and repeated. Horses and racing were his obsession. Steve was the more careful, therefore, when handing the little man the memorandum book, to make no mention of any circumstance regarding it. He kept back even his own opinion of the character of the figures.

"What do these look like to you, Birkie?" he said.

"They're gallops of a horse, sir."

"What?" said Steve, with his theory corroborated.

"A horse, sir, in training. At the mile. And getting ready for his race, too; you see the times keep getting shorter."

"Could you say what horse, Birkie?"

"Mr. Higginbotham's horse, I would say, sir. Osiris."

"What?" said Steve, unable to check his start.

"Mr. Higginbotham's great colt, sir."

"How do you know that, Birkie?"

"I don't know, sir. I'd just say so, sir. I fancied the horse myself, sir, and kept watch in the racing sheets of what he was doing. It might be some other horse with the same times, sir; but that's not likely. I'd say those were Osiris' gallops before his last big race."

"When was that run?" asked Steve.

"Last Saturday, sir; the Saturday Mr. Higginbotham was killed."

"Did Osiris win?"

"No, sir. Mr. Higginbotham, it has come out, lost a pot of money on him. I lost my bit as well, sir. The horse looked very good before the race, but he didn't run up to expectations."

"Has Osiris run since?"

"No, sir. Others of Mr. Higginbotham's horses have though, sir. The Westcoast Stable, though owned by Mr. Higginbotham, sir, is carried in the name of its manager."

"When does Osiris run again?"

"This coming Saturday—tomorrow, sir. At Belmont Park."

Steve, dismissing Birkie, spent a few instants in reassuring himself. That Leroy Kirtlester's bag showed him to be interested in the performance of some horse which Birkie thought might be Higginbotham's Osiris did not mean that Kirtlester had had anything to do with the murder of Osiris' owner. Many persons who knew nothing of Higginbotham and had no concern with him were interested in the performance of his horse. What Steve found most disturbing was the action of the girl. Why had she—acting either for Kirtlester, who perhaps had lost the check, or for herself—concealed her identity when she tried to recover the bag?

It must be, Steve thought, because either the bag or some article in it, when properly scrutinized, would connect the owner with some event which they wished to conceal. They had been afraid probably that the bag, if left uncalled for for an indefinite time, would be opened and examined. But it did not follow that the event disturbing them had anything to do with Higginbotham.

Steve got out the bag again, opened it and laid out its contents. They were the initialed hairbrushes, socks, underwear, two shirts and several collars. The collars were new and, in fact, in the box in which they had been purchased. The bag, together with its contents, was altogether too trifling in value intrinsically to justify the appearance of such a person as that girl to obtain it for itself; but there was nothing which Steve's imaginings could construe as indicating any other motive.

With relief Steve was putting the things back into the bag when Racken came in, and Steve told him the incident and described the girl.

"If the man is Leroy Kirtlester, she listens like one of the Cowles girls," Racken declared. "They're that type—two sisters. Letitia Cowles, she sounds like."

"Cowles," said Steve, his relief complete and definite as he repeated the name. As long as he had known anything about New York he had heard of the Cowles family. He went back to the bag, explaining to Racken what he had been doing, while he repacked it and made ready to forget it. Racken, helping him, handled the different articles without comment until he came to the box of collars.

"Cluper-Keen, size fifteen and a half!" Racken exclaimed, and his long, slender hands, holding them, shook slightly.

"Do those mean anything to you?" Steve inquired.

"You weren't in Room 842 after the shooting," Racken said soberly. "You were away and got the story through the newspapers. They didn't mention that during the evening Higginbotham had changed his collar. Or we thought he was the one who changed it."

"What's that?" demanded Steve.

Racken snapped his thin fingers excitedly. "This catches that collar episode. Listen, Steve; besides the sandwiches and cocktails to show that Higginbotham and the man in the room with him were friends, there was the change of a collar. A soiled Cluper-Keen collar, size fifteenand a half and this style, was on the washstand in the bathroom. It was Higginbotham's size, so the supposition was that it was Higginbotham's collar. It was by a different maker and slightly different in style from his other collars, but that meant nothing. Anyone picks up an odd collar. Now it means something. It wasn't Higginbotham who changed his collar, but the other man. Higginbotham probably gave him one of his own and he left the one he was wearing."

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POOLEY
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"Of course," said Steve, "if that happened we have the reason why he had to get back his bag. He thought the collars in it would connect him with the murder."

"If that's what happened," Racken echoed.

They looked at one another for a long minute in silence.

"Let's drop it, Steve. The papers have only just quieted down. If the Kirtlesters and the Cowleses are in this in any way, what's been printed will be a whisper to what's coming. You might as well close the house."

"We can't drop it," said Steve.

"You mean you're going to take this to the police?"

"No, not yet," Steve told him. "We don't know that this is Kirtlester's bag. We don't know that the girl is Letitia Cowles. We aren't sure that's the explanation of the collars. But we can't lie down on the job and plead our ignorance. We've got to go on. If we stir up something that puts the Colony into the red by making the house a losing proposition, we'll have to stand it. But if it's Kirtlester ——" He lost himself for an instant in unpleasant speculation as to the possible reasons a man of the standing of Kirtlester might have had for shooting another such as Higginbotham. "Has Kirtlester ever been mentioned in connection with Higginbotham?"

"Never a word."

"Or Letitia Cowles? There wasn't any mention of her or any other woman who might be in the Kirtlester set?"

"Never a word."

Steve considered. He might, tomorrow, visit the office on Broad Street where presumably Kirtlester occasionally called; he might journey to Southampton. Tomorrow, however, at Belmont Park, Osiris was to run again. Kirtlester, or whoever was the owner of the bag, apparently had been following the fortunes of Osiris prior to Higginbotham's death. Was he following them now?

Racken that night brought Steve some additional disturbing information. Kirtlester, he had learned, had been in California during the winter when Higginbotham's horses had had their string of successes. Racken had discovered nothing, however, to show that, either in California or New York, Kirtlester and Higginbotham ever had met or had dealings of any nature.

The day was cool and fair. "Weather clear, track fast," went the information on the wires to betters all over the country. It was a splendid day for races, and at Belmont the immense oval of the track, which is the longest in America, was girded by the greatest throng of the September season. Steve and Racken, supplied with clubhouse tickets, stepped from the runway onto the clubhouse lawn, where were gathered in gay, animated groups the people beloved by newspaper photographers and news-reel operators because they were envied and admired by the great public—the society folk of New York.

To one side of them rose the huge grand stand of steel and concrete where, while awaiting the bugle calling the horses to the post for the first race, the band was playing. Directly in front of the east end of the stand stood the judges' pagoda, and across from it toward each end of the long, serrated rows of seats, the jockey boards, on which, previous to each race, the horses' numbers, the jockeys' names and the post positions are displayed, showed the numbers for the first race.

Beyond noticing that none of the horses which had been Higginbotham's were entered in this race, Steve gave the board no attention. Wandering among the standing or seated groups of people, he saw, with two other women and three men, the girl who had applied at the Colony for the L. H. K. suitcase. Close beside her was a slim, good-looking young man with dark hair and mustache. He had the easy, assured bearing of the girl and of the other members of the party, two of whom, Steve now recognized, were the Durlands—Arthur Durland and his wife.

Steve knew them only slightly; indeed, scarcely more than by sight. He was not at all sure that they would remember and recognize him. They were of the circle in New York in which moved the Cowleses and the Kirtlesters and in which Steve Faraday, for all his seven hotels, would not be welcomed. The Durlands, whose men had long been yachtsmen and members of the jockey club, were horse owners, Steve knew. Indeed, one of their horses was entered in this first race; and as the animals passed to the post Arthur Durland and his wife and the two other people with them watched the track and the passing of the Durland colors. The light-haired girl and the very good-looking young man turned only perfunctorily toward the track; in a moment they took advantage of the preoccupation of their companions to draw aside and whisper together.

When Racken joined Steve he recognized both of them: "She's Letitia Cowles. He's Leroy Kirtlester."

Steve wandered nearer and the girl looked up and gazed at him. She was not the sort to stare, and when she did so Steve knew that she had recognized him; but she cut him, deliberately looking away.

He passed, conscious of warm color in his face and of pulses beating, not so much because she had cut him as because of the manner of her act and what it had betrayed. Of course, having given him a false name at the Colony and having applied for a bag not hers—whatever the reason—she was in an embarrassing position here if she admitted the incident; but her manner had been something more than that. She was afraid of him. She turned quickly after he had passed, and was about to speak to Kirtlester, but did not.

Steve returned, keeping at a little distance, but watching them. She was flushed and nervous. She was protecting Kirtlester exactly as, Steve now believed, she had protected him in applying for the bag, because she—as no doubt she had told him and he had agreed—ran the smaller risk. In an emergency, Steve suspected, Kirtlester would be likely to crumple up. But even that did not account for the nervousness Kirtlester now showed.

The first race was over; and Durland, acknowledging congratulations because his horse was second, caught sight of Steve and nodded. Steve considered stopping and shaking hands with him, but thought better of it and moved on, yet kept Kirtlester and Letitia Cowles in sight.

A stir of anticipation went through those around him as the horses appeared for the second race, which at Belmont is always a steeplechase, beloved by the crowd for its spectacular features; but Steve saw that Kirtlester and the girl with him took no interest in the event. When, however, the numbers for the third race went up they quickened to interested attention.

In this race the Durlands had an entry and Higginbotham's Westcoast Stable had two. "Two of the dead man's horses are running," Steve heard someone say; and the murder was mentioned and the Colony Hotel.

Neither of these horses, however, was Osiris. He was in the fourth race—the big race of the day—in which he was to be ridden by the Westcoast winner—as he had been called—Pegg, Higginbotham's best jockey.

Pegg's name was up as the rider for King Solomon, and Kirby was up for Alvarez.

Steve went to the seat where he had established Birkie. "What talk do you hear?" Steve asked. He had brought Birkie along because of the little man's genius for picking up gossip, especially regarding the races.

"They're both riding as usual," Birkie replied. "Pegg is on Solomon, the better horse, sir. Kirby is on Alvarez. Kirby is just an apprentice jockey, but he's been luckier in New York than Pegg."

"Pegg came from the West with Higginbotham, Birkie?"

"Yes, sir. He did his winning in the West."

"Kirby's also from the West?"

"He started as stableboy at Tijuana, sir. He married Pegg's sister. 'Twas Pegg taught him to ride."

Steve, watching the oralers take the slips of paper on which the players wrote their wagers, saw neither Kirtlester nor Letitia Cowles among the betters. Both remained in their place; and Steve, watching them, discerned a different order of interest in this race. From the moment the horses passed to the post the light-haired girl and the dark young man close beside her bent forward, absorbed in the preliminaries to the start. Even if Steve had seen that they had wagered on this race, he scarcely would have explained this alteration in them by the money stake. Something else was at stake on this race, something which excited them both and set them to whispering, with heads close together, while the jockeys played for position.

They were off and the Durland horse had the best of the start, a fair length ahead. Durland and his wife and the two others of their party, as well as many friends near by, watched eagerly that leading horse. Letitia Cowles and Leroy Kirtlester did not. It was the Higginbotham horses which they watched.

King Solomon, bearing the flaming colors of Westcoast, was back in the bunch—seventh or eighth—with the flame-shirted Kirby on Alvarez beside him.

"Solomon! Solomon!" called some who, remembering the Westcoast record in the winter, still played the flaming colors of California for a turn of luck. "Come on, King! King! King Solomon!"

Across from them on the long straightaway of the back stretch the flaming shirt of California moved up. Sixth, fifth, fourth it rode; but the flaming shirt was borne not by King Solomon. Pegg, the better rider on the better horse, was back in the bunch, still seventh; it was Kirby the apprentice who was moving up.

Steve, watching the race with the thrill which horse races always gave him, by an effort took his eyes from the track.

Durland and his wife were bent forward in the keenness of watching their horse; and Letitia Cowles and Leroy Kirtlester bent close together in the strain and tension of watching—Steve now was absolutely sure—no mere horse race. What were they watching?

Steve glanced again at the track. The horses were approaching the first bend of the long turn, and as they spread out in clear silhouette the flaming colors of California raced on the neck of the second horse close behind the leader bearing the Durland colors; and Alvarez, with a stableboy up, was gaining. Not a length, hardly half a length, separated the noses of the leader and Alvarez.

Back, six horses behind—for they were spread out now; there was no bunch—was King Solomon with Pegg up. Five horses behind only, he was; for the fifth horse faltered or Pegg increased his pace; he was fifth now. It was Pegg on King Solomon moving up; the colors of California, besides showing second, showed also fourth.

"There goes King Solomon! There goes the King!" the crowd cried.

As they entered the stretch the King was third. Out in front, but hardly by a head, was the Durland horse with Alvarez beside him and King Solomon coming up. At the mile the race was even.

Durland straightened in his seat and shook his head. He was watching his colors; his horse was through and he knew it. His wife and the two guests between them also watched his horse and the race was over for them, for their horse faltered. Alvarez was past; King Solomon was past; two other horses were past. For Letitia Cowles and Leroy Kirtlester it was as if the race was just beginning; and it was all a Westcoast race with the two flaming shirts of California in front by themselves. Which Westcoast horse would win could be the only question.

If it were a matter of a mere money wager this would make no difference; for Westcoast was sure to win; whoever wagered on either horse would win. The horses were running as a stable. It was, as Steve had known, no mere matter of money for Letita Cowles and Leroy Kirtlester.

On the track King Solomon continued his rush. Closer, closer to the flying Alvarez he raced, and with more in him, more to respond to the touch of the whip which Pegg flicked on his flanks; he was past Alvarez, half a length to the finish.

"King! King! King!" the crowd cried. "King Solomon! Pegg! Pegg!" They hailed the winner.

Leroy Kirtlester and Letitia Cowles sat back, looking at each other, still tense, still excited. They had not been among those who hailed the winner. Something very definite to them had developed. They utilized the excitement of the others to whisper together intently; then they turned to scan the board on which the numbers had gone up for the fourth—the big race of the day. Steve, standing a few yards off and watching, felt that everything which had happened before was of minor importance. He, too, turned to inspect the board.

Durland had two horses in the race; Westcoast had two. Steve found the horses' numbers on his program—Osiris and Sunrise ran for Westcoast—and there were the jockeys' names upon the board. Pegg's name and Kirby's again; but Kirby, not Pegg, was on Osiris; Pegg was on Sunrise, the Westcoast second horse, which if it had run alone for its stable would have been a rank outsider.

It started a flurry of talk, so sudden and unexpected a switch at the moment before the big race. What did it mean?

The horses made their parade before the stands, and there on the neck of Osiris, as the board had warned, was Kirby; on Sunrise rode Pegg in his flaming shirt.

Letitia Cowles and Leroy Kirtlester were staring. The switch of the jockeys was to them more than a surprise. Across and beyond the wide oval of the infield and away from the stands and clubhouse—this race being at a mile—the horses were jockeying for place behind the barrier.

Then the webbing flew up and they were off. In the middle of the bunch of bent bobbing backs of the jockeys the flaming hues of Westcoast rode side by side.

Reaching the turn the horses began stringing out, but still close together raced the colors of California. Swinging into the long three-eighths-of-a-mile straightaway of the stretch, there they came, still close together, with only three horses in front of them.

"Osiris! Osiris!"

For Osiris was moving up; but beside Osiris, leap for leap, Sunrise raced, responding to the spur of the jockey. Osiris ran without whip or spur; Osiris still had reserve, but Sunrise was nearly spent.

Then suddenly, almost in front of the club, something happened. The two horses of Westcoast were all at once much closer together. Osiris staggered, but caught his feet again. On he went; on and by the leaders before they reached the judges' stand. Osiris wins!

Sunrise, with Pegg, was down. Another, following, ran into the horse and fell; others went around. The jockey of the second fallen horse rolled to the side of the track in safety, but Pegg lay still.

Birkie, at Steve's elbow, said:

"The boy tried something, sir."

"Tried?"

"Yes, sir. He took a big chance."

"Who did?" asked Steve.

"The boy on Sunrise, sir, that used to be Mr. Higginbotham's. Pegg, sir. He risked his life to do it."

"Risked his life to win?" asked Steve.

"No, sir," said Birkie, whispering. "If you ask me, sir, I'd say he risked his life so that the other horse of his own stable wouldn't win."

Steve was watching, now, Letitia Cowles and Kirtlester. The Durlands and the

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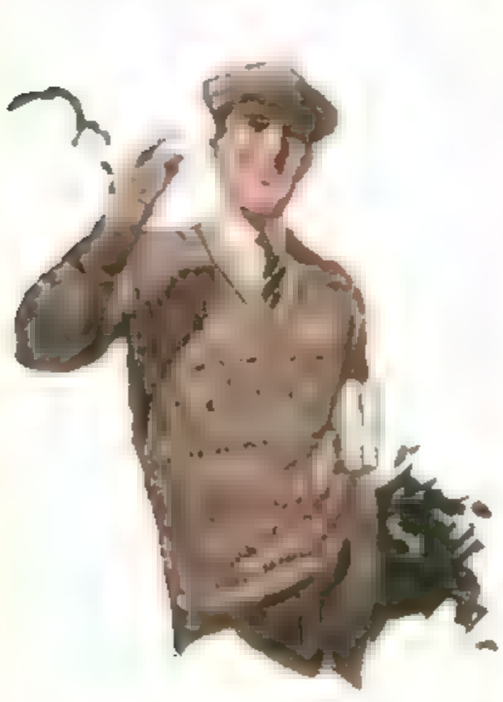

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Heavy shaker knit shawl-collared pullover for boys and girls. Worsted and wool plated, contrasting color on collar, cuff and tail

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others stood staring, white and curious, as Pegg was carried from the track. Plainly to them what had happened was an accident.

But Letitia Cowles and Kirtlester, Steve was certain, did not see it so. At the backs of the others they talked briefly in whispers; and though two races were yet to be run, they said good-by to the rest of the party and went out.

In the judges' stand was a knot of consultation; but plainly the judges had seen the fall only as an accident; for the red board which makes the result official went up under the numbers of the first three horses that finished. Steve followed Letitia Cowles and Kirtlester, but after nearly overtaking them, he held back and let them, without question or delay, step into their motor car.

With Racken and Birkie, Steve took a taxi back to the city.

"Well," observed Racken, "Higginbotham today had a couple of winners."

Steve said nothing, but gave Birkie a chance. "King Solomon, sir, did not surprise me. He was the class of his race. Osiris, too, sir, was the class of his on his Western form. A bit queer, sir, isn't it, that Osiris could never win in the East here for Mr. Higginbotham while he was alive, but wins his first race after he's dead?"

"What do you make of it, Steve?" Racken directly demanded.

"God knows," Steve answered soberly.

At the Colony he dropped Birkie and Racken and immediately went on to Letitia Cowles' address—not the street number which she, as Lucile Helen King, had given him, but her father's home—a fine old house on a Sixty street, east of the Park and close to Fifth Avenue.

The motor car which Steve had seen at Belmont was standing before the door. B. R. K. were the initials in small letters; it was a Kirtlester car and Leroy Kirtlester, Steve believed, was in the house with Letitia Cowles. Steve hesitated no longer, but went up the steps.

The delay, before the servant returned and told him that Miss Cowles was in, indicated to Steve a consultation between her and Kirtlester. "Stephen Faraday of the Hotel Colony," he had said to the servant, so he had no doubt whatever of her remembering him; and when she appeared she pretended to no wonder at his presence.

"The other day you called at the Hotel Colony," said Steve, explaining himself, "regarding a suitcase."

"Yes," she said, flushing a little. Her refusal to deny meant nothing, Steve realized; denial under the circumstances would have been ridiculous.

"I came in reference to that matter," Steve continued.

She waited, paler. How very lovely she was, Steve thought, and lovelier for the little wideness of her eyes and the little poise of fright.

"Oh, yes," she said; "my suitcase. You have decided to let me have it then?"

"Not exactly," said Steve slowly. "If we turn it over to anyone it would have to be to Mr. Kirtlester. The case is marked with his initials. He is the owner, I believe, is he not?" Steve challenged her directly.

"It is his bag, Mr. Faraday," she said.

"However, we should have given it to you when you came to the hotel, except for one peculiar circumstance."

"What was that?"

"You said the case was checked on Sunday. Do you remember?"

"I do."

"The check showed that the time was Saturday night."

Again Letitia Cowles started and this time returned with spirit. "And because after a week had elapsed I made a mistake of a day, you decided to embarrass me."

"I am sorry if you were embarrassed," said Steve. "I do not think you really blame us. You see that particular Saturday night was for us at the Hotel Colony an evening of most peculiar interest."

"May I ask why?"

"It was on that evening that Mr. Lou Higginbotham, the running of whose horses you and Mr. Kirtlester watched with so much interest at Belmont today, was murdered."

She went very pale, but was quiet and collected; and Steve was conscious of a twinge of admiration at the idea that it was of Kirtlester and not of herself that she was thinking.

"Do you imagine that Mr. Kirtlester has any connection with Mr. Higginbotham's death?"

"I do not imagine it," replied Steve as coolly as he could. "I know he has some connection, but of what sort I do not know. That is why I am here."

For an instant she was breathless; then she challenged, "Why?"

"I will tell you exactly what we have and what we have not regarding Mr. Kirtlester's connection with the murder," said Steve. "We have opened his bag and examined the contents. In the first place it established that Mr. Kirtlester had been at the Colony that evening; in the second, his notebook showed that he had been following very closely the trials of Osiris; in the third, the collars in the bag were the same as the odd collar found in Higginbotham's room. It was this, I think, which made you want the bag. Was it not?"

She shook her head. The denial was useless, but now she had to make denial. The accusation was coming too close to being an accusation of murder.

"Kirtlester is here, I believe," said Steve shortly.

"No."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Tell him," said Steve quietly, "that I am quite sure he and I had better have a talk. Don't you think so too?"

"Yes," she said and suddenly left the room. Steve paced thoughtfully while he waited.

Kirtlester appeared, slightly preceding Letitia Cowles. His cheeks seemed absolutely bloodless; his eyes were unsteady. Crumpling at the pinch, Steve thought. In some such flurry of rage or fear or retaliation, he might very well have shot Higginbotham; and yet in the everyday affairs which make up nearly all of life he was undoubtedly a charming person; and the girl loved him. She must be in love with him to have done what she had done for him and to have shared whatever emotion had been obsessing him today.

"Miss Cowles tells me that you have my suitcase. She says you were at the track watching me today," Kirtlester said unsteadily.

"I was watching you," Steve confirmed.

"Why? And why have you come here?" Kirtlester challenged.

"Bluntly," said Steve, "because I have reason to believe you are the man who shot Higginbotham."

Kirtlester jerked. "I know nothing whatever about his murder!" he cried.

"But you knew him, didn't you?"

Kirtlester looked at the girl. Steve could not see her without turning around, for she had worked around behind him. She had posted herself as a sort of prompter, Steve realized, out of his sight. Evidently she prompted Kirtlester to admit it, for now he said, "Yes."

"You were with Higginbotham on Saturday night?"

Again the prompter nodded, for Kirtlester replied, "I saw him on Saturday night."

"Where did you see him?"

"In his room."

"You were in his room, were you? At what time?"

The prompter behind his back, Steve thought, did not hesitate before this decision, but Kirtlester did. It was several seconds before he admitted, "I was in Mr. Higginbotham's room about half-past ten."

"When did you leave?"

"Before twelve."

"Higginbotham was killed about that time," Steve reminded.

"I know it. I know nothing about it."

"You can hardly expect that statement to suffice, Mr. Kirtlester."

"I know that," Kirtlester returned uneasily, "and I intend to tell you more. I have agreed with Miss Cowles that I should tell you."

As he again hesitated, Letitia Cowles left her place behind Steve and moved around to stand by Kirtlester.

"I was with Higginbotham in his room on Saturday night," Kirtlester repeated, "but I did not know him well. I had met him only once—last winter in California. I was there on a holiday, Faraday, and having nothing to do I drifted over to Tijuana. I knew almost nothing about race horses and I made bets of only a few dollars, but as I happened to have taken a liking to the Higginbotham horses, I had remarkable luck. They almost always won. I was introduced to Higginbotham one afternoon and he impressed me as a straightforward person and a good sort of horseman. At the same time I met the jockey riding for his stable—Pegg.

"I did not see Higginbotham again to speak to in California; three or four times I ran across the jockey and, as people will at a race track, I asked him about horses and followed his advice.

"When I got back, Mr. Faraday, I took so little interest in racing that I did not even know that Higginbotham had brought his horses East until I happened to run into Pegg on the street here in New York just before the opening of the meeting at Saratoga. He told me that the Higginbotham horses were to be campaigned on the New York tracks. Of course I remembered my winnings on them at Tijuana.

"I had considerable confidence in the horses of that stable, Mr. Faraday—especially Osiris. I found others hadn't. You know New York. Nobody and nothing, man or horse, has made good in the mind of a New Yorker until he has made good in New York. Results elsewhere don't count. So in spite of the showing of this stable in California the odds were long, even on Osiris. I thought him a great horse and I saw a chance to make a killing. I had an idea that after his first race the odds on him would shorten; so I made a big bet to start. Of course I lost. I was sure he would win next time, so I bet heavily again and lost. I kept losing. I have lost better than $200,000. On the race in which Osiris ran on the Saturday Higginbotham was killed I had more than $40,000."

"On that one race?" Steve asked quickly. "You bet at the track?"

"Hardly. I could not have got a bookmaker at the track to take that amount. I placed it in town with the representative of one of the big bookmakers."

"That one man took it all? I do not remember the odds on Osiris, but they must have been heavy."

"They were. I would have made a quarter of a million dollars if I had won; but as it was I came back to town $40,000 worse off and feeling rather desperate, Mr. Faraday. I had stuck by the Higginbotham horses because of what I had seen in California. I thought with each race they were bound to return to form. But that last race convinced me that they would not because they would not be allowed to do so. That's why I came to town to see Higginbotham. I called him on the phone and reminded him of our meeting in California, and without telling him my business I asked to see him. I went directly to the hotel, where he met me cordially in the lobby. As I had come directly from the train, I had my suitcase with some things I was bringing into town still with me. I checked it and then went up to Higginbotham's room.

"Higginbotham completely deceived me at first."

"Deceived you?" said Steve starting. "How?"

"I thought when I first met him he sincerely was feeling very badly himself and he could not understand his bad luck in the East. He had something to drink and we had sandwiches, as all the newspapers have commented. I also changed my collar, as you know. I was washing up and was going to send down for my suitcase for a collar when Higginbotham noticed that our collars were the same size and in his insistent Western way made me take one of his. Of course I left my own."

"Yes," said Steve.

"We had a very agreeable time at first. Then I got suspicious of him. I had told him that I had lost immensely on his horses and he said so had he. I said something must be wrong. It could not be merely loss of form on coming East, as Osiris appeared as good as ever in his training gallops. Higginbotham immediately flared up so hotly that I was sure something crooked was going on, and told him so. He went into the most violent rage I ever saw. There was nothing for me to do but leave."

"So you left?" asked Steve.

"Of course I left."

"You left Higginbotham alive, you mean?"

"Of course I left him alive."

"You made no attack on him nor he on you?"

"Except by words, none."

"You left him in his room?"

"Yes."

"He was alone then?"

"So far as I know."

"Then what did you do?"

"Nothing else about Higginbotham. I met, downstairs, a party of people whom I knew and went with them to a supper club. I entirely forgot about my bag. The next morning I read in the newspapers that Higginbotham had been murdered."

"Why didn't you come forward with this information?"

"Why should I? It would do no good, for I know nothing about the murder. There were a half dozen reasons for doing nothing. I would have been courting scandal. It is not pleasant, Mr. Faraday, to have lost the amount of money that I have through racing. The property of my brothers and myself is an undivided estate and they do not know that I have had such considerable losses. It is quite as unpleasant to have quarreled with Higginbotham just before he was killed. The family of the girl one hopes to marry"—Kirtlester glanced unsteadily at Letitia Cowles—"would hardly look favorably on such incidents. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Faraday, I did not consider volunteering a statement because I expected to be dragged into the affair anyway. When I remembered my bag and searched my clothes for the check, I could not find it. I recalled taking it from my pocket in Higginbotham's room when I proposed to send for the bag to get a collar. I thought that I must have left it there and that it must have been found."

Steve turned from Kirtlester to Letitia Cowles, and questioned her directly: "When did Mr. Kirtlester tell you about this?"

"Tuesday," she answered frankly.

"Three days after the murder," Steve observed.

"She saw that I was in trouble about something," Kirtlester put in quickly, "and questioned me. Naturally I told her; and she volunteered to go and get the bag, or at least discover whether it still was there."

"What were you doing at the races today?" Steve demanded shortly.

"Watching Higginbotham's horses," Kirtlester replied. "You saw how they ran; they won both races they were in. Doesn't it prove that what I said to Higginbotham was true? He was crooked. Alive, his horses lose; as soon as he is dead, they win!"

Steve gazed again from Kirtlester into the wide, steady eyes of Letitia Cowles and he held his impulse to reply. This girl, he saw, believed Kirtlester's story exactly as it had been told. She knew nothing contradictory to it; she was upholding it, asserting it with him.

Of her Steve felt no doubt whatever; her participation in the affair, he felt he knew completely. But Kirtlester—Kirtlester, by

(Continued on Page 205)

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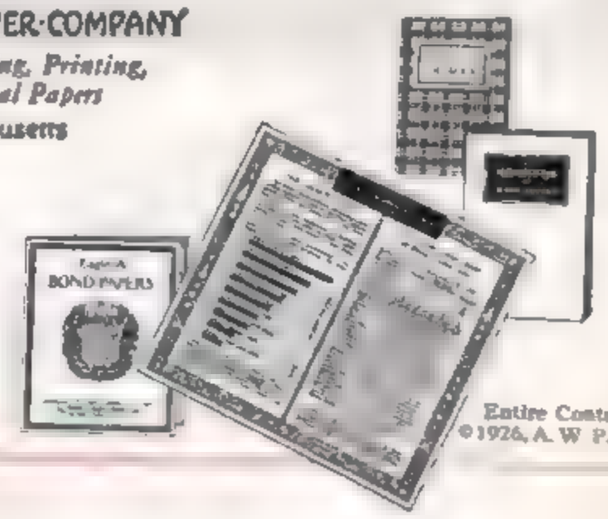

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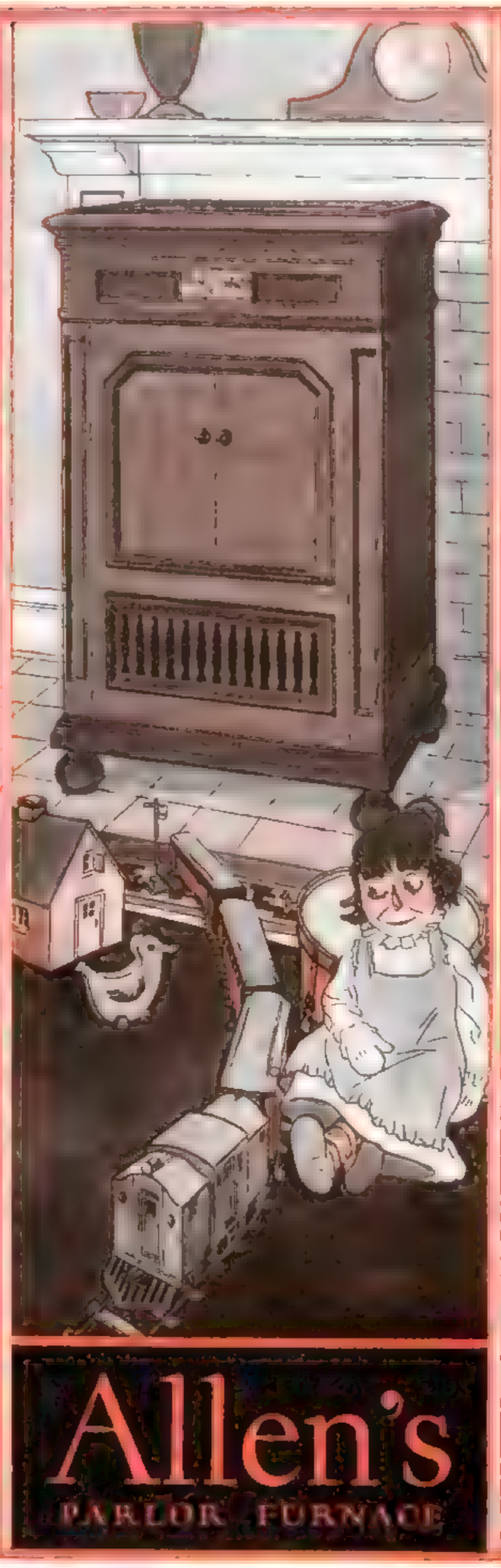

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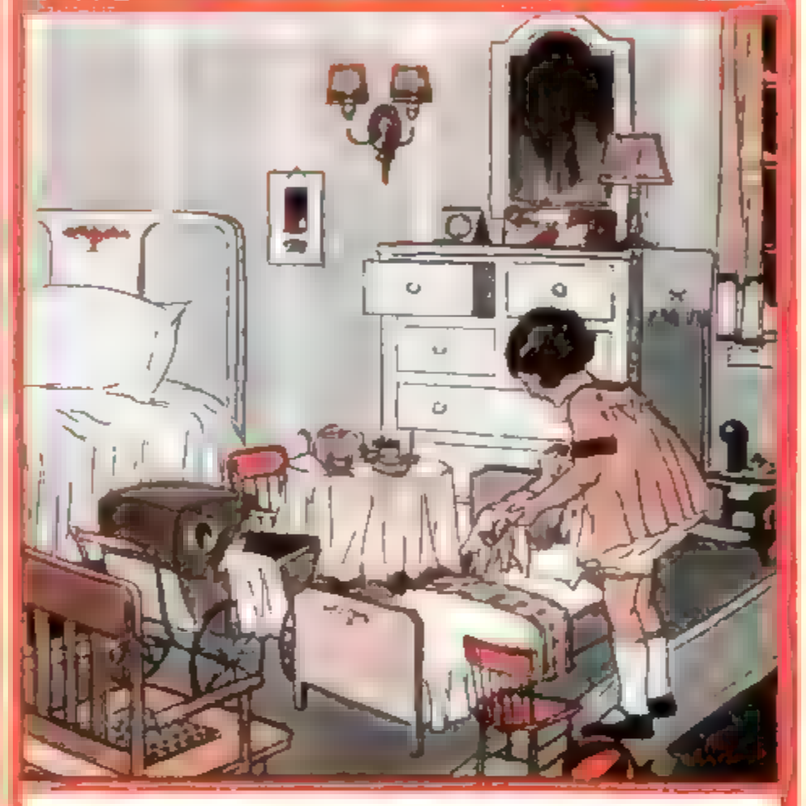

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all the rooms in the house. It heats seven rooms or more. It saves cost of cellar and needs but one chimney instead of the several required by individual room-heaters, stoves or fireplaces. It costs little, if any, more than the individual one-room stove, yet it "out-heats" several stoves. It burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood, and is installed in about ten minutes. The New Allen's Parlor Furnace is made in mahogany and walnut finishes to harmonize with your furniture. It is as good-looking as a piece of fine furniture—but is every inch a strong, durable, house-heating furnace.

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No hot pitch to devitalize the cells . . . no bulging tops . . . no cracked seals . . . no internal short circuits . . . no needless weight . . . unequaled low internal resistance . . . 10% to 15% longer life than ever before . . .

This is the master Ray-O-Vac "B" 45-volt battery, with the new construction, recommended for all multiple-tube sets, especially sets requiring more than 16 milliamperes of current. It has 30 extra large size cells giving 45 volts, with one intermediate tap at 22½ volts.

Price

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FOR the first time in years a dry battery manufacturer has dared to break away from precedent by defying traditions in dry battery construction and to build a better battery according to sensible, scientific principles!

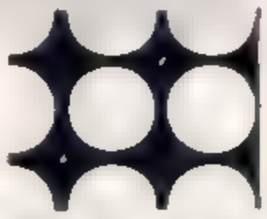
Now radio owners can have "B" batteries that will not only give better reception but that will last longer and reduce battery expense from 10% to 15%!

AFTER years of study of radio requirements, the engineers of the French Battery Company evolved this new long-life battery.

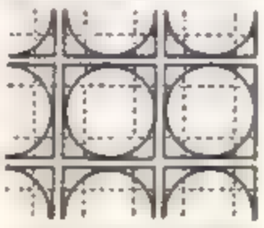
In old-style batteries, hot pitch or wax is poured over the tops of the individual cells to hold them together. The heat robs the electrolyte of the moisture so necessary to give life and power to the battery and devitalizes the cell.

In the new Ray-O-Vac batteries *no hot pitch* is used at all. The electrolyte retains its original moisture, making a fresh, full-powered battery. In old-style batteries when the zinc can of any one cell is eaten through by the chemicals it contains, the expanding electrolyte pushes out through the top and contacts with other cells. Short circuits are bound to occur.

The new Ray-O-Vac construction prevents a single oozing cell from thus ruining the whole battery. Each cell is rigidly fixed in a square waterproof, acid-proof, insulated compartment by itself. This compartment allows ample room for the electrolyte to expand. Hence the cell produces current until almost the entire zinc can is consumed. Consequently the life of the battery is increased from 10% to 15%! And without the needless pitch top, Ray-O-Vac 45-volt "B" batteries are nearly four pounds lighter than old-style batteries.



Section through old-style construction. Solid pitch fills space between cells, preventing expansion of the electrolyte. Shortcircuits common.



In Ray-O-Vac batteries each cell is in a square section, with waterproof, acid-proof compartment. Expanding electrolyte cannot short-circuit cells because there is room for expansion of the square compartment.

EMINENT radio engineers have endorsed the unequaled low internal resistance which has always characterized Ray-O-Vac batteries. It means better reception because radio signals are not distorted by the current in amplification.

This valuable quality is also a feature of the new Ray-O-Vacs. It will give you a new quality of radio reception.

THE internal resistance and staying power of a radio battery are qualities that you cannot always measure with a voltmeter. The surest way to know that you are getting radio batteries that have both staying power and low internal resistance is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs and identify them by the carton shown here.

Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold by radio and electrical dealers, hardware stores and auto supply shops everywhere. If the store where you usually buy does not carry them write us for the name and address of a nearby dealer who can supply you.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Also makers of flashlights and batteries, and ignition batteries

(Continued from Page 200)

his own admission, had been the last person known to have seen Higginbotham alive; he had quarreled with Higginbotham; his acknowledged losses on Higginbotham's horses, with the consequent personal embarrassment, had supplied him with motive enough for many a man.

Enough for this particular man, however? Steve, staring at Kirtlester, began suddenly to doubt it.

"You are satisfied?" Kirtlester inquired of him.

"No," said Steve bluntly. "Of course not"

"Do you want me to make a more formal statement of these matters?"

"Not now," said Steve, with his mind on the events at the race track that day. They were fitting in with Kirtlester's story of his own innocence; Steve could not deny that. They did not fit in nearly so well with Steve's theory of Kirtlester's guilt. Having killed Higginbotham, would such a person have gone to see Higginbotham's horses run today? Would he have remained in town at all? Or in America? There was time enough for him, following the murder, to have been in Europe now.

The scene of the races was before Steve again; the horses upon the tracks; the Higginbotham entries and the jockeys.

"What do you want us to do?" Letitia Cowles quietly inquired of Steve.

"I will ask you," said Steve, making a sudden decision, "merely not to leave New York, or Southampton, for a few days."

"I have no idea of leaving," said Kirtlester.

"If you wish," said Letitia Cowles, smiling slightly, "I will be responsible for his appearance when you wish a more formal statement."

When Steve went down to his cab, he directed: "Jamaica."

Less than an hour's ride through the evening shadows brought him to the town of Jamaica, around which the three race tracks of Long Island cluster, and to the door of the Jamaica hospital.

"Pegg, the jockey who was hurt at Belmont Park race track this afternoon, was brought here, according to the evening newspapers," he told the attendant. "May I see the interne who knows about his case?"

In the waiting room to which he was shown he came upon a bleached, pretty girl with the rouge on her pale cheeks streaked with tears. A slim, black-haired boy had his arm around her.

"You're Kirby?" Steve inquired, after introducing himself.

"Yes, sir."

"How's Pegg?"

"She's his sister," whispered Kirby warningly. "He's very bad, sir."

"You've seen him?" questioned Steve.

"He spoke to her," said Kirby. "Then he went out again."

"You're waiting here?" asked Steve.

"No, sir; we were just leaving. There'll be no change tonight, they say. We're going home."

"Where do you live?"

"Here in Jamaica."

"I've a cab outside; use it and send it back here."

"I'll take her home." Kirby beckoned Steve aside. "There's no hope at all, sir," the boy whispered.

"Take her home," said Steve, and turned to meet the interne.

No one, the interne told him, could see Pegg, and he confirmed the seriousness of the boy's injuries. The jockey could not recover.

During the next two days Steve Faraday apparently did nothing about the Higginbotham murder except to inquire of Racken what investigation had been made concerning Pegg after Higginbotham's death. The jockey, Racken told him, had been questioned, as had all persons known to be closely associated with Higginbotham. Pegg had stated that he had spent the evening, and in fact the entire night, at his sister's home in Jamaica, and Kirby and Pegg's sister both had confirmed this. No suspicion had rested upon Pegg. It was shown that he and Higginbotham had only the most friendly relations.

On Monday evening Pegg died without regaining consciousness; and on Tuesday morning Steve called Kirtlester on the phone.

"Can you come to see me this evening?" Steve asked him. "Say, at eight?"

Steve was alone in his rooms when, promptly at eight, Birkie admitted Kirtlester and, following him, Letitia Cowles, whom Steve had not expected. Almost immediately afterward Racken brought in Kirby.

The boy was pale and worried, and looked uneasily, and as if surprised, at Steve and Miss Cowles and gave a short nod to Kirtlester.

"Let's come to the point of this right away, Kirby," Steve said. "Now that it's all over with Pegg, tell me the truth. Pegg killed Higginbotham."

Kirby started and looked around again, then wet his lips. "How much do you know, sir?"

"Pegg was pulling Higginbotham's horses, wasn't he?" returned Steve. "Not for Higginbotham, but against him. He did it race after race, but Higginbotham held to him. Higginbotham wasn't shaken until that Saturday. Then he suspected and accused Pegg; and Pegg shot him."

The boy again wet his lips. "How much do you know, sir?"

"That's it?" Steve pressed.

Kirby made a clean breast of it. "That was it, sir. But it was in self-defense, Mr. Faraday; practically in self-defense. Pegg swore to that. Mr. Higginbotham was so mad that Pegg thought he'd kill him. So Pegg had to shoot. . . . How'd you know it, sir?"

Steve breathed quickly. He had not known. He gazed, in his relief, at Kirtlester and Letitia Cowles and saw her quickly clasp Kirtlester's hand. She, until that moment, also had not known of Kirtlester's complete innocence.

"How did I know it?" Steve repeated Kirby's question. "Mr. Kirtlester told me."

"I?" Kirtlester cried in bewilderment.

"Yes, last Saturday, when you told me that up to the time he saw you Higginbotham believed that his horses were running honestly; and when you told me he got violently angry when you said he was crooked.

"A man does not go to an extreme over an unreality. You made him believe a part, at least, of what you said—that his rider was crooked. . . . But we can get it all from Kirby now."

In a few minutes the jockey told the complete event.

"Pegg, you know, sir, was Mr. Higginbotham's contract jockey. He was a big winner for him, you know, in California. He made Higginbotham a pot of money there. When they brought the horses East Pegg wanted a new contract, but his old one had still a year to run and Higginbotham wouldn't give it to him. He gave Pegg gifts, but he wouldn't give him a new contract, so Pegg was sore on Higginbotham.

"Then he met Kirtlester, who he knew had wads of money, and found he'd gone dippy with the idea of backing the Higginbotham horses. So Pegg saw his chance to clean up big. He fixed it with the bookmaker to split whatever Kirtlester bet with him, Pegg guaranteeing that the horses would lose.

"Pegg was right smart about it, and saw how it could be done. The horses were running on new tracks in company they'd never met before and he had smarter riders against him than he'd ever had. They weren't likely to catch him, for he hardly ever had to pull a horse. He'd get a bad start or ride into a pocket or the horse would run wide on the turn. Every time was different; so that I, who was working with him every day, didn't see it. Neither did Higginbotham; for he couldn't see how Pegg could profit by it. Besides, Higginbotham wasn't suspicious. He put a pile of faith in his boys.

"It was Mr. Kirtlester who showed Pegg up to Higginbotham. But he didn't know he was showing up Pegg; he was trying to show up Higginbotham. Pegg came to the Colony to see Higginbotham about something else just after Kirtlester left, went straight up to his room and found Higginbotham wise; and he went for Pegg. Pegg shot him and skipped out. He said he shot in self-defense. He had to tell Mamie and me. We knew he'd gone to see Higginbotham. So we made up our story that night."

"You knew that night, then, that he'd killed Higginbotham?" Steve said. "He told you so?"

"Yes, sir. He said in self-defense, but he'd never be able to prove it. I didn't know then, sir, and I ask you to believe it—neither Mamie or I knew—that Pegg was crooked."

"When did you find that out?"

"Before last Saturday's race. Of course, sir, by that time I was smelling smoke. You saw the race where I was on Alvarez?"

"Yes."

"Pegg never let out King Solomon till he saw I was going to win and the stable would win anyway."

"I saw that," said Steve.

"Pegg didn't say anything to me before that race. He didn't think Alvarez could show him up; didn't think the horse had it in him. But before the next race Pegg came to me. He'd been switched from Osiris to Sunrise; for the boss had got suspicious. Pegg said to me: 'Osiris mustn't win, or they'll get wise that I killed Higginbotham.' I couldn't see that all at once; how they could figure that out; and there wasn't time for me to think about it. The horses were ready for the post. I rode Osiris. I'd never pulled a horse in my life, sir, and I rode to win. You saw us in the stretch, sir?"

"Yes," said Steve. "I saw the accident."

"I see you know it wasn't any accident. Pegg tried something to stop me winning, tried to bump me; but Sunrise crossed his legs and went down with him, and the next horse went into him.

"I and Mamie were at the hospital with him when he got conscious, and it was then he told us all of it and slipped Mamie a key he was carrying. Key to a safe-deposit box, sir—that's why he told. Wanted us to go and get the money before he croaked, so there'd be nothing said about it."

"His money from the split with the bookmaker, you mean?" said Steve.

"Yes, sir. But it's all there yet. We never touched it."

"You still think he shot in self-defense." Kirby hesitated.

"I don't know, sir. I know Higginbotham; he was all square. He'd have had Pegg put off every track. He never would have rode again or worked around anybody's stable. Higginbotham would have seen to that, and Pegg knew it"

"Think it over when you make your statement to the police," Steve advised. "Take him away, Art," he directed Racken, "and give it to the newspaper boys first if you want to. His jockey shot him. Nothing to worry us in that—not what it might have been, is there, Art?"

Racken took Kirby away, and Steve turned to Letitia Cowles and Kirtlester.

"Nothing to worry you, either," Steve said to them with great relief.

"I don't see that," complained Kirtlester, since his danger was over. "I never was involved in any way. All I was seeking to escape was publicity. I'm in for that now"

Steve, smiling a little sardonically, shook his head.

"You imagine, I suppose, that I wish to connect you with the exposure of the murder. Believe me, I am quite as anxious as you to keep you out of it, not only for personal reasons," he added, glancing at Letitia Cowles, "but for the good will of the house."

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Just a touch of Stacomb in the morning or after a shampoo and your hair will really stay in place, *all day long*

Stacomb will suit any type of hair, because it comes in *two forms*. As a delicate cream—in jars and tubes—and also in the delightful, new liquid form. Both are totally invisible on the hair

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Original cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

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A Money Saver that adds Thousands of Miles to Tires

Ask your repairman to plug nail holes and fabric breaks with Wedford-Kex Vulcanized Rubber Puncture Plugs. Wedford-Kex is not rubber putty, soft rubber or flowing gum, but actually a vulcanized plug with real wear resistance. These plugs add thousands of miles to your tires by keeping out sand, water, mud and gravel, which rot casings and pinch tubes.

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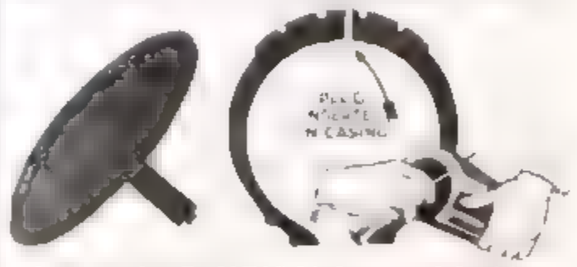

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Equip yourself with a Wedford-Kex Handy Tire Users' Repair Kit—the only outfit that includes vulcanized rubber plugs in addition to the usual inner tube patching and rubber cement

Complete only $1.00 at leading accessory stores, tire repair shops, garages and filling stations, or direct prepaid.

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The people you know buy Christmas Cards. They will give you their order from our Beautiful Book of Samples. The best line with the ... commissions paid weekly. Full details without obligation.

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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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Think of being able to offer a suit or topcoat made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 990.

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THE POUND STERLING

(Continued from Page 13

Indians, educated in English schools, redly denouncing British rule in India; fifty feet away another man, an Englishman, denouncing royalty and proposing that it be abolished; beyond him, under a great red flag, a revolutionary exhorting the people to rise and overthrow their masters—namely, the employers—and seize the system for themselves. But when George Bernard Shaw, who is a satirist under pretense of being a radical socialist, comes to be entertained at a birthday party by the Parliamentary Labor Party from the House of Commons, the government, controlling the wireless facilities, forbids his speech to be broadcast—forbids it without knowing what will be in it—simply on the ground that he will not promise to say nothing controversial, though, of course, whatever he said would in any case be published in all the English newspapers and cabled all over the world besides. You could not invent anything more inconsistent than that—more stupidly inconsistent—for the undeleted speech was all the more advertised.

Shaw said, "It is a wonderful government for doing the things it does not intend to do and the very things it would not do if it knew it was doing them."

So it is and always was. Every Englishman knows that. One of the things it did not intend to do and might not have done, if its right hand had known what its left was doing, was to let Great Britain in for the pain of putting the pound sterling back to a gold standard in 1925. It has been saying ever since, first, that it did not intend to inflict that pain; and, secondly, that the pain is the effect of some other cause, therefore it did not inflict it. Nevertheless, it did the thing. The pain was necessary; the pound sterling required it. No matter what they say or how they grumble, their true character is in the pound sterling, and the pound sterling is the most consistent artificial thing on earth. Therefore, basically, they are themselves consistent in character; in personality they may be as inconsistent as they like.

As for the pain, speaking of that, they knew what nobody could say out loud; what for political reasons it is supposed to be impossible to tell people when there are so many alert demagogues about—to wit, that after a serious credit derangement, as in wartime, it may be necessary to make yourself heroically worse before you can get better. Specifically, in England's case restoring the pound sterling to its full gold value meant high prices, high taxes, unemployment and some reduction of wages at a time when the temptation to go on with inflation was almost irresistible.

The Safe, Solid and Honest Way

Three years ago a British financier pointed to the postwar building boom in France and to the one that had already occurred in Germany, when at the same time a new building in England, other than working-class dwellings subsidized with public funds, was an object of curiosity, and said: "You see what they are doing in France and what they have done in Germany. We could have done the same thing in England. All we had to do was to let the pound sterling go, as the mark has gone, as the franc is going."

Seeing this, they went, nevertheless, the other way. Temporarily it hurt their trade. As gradually they restored the pound sterling to par it was more difficult to sell their goods in competition with countries that embraced the ecstasy of inflation. Coal, for example. It was cheaper for the world to buy German coal priced in German marks than British coal priced in pounds sterling, because marks were every day a little cheaper and the pound sterling was every day a little dearer. The British coal trade was particularly hit. The profit went out of it. The miners, refusing to believe this, were loath to surrender the high wages that had come to them during the war. Hence the miners' strike, which led to the general strike. From putting the pound sterling back to a gold basis in 1925 there is in fact a direct line of effect down to the general strike in 1926.

But all the time British credit was rising. Germany at last repudiated her credit. The world may pretend to forget what that means, yet it leaves an ugly sun-fast stain. France lost her credit; the sequel there is yet to appear. The British way was the safe, solid and honest way. Now she is beginning to build again on a large scale, and what she builds is her own in sound moral principle. No foreigners defrauded by British inflation or British repudiation may look at any of it and say, "They got some of that out of us."

The pain, though at times very acute, was after all temporary. And there were compensations, besides, such as do not intrude themselves upon casual attention. The pound sterling requires much, but it toils night and day, with no union rules to limit or hinder its usufruct. Some of its works are recorded in a book called Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, published by His Majesty's stationer. He is the government printing office. On page 40 there is a table showing the distribution of incomes liable to the supertax. In every graduation or bracket of this table it appears that the number of persons having certain incomes was greater in 1924 than it was in 1914. For instance:

The number of persons having incomes of $15,000 to $25,000 a year was 15,524 in 1914 and 26,440 in 1924, an increase of 70 per cent.

England's New Prosperity

The number having incomes from $25,000 to $50,000 a year was 9020 in 1914 and 16,589 in 1924, an increase of almost 84 per cent.

The number having incomes from $50,000 to $75,000 a year was 2393 in 1914 and 4353 in 1924, an increase of 82 per cent.

The number having incomes from $75,000 to $100,000 a year was 1002 in 1914 and 1828 in 1924, an increase of 82 per cent.

The number having incomes of $100,000 to $500,000 a year was 1513 in 1914 and 2763 in 1924, an increase of more than 82 per cent.

The number having incomes in excess of $500,000 a year was 80 in 1914 and 124 in 1924, an increase of more than 50 per cent.

It may be that popular government has been feeding the rich to the poor. Certainly taxation for social purposes has enormously increased. The government's expenditures for education, science and art were $100,000,000 in 1914 and $243,000,000 in 1925. Its expenditures for miscellaneous social services, health, labor and pensions in 1914 were $104,000,000, and in 1925 $720,000,000—that is to say, nearly seven times what they were before the war. The total expenditures under the head of poor-law relief by the state and local authorities in 1924 were $196,000,000.

The unemployment insurance scheme begun in 1912 in respect of seven industries was extended in 1921 to cover the whole industrial population, and the total benefits paid in 1924 amounted to $190,000,000. A new pension scheme for the aged, the widows and orphans was initiated in 1925. The estimated benefits to widows and orphans this current year will be $55,000,000. Under an impulse of housing reform, the state has subsidized the construction of 364,000 dwellings for working people since the Armistice at a cost of more than $200,000,000, and is committed to an annual subsidy for the same purpose of $40,000,000 for fifty years to come. There was a state grant of $115,000,000 to the coal-mining industry in 1924 to eke out the miners' wages.

Doubtless Lord Inchcape was thinking of these figures when he wrote that letter to the London Times saying what England wanted was a Mussolini to put his foot down. Nevertheless, it appears from the table setting out the distribution of incomes liable to supertax, in that book of the pound sterling's work, that the rich have all the time been growing richer, or at least that the number of rich has been increasing. Many of these may be new rich. That is another matter.

In the same book one finds data on the condition of people whose incomes are too small to be liable to the supertax—those who practice thrift and save in small amounts.

The total of deposits in the post-office savings banks was $952,665,000 in 1914 and $1,401,865,000 in 1924, or more than two-fifths greater than before the war. The average amount due each depositor was a little more than $100 in 1914; in 1924 it was about $115. The increase of total deposits, therefore, was principally from an increase in the number of depositors. The number was 13,514,000 in 1914 and 18,879,000 in 1924.

In the trustee savings banks, where the average deposit runs a little higher, the total of deposits in 1914 was $269,715,000, and in 1924 it was $411,422,750—an increase of more than 50 per cent. Building societies in 1914 had a membership of 627,240 and their assets were $330,956,000; in 1924 their membership was 1,000,988 and their assets were $724,440,000—an increase in assets of nearly 120 per cent.

The assets of all classes of industrial and provident societies in 1914 were $423,720,000; in 1924 they were $1,011,875,000—an increase of nearly 140 per cent.

If now you turn to vital statistics, you will see the ultimate translation of housing reform, better nutrition and social service in terms of human life. The death curve falls. Deaths from all causes were 23.9 a thousand of the total population in 1914 and only 19.3 in 1924. Of infants under one year, 105,681 died in 1914; in 1924 only 65,259.

Deaths from tubercular diseases, symptomatic of bad housing and malnutrition, were 61,507 in 1914 and only 46,656 in 1924, a decline of nearly 25 per cent since prewar time.

With better living, sumptuary habits, too are changing—notably one. The decline of drinking is a social fact of extraordinary interest. In 1914 the consumption of spirits was 32,596,000 gallons. That was seven-tenths of a gallon a head. In 1925 the total consumption was more than one-half less—14,500,000 gallons. That was less than one-third of a gallon a head.

So, according to the book, the rich are richer, the middle classes have more saved and people in general are living better than before the war.

Inequality in Wages

As to the state of common living, that, of course, is a question of fact full of difficulty, soreness and exception, arguable according to the case that is to be proved. Nevertheless, it is true that wages in general—that is, real wages, calculated by what wages will buy—are higher than before the war; and nowhere more than in England is 1914 regarded as a dead line to the conditions to which the workers shall not be pushed back.

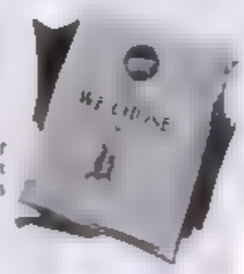
Sir Leo Chiozza Money, a liberal economist, writes an article on wage disparities. "The Ministry of Labor," he says, "have published a good deal of valuable information on relative wage rates, and the general result of careful and impartial official inquiry is to show that while the wage earners as a whole now enjoy wages which are higher than before the war, after making all allowance for the rise in the cost of living, this general result conceals a large number of curious inequalities. Some workers have

(Continued on Page 209)

Is he laboring under *Distance-Burdened* Merchandise?

Even the best salesmen and finest merchandise cannot attain full volume in competition with houses whose branch plant service is a clinching sales argument

Through the Eyes of Others
see what Atlanta can mean to your business. Send for this free booklet giving the experiences of more than 600 concerns now in Atlanta



—then don't expect full volume from the South

BARRING that small minority of merchandise to which distance lends enchantment, goods bearing the weight of heavy freight charges and slow service are looked on with disfavor today. And sales-volume is falling off in markets which are distant from factories.

Industry is Decentralizing

As a result, industry is carefully spotting branch factories, one in each of the five major markets—to adequately serve these markets from close by, "overnight," as modern merchandising conditions demand. No longer can industry hope to serve the entire United States from any one point, however centrally located.

America's Fastest Growing Market

The South is not only a *major* market—it is the *fastest growing* market in the United States. The building program of the South is tremendous, and sustained. The buying of motor cars, high-priced home equipment, modern office equipment all show higher increase percentages than in other sections. Railroad tonnage, bank clearings, insurance reports, post office figures, and all other truly representative statistics show the South to be a market of immense importance to every producer.

Leaders of Industry Select Atlanta

The point of greatest economy from which to serve this rich market is Atlanta. Transportation is at its best here. Production economies—bringing greatly increased profit-margins are a major attraction. Raw materials, labor, power, moderate taxes, sites, building costs—all contribute generously to profits from Industrial Atlanta.

Eighty-three in 1925, sixty-five during the first five months of 1926, a grand total of over 600 nationally known concerns, after detailed surveys and comparisons, with the full facts before them, have chosen this city as Southern distribution point. In an amazing number of cases these Atlanta branches lead the country not only in percentage of increase, but in volume of sales as well—exceeding quotas year after year because of the rapid growth of the territory, and the economy of serving it from this point.

A Complete, Valuable Survey Made Free

Problems vary and standardized reports can not be adequate. For this reason the Atlanta Industrial Bureau is prepared to make a special, confidential Industrial Survey for the executives of each interested concern. Every economic factor will be presented in its relation to your business, and every statement will be thoroughly authenticated before it is laid on your desk.

To a considerable number of concerns we have been able to show large production savings—and a market entirely adequate to absorb branch factory output. An industrial Survey of Atlanta may be the means of showing you the path to greatly increased volume and profit in the Southern market. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

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ATLANTA
Industrial Headquarters of the South

DUNLOP *unbeatable!*

Supreme on the highways of the world since 1888

Today
Every 2¼ seconds
someone buys a
DUNLOP TIRE

▽

A great product of a great institution

Put Dunlops on *your* car

DUNLOP TUBES *casing-shaped* SINCE 1920

The figures used to compute the 2¼-second record are based on world sales of passenger car, bus, bicycle and truck tires—and on a 24-hour day—as well as all 365 days in the year.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 208)

made substantial increase upon their prewar earnings, while others have suffered serious diminution in real as distinguished from money wages."

He complains, for example, that the skilled shipwright receives fifty-five shillings a week, which is only one-third more than before the war, against a rise of two-thirds in the cost of living, whereas the street sweeper may earn as much as seventy shillings a week, which sets him much higher than before, raises him to a scale of living above that of some skilled artisans. Generally, the wages of the unskilled have risen more than the wages of the skilled, which is true, as a matter of fact, all over the world. It is owing partly to a social impulse, partly to the political strength of the unskilled, who are everywhere numerous, and partly to a kind of law, which is that in a general rise of prices, meaning the price of labor or the price of food, low-priced things rise relatively more than high-priced things.

In England there have been specific reasons also. The shipbuilding industry has been in a bad way from an oversupply of ships since the war. They call this an unsheltered trade, since it is exposed to world-wide competition. So also the coal-mining industry and the engineering trades; in these, wages have risen less than in those which are called sheltered trades—such, for instance, as the building trades.

Owing to the urgent postwar demand for more and better dwellings, under a system of state aid, the building trades have flourished, and wages there are double what they were before the war, with the cost of living only two-thirds higher.

Sir Leo thinks the bricklayers have too much advantage. He must have been watching them work. Two or more of them raising a wall unconsciously dramatize, first, the characteristic British attitude toward work—that it is a curse to begin with: and, secondly, the great fallacy of the British labor policy, which is that the less one does for the wage received, the more jobs there will be. They are limited by union rules as to the number of bricks they may lay in a day, which is one-half or maybe one-third as many as one could who would. It is less than half the average stint of an American bricklayer.

Brick Layers and Delayers

But in England, as elsewhere, men are born to one of two ways with work. One works slowly at low tension; he fits into this scheme. The other must work fast at high tension; he cannot help it. The low-tension bricklayer on an English wall begins by looking moodily at a particular brick in the pile before him; he isolates it by an act of the mind, studies it in perspective, imagines it in the wall; then he lifts it, regards each of its six planes successively with deep interest, hefts it, hesitates, ruminates, tries it where it might go, and decides after all that its destiny is not there. So he puts it down and begins to act upon another. He is all right. It is not difficult for him to hold his output down to the sacred minimum.

With the high-tension man it is otherwise. He cannot go gliding with time. He has a feud with it. First he lays three bricks in the wall very fast. That is the only way he can lay them at all. Then he stops and looks around. He is three bricks ahead of the low-tension man. He must wait to be overtaken. He walks to the end of the scaffold and takes the view. It bores him.

He walks to the other end and takes it there. He lights a cigarette. He stops to see how the other is getting on. He goes and looks at the three bricks he last laid to see if they are still there. And when the low-tension man does at length overtake him, then he throws away his cigarette and lays three more bricks very fast.

The wage is from twenty to twenty-four dollars a week, and at that wage this is probably the most expensive bricklaying in the world. The wage cost per brick laid, arrived at from dividing the wage by the bricks, is much higher than the wage cost per brick in the United States. That is not all. There is the time cost to be added Given two houses alike, both constructed at the same wage outlay, the one that takes a year in building will cost much more than one that has been finished in six months, because that one is six months sooner productive of rental and has held capital in suspense half a year less.

The wonder is that a society can afford to feed, clothe and house workers in exchange for such effort as that of the British bricklayer. That this society can, and does at the same time make progress in wealth, is astonishing. Progress not only in wealth; in leisure too.

The hours of labor in Great Britain now average forty-eight a week. Before the war the average was 55.5.

We speak of the standard of living; they speak of the standard of living and leisure. More and more British leisure is devoted to sports. Betting on sport events is a national diversion all the way from the sporting lord down to the shopgirl. The government's proposal to tax betting for the exchequer raised an incredible storm. Nothing short of taxing bread could have been more unpopular.

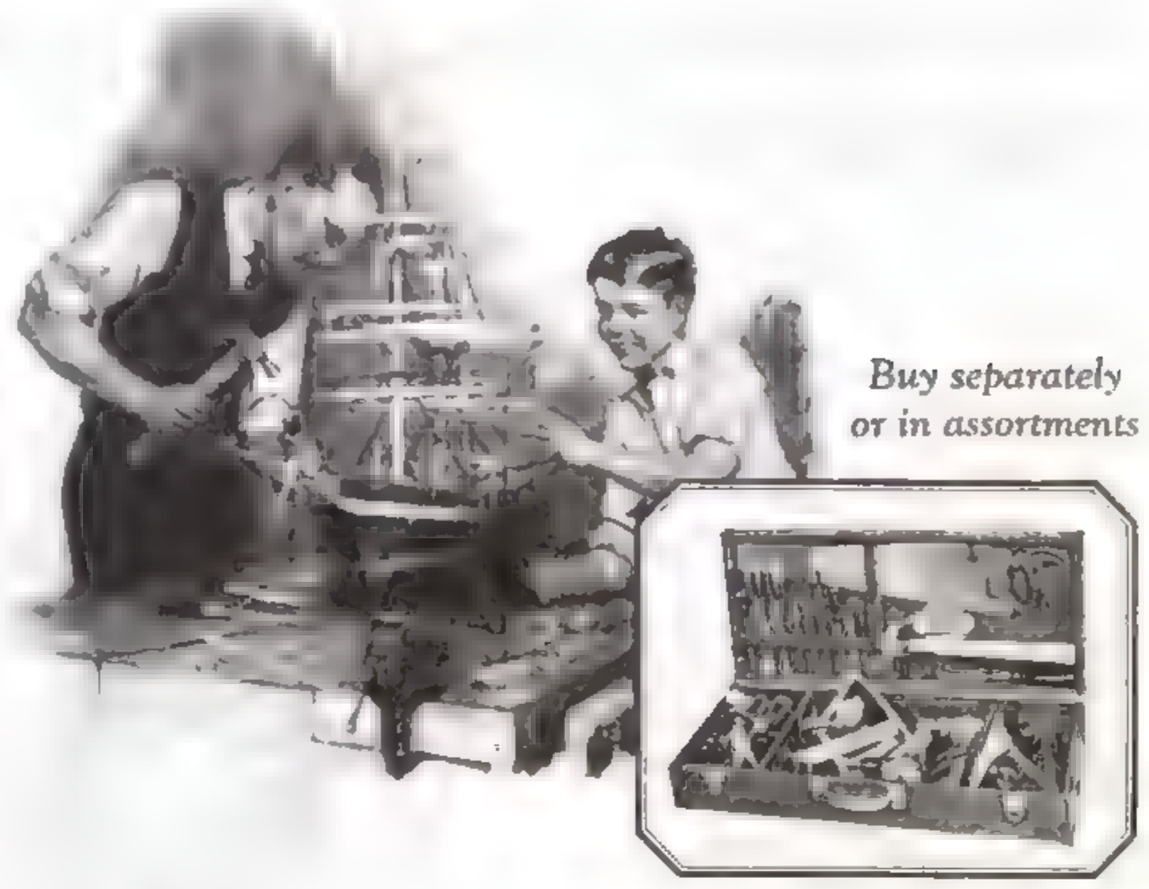
Life, Leisure and Food

The government's official guess of the betting turnover—that means the amount of money annually involved in public betting—was $1,000,000,000. That sum invested at 6 per cent interest would pay the principal of Great Britain's war debt to the United States Treasury in less than forty years.

After the coal miners have been on strike for months, they may still be seen going long journeys by the omnibusful to attend their favorite games. They have no fear of starving. When they go on strike they have access to the public funds for sustenance. A labor dispute does not touch the fundamental right of an Englishman. It is a right he gets born with. That is the right to be fed because he is an Englishman.

Recently the London Morning Post sent a correspondent to investigate the mining town of Chopwell, called the reddest village in England. He wrote: "For twelve months next Friday Chopwell has lived on the guardians. The strike started before the time of the subsidy. Till the general strike the socialist Gateshead Board of Guardians allowed relief to men, women and children, sometimes to the extent of £4 10s. a week to a family. Later this was reduced to £3 10s. maximum. Since the general strike only women and children are nominally receiving relief, but the men live on it too. The rates"—taxes—"are tremendously high and going up. Thrifty people and shopkeepers are leaving the place. Those who don't, have to sacrifice the savings of years for the rates. One poor woman had to sell a £70 piano for £25 to pay the rates. A man on the dole next door bought it. Rent allowances of 7s. 6d. a week were even made by the guardians, but as the population refuses to pay rent, this money was spent on pleasure. Fine new houses"—he means dwellings—"have been erected by the County Council. I walked past them. One lot was labeled Marx Terrace, another lot has been named Lenine Terrace."

Probably there was more excitement in the correspondent's mind than pure Leninism in Chopwell. In any case, it was the extravagance that scandalized him, not the fact of the strikers having access to public funds. It would not have occurred to him to challenge that principle. From immemorial time it has been both custom and law that food is an Englishman's native right. They would no more think of letting a striker starve while refusing to work than they would think of shooting him. And it has come gradually to be accepted, as an extension of this doctrine, that everyone



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"We started with a few simple repairs about the house. Then we made our own work bench; after that a table. Now we have just started on our most ambitious effort—a model of an old galleon—and already it looks like a success."

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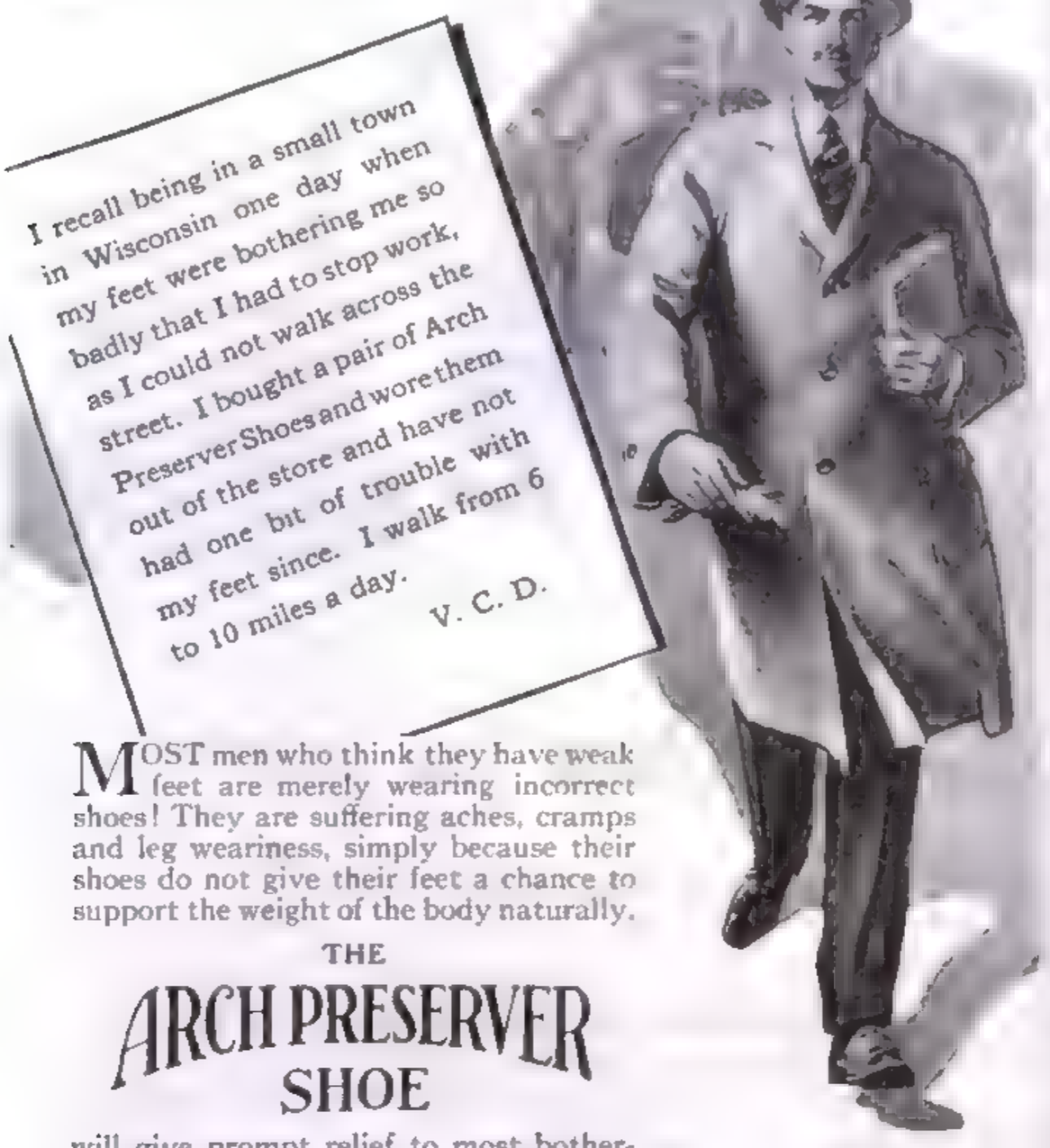
Ask your hardware dealer to show you the line of Stanley Tools. And send for our Catalogue No. 34 which describes Stanley Tools both separately and in assortments. Address: The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

The best tools are the cheapest to use
Ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS

"I could not walk across the street!"


I recall being in a small town in Wisconsin one day when my feet were bothering me so badly that I had to stop work, as I could not walk across the street. I bought a pair of Arch Preserver Shoes and wore them out of the store and have not had one bit of trouble with my feet since. I walk from 6 to 10 miles a day.
V. C. D.

MOST men who think they have weak feet are merely wearing incorrect shoes! They are suffering aches, cramps and leg weariness, simply because their shoes do not give their feet a chance to support the weight of the body naturally.

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will give prompt relief to most bothersome feet. It has a concealed, built-in arch bridge that lifts the foot structure quickly back to normal and holds it there without straining. It has a flat inner sole (crosswise) that allows the bones, nerves and blood-vessels of the foot to function naturally without being pinched.

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Try a pair and get back on your feet!

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Let us send it
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has a right to live in a decent house, with plumbing, and the right to a certain standard of comfort and leisure. If wages are insufficient to provide these things, then it becomes the duty of the state to provide them out of the public funds. The ideal has not yet been realized, but they are moving rapidly in the resolve to realize it.

All this is not a system that is breaking down. It is one that is working. What so mysteriously sustains it is the pound sterling. It toils for them. It has made them rich. They are old and skilled in wealth. On May 4, 1925, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "We have still £3,000,000,000 in foreign investments, the interest of which is calculated at £220,000,000 a year."

That is $15,000,000,000 invested abroad, yielding an annual income of $1,100,000,000. They are increasing that investment every year out of the income. In 1923 they increased it $580,000,000; in 1924 they increased it $570,000,000; in 1925 they increased it $440,000,000.

It was the same Chancellor of the Exchequer who said that to pay the United States Treasury less than $200,000,000 a year—"to pass that immense sum continuously across a frontier, across an ocean, across the exchange, was one of the most stupendous tasks and burdens ever undertaken by one country in the whole financial history of the world." Less than one-fifth of Great Britain's annual income from her own foreign investments, by his own figures.

When it came to the question of her war debt to the United States Treasury, England was torn between two points. She was the first to urge general cancellation of war debts, the first to suggest letting Germany off if the American Government would embrace a scheme of general forgiveness. That was all in the celebrated Balfour note.

Up to this point her motives were clear. She would be spared the awkward business of collecting her own war debts, since she could well afford to forgive her debtors if the United States Treasury forgave her; and thus charging off $10,000,000,000 of war debts against the Americans would tend, besides, to arrest the rivalry of the dollar in the economic affairs of the world. All this might plausibly have been done without prejudice to the credit of the pound sterling, provided only the American Government consented. The American Government did not and would not consent. There the conflict began in England's mind.

The Victory of the Pound

For the sake of £3,000,000,000 invested all over the world she was obliged to uphold the integrity of international debt. The pound sterling kept saying, "Settle; settle with the United States Treasury." But for political reasons she had obliged herself to side with Europe against paying back $10,000,000,000 of war loans to the Americans.

What is true of Europe as a whole, and true as to all the other countries owing war debts to the United States Treasury—namely, that as they settle with the United States Treasury their debts in effect are automatically canceled, because the money with which to pay them and much more besides is then borrowed in Wall Street—is not so as to England. The reason it is not so as to England is that she does not wish to borrow. She is in the lending business herself; she has been in it for a long time. She did need a gold credit of $300,000,000 in Wall Street to put the pound sterling back to a gold basis, and she got it, but that was all she wanted; and having put the pound sterling back to a gold basis again, she opened the London market to foreign borrowers once more and proceeded to lend British capital as before the war.

The pound sterling won, you see. It obliged them to settle at the United States Treasury even though, unlike other war debtors there, once having settled, they would actually have to pay. It was an honest victory for the pound sterling. That is where their character is, much more truly than in their diplomacy, wherein they have undertaken to put upon Americans the whole onus of upholding the integrity of international debt by saying to their debtors that Great Britain collects from them only because she is obliged to pay the American Government.

There is subtlety in it, ancient political wisdom, perhaps; there is panic in it, too, and more of that in fact than conscious motive. Panic such as this is will be good for them. They were too rich. Necessity did not oblige them. They could afford to be inefficient, to suit themselves, to waste their time, to burn their coal in open grates, to buy from other people all the things they found it too much trouble or too expensive by their methods to make for themselves.

Feudalism's Hangover

They were coming to be like Alcibiades' comfortable, procrastinating Athenians, who could not be moved until you made their blood to run cold. They knew well enough how to convert coal into electricity at the pit head, and the advantages of doing so; but it was easier to go on using coal in the old-fashioned way; and easy, too, when the mining industry stopped paying, to grant aid thereto from the public funds.

The social meaning of industrialism changed and they were not aware of it. They could not believe anybody knew more about it than they knew, since they had invented it. They opened the industrial era—that is, the era of mechanical power and machine craft. For more than a century they led it, taking the first profit like fruit from virgin soil. But straight up with it they brought ways of social thinking that were rooted all the way back to feudalism—to a time when the people belonged to the lord. He could do with them what he would. He exploited them, of course; that was what he supposed they were for. How else should society exist? The other side of it was that he defended and sustained them. He was responsible for them.

Then people passed from the lord's possession into industry, and there they belonged to nobody. They were exploited still, much more than before; but now, in place of a lord to defend and sustain them, was an anonymous system called capitalism, with no theory of direct human responsibility, believing itself to be governed by remorseless economic laws having the force of natural laws, such as the law of supply and demand, the law of marginal value, the law of a fixed wage fund. That demand is unlimited to some unknown point of satiety and that the wage fund is indefinitely expansible were facts unimaginable; and that a people across the Atlantic should one day discover them, and by acting upon them rise suddenly to first place in the world, was, of course, a possibility concealed from their view.

For many years the condition of labor under British industrialism was exceedingly wretched. Memories of it emotionally complicate every dispute between labor and capital to this day. Probably labor never could have emancipated itself. The Chartist movement in the first half of the past century came to nothing. That was a revolt of the workers, demanding, among other things, the right to vote.

Yet what had been fine and humanly responsible in the old spirit of lordship was not dead in England. It was this, probably, much transformed, that animated a Liberal Party in Parliament and produced, among other great figures, Gladstone. The Liberal Party took up the cause of labor; and not until then, about 1870, were trade-unions legalized. In 1824 there had been thirty-five laws forbidding workmen to unite against their employers. The Liberal Party made the mistake of supposing that the evils complained of were inherent in the nature of industrialism, which was inhuman and cruel, whereas they arose from a false philosophy of it; at any rate, the Liberal Party thought the only way was to make it human by law, and led labor into politics, where presently it became strong enough to demand laws.

(Continued on Page 213)

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope tells why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

BARRELED SUNLIGHT *gives walls and woodwork a richly lustrous, washable finish good for years of service without repainting.*

Paint that can be kept as spotless as Tile *with a handsome lustre all its own . .*

PROBABLY more painting problems have been solved with Barreled Sunlight than with any other interior paint or enamel.

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Non-yellowing . . . Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

"Covering" power . . . An extreme degree of opacity enables Barreled Sunlight to finish with one coat a job that would require two coats of ordinary enamel.

Lower net cost . . . Even on the largest surfaces—in hotels, schools, hospitals, office buildings, factories—there is a real saving. Application costs less because Barreled Sunlight, containing no varnish, flows on freely with brush or spray. Once on the walls and ceilings, washing takes the place of frequent repainting.

FOR use in places that do not require a full Gloss finish, Barreled Sunlight is also made in a washable, handsome Semi-Gloss and a good-looking, durable Flat finish.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 30-gallon and 55-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first. See coupon below.

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Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 6000 dealers

A pure lustrous white easy to tint any shade

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Barreled Sunlight

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Installation takes fifteen minutes. Two bolts to tighten. Couldn't be easier. Horn or other standard parts need not be moved to accommodate it. Thousands in use, lengthening the lives of motors, giving cool comfort to owners in driving. If your dealer cannot supply you with a genuine Hastings-Nims Pump, we will ship direct upon receipt of price. Money back if not fully satisfied.

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Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

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New TORK CLOCK system gives automatic BRIGHT and DIM lighting for winter egg production without extra lamps, sockets, wiring or resistance. Can be used without rewiring pens

Wiring diagrams sent free.

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

(Continued from Page 210)

By this time industry was crystallized upon the fallacy that wages were a fixed quantity, or, by another way of saying it, that labor's share in the product of industry could not by any means be increased; and, besides, it was already too old and too rich to think new thoughts. Labor, on the other hand, was dogged in its policy of giving as little as possible for the wage received, meanwhile more and more using its political power to wring from the state the means to better living which it was unable to obtain from industry.

Industry said at last the reason it could not pay higher wages was that labor was limiting production. That was true. Labor said if it increased production by putting forth more effort, industry would seize the profit. That also was true. Only the premises were false. Labor thought it had found a way to get more without increasing its effort. It began taking from the public funds.

But what it got from the public funds was in fact a subsidy to industry, since industry to that extent was relieved of the necessity to pay a living wage.

To illustrate the difference that comes from two ways of thinking: In England it is a radical Labor Party that proposes a minimum wage of five dollars a day, to be decreed by law, not on the ground that labor does or would produce the economic equivalent, not on the ground that it is already doing so and that industry can afford to pay the wage, but on the ground only that the worker needs that wage in order to live in a proper manner. Fifteen years ago in the United States, when we stood almost as far from a minimum wage of five dollars a day as England now stands—here it was a daring industrialist who adopted that wage in his works with intent only to quicken the minds and hands of the workers in order to reduce costs so that he might reduce the selling price of his product; and he got that result.

A First-Place Complex

There was no sign that the British conflict between capital and labor would ever end or ever change; no sign, either, of its bringing them to ruin, for all the time they did somehow progress in total wealth, increase their investments abroad, multiply the pound sterling and stay first in the world. It caused them, however, to present outwardly certain astonishing aspects, as that a people temperamentally the most individualistic on earth should appear to have become deeply socialistic, and that a country whose greatness was founded on capital should contain perhaps the most dangerous feeling in the world against capitalism.

Socialism probably was never an instinct among them, hardly an ideal, but a political weapon with which to attack industrialism; and their quarrel with industrialism seems at last to be this—that it has failed to give man the individualistic freedom he craves. The reason for its failing in this human respect was never a reason inherent in industrialism as such; it was because British industrialism grew upon a caste system of lords, masters and men, and this has never been got rid of. The very terms still live. After the general strike in May, the newspapers commonly referred to the new agreements as reached "between masters and men." Their feud is with a thing much older than industrialism; the industrial dispute is the new form of historic conflict.

Even so, industrialism will work. It might go on working for a long time yet in England, but not in a way to challenge the new competition now abroad in the world. In the past few years industry has been revolutionized in method. To be effective, it requires of men an effort they will put forth only in two cases—namely, in case they are highly disciplined like the Germans, or in case they have the incentive of unlimited personal achievement, which they cannot have with industry governed as by a caste tradition, masters born and men born.

The British worker is not docile and disciplined like the German, nor does he see in his labor the promise of progressive reward. So therefore, though British industrialism, as it has been and is, might continue to work, even to pay, still it would probably be less successful than German industry; and certainly it would fall far below the new American standard, not by reason of sinking actually but by comparison.

It is significant that for all their socialism they turned naturally, when the panic seized them, to a country where industrialism under a new theory was producing the two ideal results—namely, unlimited production of the goods with which to satisfy human wants and a progressive distribution of those goods. They turned to the United States, asking, "Why does this thing which we call by the same name yield such different fruits in American hands?"

Short-Sighted Investigations

What threw them into a panic was the only thing that could. It was a shock to their ego, to their historic sense of place and achievement. Where they had been first for so long that they took it as their right and destiny, a design set in the universe, suddenly they found themselves in second place. The Americans were first—first in wealth, first in power, the dollar greater than the pound sterling.

From the moment when they could no longer deny this fact they began to suffer under what a psychologist might call a first-place complex. They became hysterical in their speech. The war had not been able to make them so. This did. A complex, you understand, is not rational. If it were, it would be no complex. For England there was no solace whatever in the thought that she herself was as rich, as powerful, as efficient as ever, even more. It was only that another nation had become richer, more powerful, superior to her in material greatness.

Much more than they themselves realize, a state of feeling still unaccommodated to this event of change has touched their diplomacy, their modes of thought—their manners even. It almost wholly explains their attitude toward the war debt they owe to the United States Treasury. It explains the way they feel about American ships. Not that they have fewer ships; they no longer rule the sea. Another power is able to build, if it will, a greater navy than theirs.

"Why," asks an Englishman, "should the Americans want a Navy at all—except, of course, for coast defense?"

Immemorially the point of her diplomacy has been to hold the balance of power in her own hands. This is no longer possible. Never again will she be equal to this one new power. There is nothing to balance against it, and her diplomacy is aground.

But they are the finest realists in the world. That is a quality they cannot lose. What is this American thing? How do the Americans do it? They propose to find out. They send missions to explore the wonder. The Daily Mail sends one, entirely made up of British union workingmen, who put off their overalls and come to the United States to talk with American wage earners, especially expatriated British subjects able to remember their native shop language. The Federation of British Industries sends one. Two engineers constitute themselves a mission, and return home with an evangel of efficiency. They write a book to which the editor of the London Economist puts a foreword, saying at the end of it:

"In the bad old days, when factory hours were long, there was in every Lancashire town an individual known as the knocker-up. Early every morning, often hours before dawn, the silence would be broken by his insistent tap on one windowpane after another down the empty street. Within a few minutes of his passing would be heard, first one step, then another, quickly swelling to a roar of clattering clogs, hurrying along the cobbled road to the neighboring mill. Mr. Austin and Mr. Lloyd are endeavouring to play the part of knockers-up of British industry. Let us hope that they will find that the old lady is only sleeping and will respond to their call."

The labor mission entirely missed the point. It was deeply impressed by the women's fur coats hanging in the factory lockers, by the automobiles parked outside, by the man-to-man air pervading the plant, by the money spent for the comfort of employes and charged to production, and especially by the limited power of trade-unionism in American industry. It came and went without once touching the crucial fact that American trade-unionism has definitely abandoned the policy of limiting the effort and has formally embraced in place of it the doctrine that only by assisting capital to increase production may the total wage fund be progressively increased.

The mission sent by the Federation of British Industries did relate wages and production in one equation but never got the principle quite right side up. It wrote: "The American employer believes in high wages and he pays them. But he also believes in high output and he sees that he gets it." He does not believe in high wages; he believes in low wage costs. He does not see that he gets high output; he provides for it. But he is no longer interested primarily in either of these two factors. How to increase production is no problem; it may be increased indefinitely. The wage cost naturally falls with the increase of production. What to do with production—that is the problem. And the American manufacturer goes directly at it. His chief anxiety is to increase consumption. Get the goods to the people. Everything else follows.

The two engineers made the mistake of naming their book The Secret of High Wages, whereas what they should have been seeking, and really were, was the secret of low wage costs. Why do American products represent a lower wage cost than British goods? They themselves apparently know the true meaning of high wages. But it is clear from the popular articles running in the English press that most people do not. The simple idea is that if only British industry would double wages, England would have prosperity like ours; but if British industry did they would have only higher prices. Almost nobody dares to tell them that to enjoy this prosperity they will have to think, act and work at higher tension and recast their leisurely existence on a new time plane.

Well, what they will make of it remains to be seen. For all their servitude to history, they are unpredictable. Show an Englishman a life-size camel in a three-ounce bottle and he will say "Ah, I see" and go away with his mind full. What will come of it you never know. Something unexpected. He may invent a three-ounce camel or he may go straight off and harness the tides at Plymouth. They can do anything. Drudgery they loathe. Effort and difficulty they love to no end.

England's Unexploited Mine

Their home market is a mine they have never exploited really; and no effort to exploit it by the true principle of industrialism has yet failed.

Meanwhile, because they need more room in it, they are rebuilding the temple of the pound sterling. When the old Bank of England began to be wrecked in its middle for the purpose of being made higher, modern and more efficient, people began to write letters to the Times, saying this was vandalism upon a precious antique structure. The directors answered, saying they were all wrong. It was not an old building at all. It was built in 1694. It will be very clumsy looking when it is done. But the pound sterling is the clumsiest money unit in the world, with the one great merit as a unit of being the largest there is, and therefore capable of expressing vast sums with the fewest ciphers.

Banana Mousse—a dessert that is really simple to prepare and always pleasing when made with fully ripened bananas.

For those who usually do not take desserts

When bananas are fully ripened, a new taste reveals itself

whether served in desserts or eaten alone

TRY this. Buy a dozen bananas, or a "hand." Take them home and put them in a bowl or dish to ripen at room temperature. Restrain any impulse to put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process.

Wait until all green is gone, even from the tip. Wait until brown spots upon the sides tell you that the fruit is really ripe. Then prove your cookery skill with one of many banana recipes.

Enjoy the sweetness of ripe bananas in desserts. Add their flavor to salads, or serve them with meats.

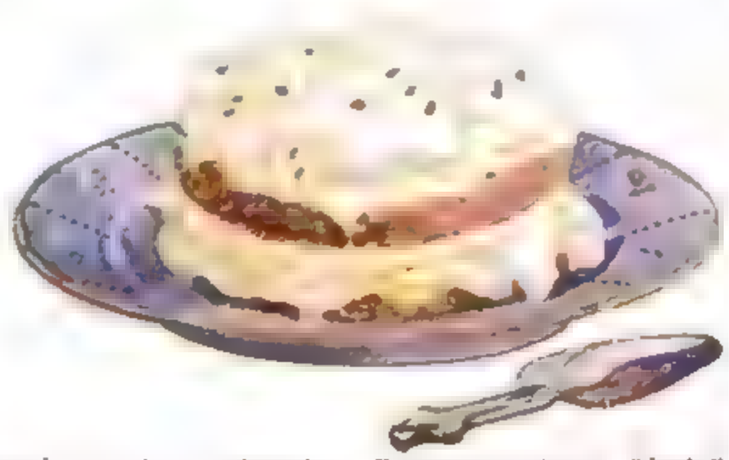
Ripeness brings more than better flavor to bananas. It brings an ease of digestion scarcely equalled by any of the foods you eat.

That is because bananas are carbohydrate food, and, as the food ripens, these carbohydrates slowly change their form. At full ripeness these starchy elements are almost entirely changed to fruit sugars which are easily absorbed into the system.

That is the same change that all food starches must go through before they can be digested. When bananas are fully ripe, nature has already done this work for you.

To be sure of always having ripe bananas, try keeping several "hands" in various stages of ripeness.

Send for the free cook-book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." It contains eighty-three recipes for serving bananas, and several pages of balanced menus. This recipe book is free. Mail the coupon for it.



Ripe banana pie—or shortcake. If more wives could see how popular this dessert is with men who must eat in restaurants, more men would eat banana pie at home.

For children who are "finicky" or "choosy" about their food, one generous serving of banana pie contains more energy-making nourishment than a skimpy meal.

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THE IDENTICAL BAG

(Continued from Page 31)

couldn't. I never saw such a fool proceeding, Link. It's just raw and barefaced. Don't you know it takes a little brains to steal? Why, a six-year-old kid could have planned this better!" His voice snapped. "Where is it? Take us to it."

"Mr. Rooney, I didn't—I didn't take it. I can't show you where it is. I've told you the truth—everything exactly as it happened."

"I'll give you one chance, and sixty seconds to take it in. Take us to the money or I'll telephone the sheriff."

"I ——" Link bent his bewildered head upon his hands. The thing was so utterly impossible—the whole set of circumstances was so impossible! He stood very still, trying to think, trying to force his frightened brain to give him the answer to it all. But there was no answer. He lifted his head and let fall his arms at his sides.

"I guess," he said dully, "you'll have to send for the sheriff."

II

"ANYBODY," said Seena Rooney, "who feels like dancing will have to do it some place else."

"But," expostulated Marty, "the guests will be coming and the music is here from the city."

"They can all go home again," Seena said. "Do you think I can have a party with Link Stone in jail and Lydia Nichols in the state she's in?"

"Well ——" Marty began, but his niece interrupted.

"Uncle Marty, you ought to know better. You've known Link since he was a baby. He didn't steal your old money." Then, inconsequentially, "And what if he did? You can afford to lose it, and you've almost killed Lydia."

"But she wouldn't want to marry a thief"

"I haven't any patience with her," Seena said tempestuously. "Hysterics and dark rooms and fainting spells, when she ought to be doing something. If I were in her place ——"

"What would you do?" Marty asked with a twinkle of amusement.

"I'd fight. I'd be out turning everything inside out to prove the man I was going to marry didn't do it. I'd show him and the whole outfit whether I meant it when I told him I loved him."

"I guess you would," Marty said admiringly.

She turned abruptly and started toward the door. Determination was in every line of her lithe figure.

"Where are you going?" Marty asked.

"To start something," she snapped.

She started it by driving like a young hurricane to the jail, where, being who she was, Link was brought from his cell to see her. She wasted no time on preliminaries or on sympathy.

"Link," she said, "something's got to be done. Of course you didn't do this rotten thing. Anybody with sense knows that. Can you think of anything?"

"No," he said apathetically.

"Don't be a sheep!" she snapped. Then—"If you can't think, get somebody to think for you. . . . I don't like him. I don't like any part of him, but Caleb Hope has got more brains than anybody in this town. I'll get him to come here."

"But ——"

"Be still," said Seena; "I'm running this. You wait right here and I'll get him in a jiffy." To the deputy she issued orders: "You keep Link in this room till I get back with Mr. Hope." And instantly she was gone in a swirl of short skirts and tossing hair.

Caleb Hope looked up from the papers he was scrutinizing as Seena burst into his office. His melancholy face betrayed no astonishment, no irritation, no pleasure—nothing but an abysmal weariness as if the weight of life were too great for his stooping shoulders and slight frame. He reared himself to his full height and peered down at her.

"Come with me, right away," she said.

"Might one ask where and for what purpose? Or shall I tie a handkerchief over my eyes?"

"To the jail," she said.

"Ah, has some officer done his duty at last? Speeding, is it? Or have you run down some citizen whose agility was no match for your driving?"

"Will you stop talking and come? It's Link Stone."

"Link Stone—indeed? And what have you to do with Link Stone?"

"I'm doing what Lydia Nichols ought to be doing and hasn't the pep to do," said Seena. "And I don't want to be kept waiting." Caleb sighed. "I want him out of jail at once," she said.

"Whether he's guilty or not guilty?"

"It's none of my business whether a friend of mine is guilty or not," Seena snapped. "It's my job to do everything I can for him."

Caleb's gloomy eyes lighted a very little, and he nodded his head slowly. "Do I understand Link desired to retain me?"

"You do," said Seena, moving toward the door. Caleb followed more slowly and climbed into the car beside her. She talked vehemently all the way to the jail. Caleb remained mute, but now and again he glanced at her out of the corner of his eye—and not with severity.

They found Link waiting for them where Seena had left him, and Seena plunged into some high-handed pronouncement. Caleb blinked and moved his head vaguely from side to side.

"If you will be still and sit over there quietly, you will be of great assistance," he said, and she flushed angrily, but obeyed. Caleb surveyed Link in silence. "So you want to retain me?" he asked.

"I haven't much money," Link said.

"I have," interjected Seena.

"If you will cast your eye back over this conversation," Caleb said, "you will see that money has not been mentioned as yet. . . . Did you do it, or didn't you?"

"I didn't."

"Of course he didn't," said Seena.

"Perhaps," suggested Caleb, "you've something important to do at home—or somewhere."

"I'm going to stay right here," Seena answered, and he lifted his shoulders with a helpless gesture.

"Tell me all about it, Link. And when I say all, that's what I mean—just as it happened."

Link plunged into his story, commencing at the moment he left the mill with the old bag to get the pay roll and ending at his arrest.

Caleb turned to Seena. "You were at the window when Link came up?"

"I certainly was."

"Did you see Palmer put the money into the bag?"

"I did, and heard him call attention to it."

"Eh? You heard what?"

"And Justice Briggs was there, and half a dozen other folks."

"And you walked outside with Link?"

"Yes"

"He had the bag in his hand all the time? Didn't set it down for a minute to light his pipe?"

"We walked straight out."

"Um—now, Link, accepting your narrative as true, regardless of its incredibility, somebody must have opened the bag, taken out the money and put in the paper, while you were alone in your car driving at twenty-five miles an hour and while you were touching the handle of the bag with your elbow."

"Nobody could have," Link said despairingly. "I've thought of nothing else since they locked me up. I can see how it sounds. There's no use. Nobody will believe me."

"Well, you've tried it on me," Caleb said in his weary, discouraged voice, "and I believe you. Maybe we can find somebody else if we hunt."

Link lifted his head. "You believe me? You—you think I didn't do it?"

"I'm just that credulous," said Caleb.

"Why?" demanded Seena. "What makes you believe him?"

"Because," said Caleb, "his yarn is too utterly preposterous to be anything but the truth."

"And you'll get him out?"

"That's a horse of another color. Get him out—yes; on bail. Who'll go surety for him?"

"I'll find somebody. How many?"

"Two, if possible," said Caleb, "and you'd better start now."

"I don't want to be let out on bail," said Link. "I—I'd rather stay here. I can't face people with this hanging over me."

"Don't be a nasty little rabbit, Link," said Seena fiercely. "I'd like to see anybody dare look at me as if he thought I was guilty."

"What would you do?" Caleb asked curiously.

"I—I'd paste him," said Seena.

"Run along and get your bailsmen," Caleb said; "and you might omit anything especially high-handed while you're doing it. You catch more flies with sugar than you do with vinegar. I read about a king once that got his head chopped off for being arrogant."

"And you," said Seena, "will mind your business. I only wish there was somebody else in this town with brains. Then I wouldn't have to endure you"

She turned from him with lifted nose and laid her hand gently on Link's dejected shoulder. "I'll have those bondsmen in a jiffy," she said. "And don't you worry. Mr. Hope will have you out of this mess before you can say knife. He hasn't any manners, but I've got to admit he's a go-getter."

"I'm gratified," said Caleb.

"But," said Link, when she was gone, "what can you do? It's—the whole thing is so impossible. Do you—can you see any way out?"

"Well," said Caleb slowly, "we've got a couple of facts to sit on comfortably, and facts always make a good cushion."

"Facts?"

"To be sure. We know you didn't do it. That's a good large fact. We know it was done. We know somebody did it. All high-class facts. What more can you ask?"

"It doesn't seem much," said Link.

"All we need is two more facts to go with them and you're free as a bird to go sing your song on a hickory limb. I'm going out with a chunk of cheese and a trap to catch 'em now. . . . Um—it's nice everybody takes it for granted you did it."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you that when the daylight is better," said Caleb, and took his departure.

Caleb walked down the street to his office, where he sat in his chair for an hour, staring at an advertising calendar which embellished his wall. From his expression one would have believed the picture on the calendar to be highly depressing, which was by no means the case.

At last this work of art seemed to lose its fascination for him and he reared himself slowly to his feet and made his slow, stooping way to the bank.

Here he went to the counter where one makes out deposit slips and leaned upon it heavily, facing the cages and staring at them with an even more lugubrious expression than he had worn in his office. His eyes would rest for five minutes upon one window and then move to the next, until finally he moved along until he stood just in front of the window behind which stood John Palmer, when he paused again, nodded to John and slouched against the wall to stare fixedly.

This abnormal conduct was not without its effect upon the employes of the institution.

They stared and whispered. Palmer frowned, scowled, whistled, shuffled his feet and in various ways made it evident he resented such protracted scrutiny.

"Cal'late to know me ag'in when you see me?" he asked sourly.

"I wasn't noticing you in particular," said Caleb; and then, after a little pause—"Not in particular. Did you ever visualize, John?"

"I ain't too fat," Palmer said. "No call to visualize. Don't hold with none of them fads anyhow."

"Oh," Caleb said, "you wouldn't, would you? But me now—I'm visualizing with might and main."

"You don't have to come here to do it," John said pugnaciously.

"Yes, I do," Caleb said. "I've decided this is the best visualizing location in Luxor. I'll be in often, but I'll be very quiet and careful to disturb no one."

"The finance committee won't allow it," John said.

"Well, maybe they'll object some to the visualization," Caleb said; "but when I come to reconstruct, I prophesy they'll be real interested."

"Not them. Every one's an old-time homeopath."

"Um—ever feel nervous, John? Ever suffer from hallucinations or cold sweats?"

"No."

Caleb shook his head. "You've got the look of one that would. If you ever do, let me know. Yes, sir, if you ever wake up in a cold sweat and trembling, I want to hear about it. And most especially if you ever get to imagining somebody is watching and following you."

"I hain't got no idee what you're talkin' about."

"Neither have I," Caleb said. "Well, good-by, John. I've done my visualizing for this afternoon. I'll make two shifts of it tomorrow. Half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon."

"Do it some'eres else."

"Got to do it right here."

He nodded gravely, left the bank and walked in his deliberate way down the street and along the river until he reached the offices of Marty Rooney, where he approached the desk of Heck Kinney and without preliminaries asked, "Have you got the bag handy, Heck?"

"What bag?"

"The one Link Stone didn't bring home the money in."

"Stands right there."

"Um—swear that's it?"

"On a stack of Bibles as high as a church."

"That," said Caleb, "is as much swearing as can be asked of anybody. May I look at it? May I touch it and taste it and smell it?"

"No objection I know of," said Heck, passing over the satchel.

Caleb scrutinized it. He turned it over and over, opened it and peered within, put it on a desk and stood back as though to admire it as a work of art. When this was all accomplished, he took out a notebook and wrote exhaustively.

"Now, Heck," he said, "let's call up the justice of the peace, he being our most lofty judicial officer."

"What fer?"

"Purposes of ultimate identification," said Caleb, and stepped to the telephone, over which he requested Mr. Briggs to come at once, bearing the official seal of his office. In a reasonable time the justice appeared.

"Mr. Briggs," said Caleb, "I have entered the practice of criminal law. It is a noble calling. One defends the innocent, sometimes frees the guilty and always

(Continued on Page 219)

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Perfect Satisfaction

Prompt, courteous, personal attention and highest grades of Gasoline and Motor Oil!

That is what you want and that is what you get when you "Buy at the Sign of the Spread Red Eagle."

The biggest and finest thing this advertising can do for you is to lead you to a "Spread Red Eagle" station.

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INDEPENDENT OIL MEN of AMERICA
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strives for a minimum sentence. *Pro bono publico*, as it were."

"Jest that," said Mr. Briggs.

"This satchel," said Caleb, "is Evidence. You note that I pronounce it with a capital E. That is to give it due importance. Mr. Kinney here will swear on a stack of Bibles as high as a church—er—did that include the steeple, Heck?—that this is the identical satchel."

"I will," said Mr. Kinney.

"Will you, therefore, Mr. Justice, affix the seal of your office to the mute witness so that, by no possible adroitness can any miscreant, seeking to defeat the ends of justice, substitute for it any other bag whatsoever?"

"I will," said Mr. Briggs, which he proceeded forthwith to accomplish.

"Now," said Caleb, "we will abandon criminal practice for the day."

"Are you goin' to git him off?" asked Mr. Briggs.

"Before I can answer that," Caleb said, "I'll have to ratiocinate a trifle more."

"I'll lend you my car to do it in," said Mr. Briggs; "or would you rather walk?"

"I'll walk. . . . Had you heard that Justice is blind, Mr. Briggs?"

"I've heard tell."

"This," said Caleb dolefully, "is an emergency in which we must operate on her for cataract."

III

IT WAS two days later when Seena Rooney more or less exploded into Caleb Hope's office; she began exploding as her foot crossed the threshold.

"You do nothing but sit," she said. "Sit, sit, sit, all day long. Or stand like a bump on a log in the bank and stare. And Link's hearing is tomorrow."

"Yes," he said with a sigh, "I do a sizable quantity of sitting and I stare quite a good deal. I'm perfecting myself in those things. Practice makes perfect. 'Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.'"

"Link's hearing is tomorrow," she repeated, "and you've done nothing—nothing. You've—you've laid down on the job."

"What ought a lawyer to do in such a case—set fire to somebody's barn? I'm open to suggestions. But not too strenuous. There are different kinds of lawyers, and I'm the sitting kind. I sit or I stand and stare. . . . And Link's hearing is not tomorrow."

"It is," she said, making use of what the legal fraternity designates as the direct traverse.

"I waived examination," he said.

"I wanted him discharged tomorrow."

"He wouldn't have been."

"Why?"

"Because it takes more than a couple of days to simulate antiquity."

Seena stamped her foot. "You're unbearable. And you're incompetent, which is worse. You haven't accomplished a thing."

"One doesn't expect appreciation," he said resignedly, "but actually I've overworked. I've raked in a bonfire and I've spilled a bottle of milk. My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings. I will do my best—no man can do more. . . . Do you read Ivanhoe?"

"Somebody's got to do something. . . . I'll do it. I'll turn this town upside down and inside out. I'll ——"

"Miss Rooney," said Caleb, "you will not meddle with this case in any minute particular."

She opened her lips and held them so. His tone had changed; it was not the weary, disillusioned voice which had become so hatefully familiar to her, but a crisp, snapping voice with an iron will behind it—the voice of a man who spoke with full intention to be obeyed. It startled her by its unexpectedness, impressed her by its quality.

"I shall do exactly as I think best," she said, determined he should not suspect the impression he had created.

"You will do one thing," he said, and his eyes were level and unwavering in their command. "You will remember with which hand John Palmer handed the bag through the window to Link. That and nothing else."

"Which hand? Why—what's that got to do with it?"

"If," said Caleb, "you do not wish Link to enjoy the advantages of the curriculum of the penitentiary, you will remember under oath which hand."

"But I do remember. I can see it all as plain as day. It was the hand away from me—the left hand."

"It had to be," said Caleb, and slouched back in his chair, his eyes taking up again the study of the art calendar. She perceived presently that he had forgotten her presence, and with a queer sense of apprehension, an unpleasant feeling of having encountered something stronger than herself, she went very quietly away.

Caleb continued to sit. For days he sat, and for days he walked over to the bank to visualize. Twice every day he visualized silently, and the strain of it was beginning to wear threadbare spots in John Palmer's disposition as well as in his self-control. Frequently Caleb saw him wipe his forehead.

Caleb did not hold conferences with his client, did not encourage or discourage the young man. "Tell the truth—exactly as it happened," was the sole advice he gave.

"But nobody will believe it," said Link despairingly.

"If it's improbable enough, they will," said Caleb. "The trial is day after tomorrow. . . . Which hand did John use when he passed through the bag to you?"

Link shook his head. "I can't seem to remember," he said.

"After all," said Caleb, "women have their uses. Perhaps more of them than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio."

Another day of sitting followed, another day of visualizing in the bank. As he finished his second period of it, Caleb nodded to John Palmer. "This is the last one," he said. "Tomorrow I shall reconstruct. . . . By the way, any hallucinations yet? Any cold sweats? Any delusions of persecution?"

"No," snapped John and mopped his forehead profusely.

"And," said Caleb, "the afternoon is cool. I'm not sure it's healthy to perspire on a cool afternoon."

Next morning Caleb drove early to the county seat with his client. Numerous cars followed, filled with interested townsfolk and witnesses and prospective jurymen. Caleb was silent throughout the drive, nor did he refer to the large carton of corrugated board which rode in the tonneau. With his own hands he carried it into the court room and placed it under the table he was to occupy.

Presently the court room filled with spectators and the panel. Court officers appeared, and then the judge mounted the bench. Sonorous preliminaries were completed and the selection of a jury commenced. In this Caleb seemed overly easily content. The county attorney made his opening and the first witness was sworn. It was established that Link Stone had been sent for the pay roll and that he had returned to the office with the satchel full of paper. It was established that a packet of bills had been found under the seat of his car. All this by the mouth of Heck Kinney. Mr. Kinney identified the bag.

John Palmer was the second witness for the state. He testified to the preparation of the pay-roll money, to putting it in the bag and to handing it through the window to Link. This on direct examination, and the witness was handed over to Caleb.

"John," said Caleb, "I show you this bag. Do you recognize it?"

"I do. It is the bag Link Stone carried the pay-roll money in."

"You are sure this is the bag?"

"Certain."

"Not a bag just like it?"

"It's the i-dentical bag."

"You swear to that? How do you identify it?"

"I've handled it every week for years. I'd know it any place. Besides, it's got that big ink spot on it, and here on this side is a deep scratch."

"To be sure. And you've handled it for years?"

"Yes."

"So you would expect it to be pretty well worn?"

"Yes."

"Inside and out?"

"Yes."

"Now let's reconstruct. You've seen me visualizing, John. With the court's permission, we'll reconstruct. Eh, John? This table is your counter in the bank. The window is toward the jury. I want to be realistic, so here at my right I pile this money." Caleb drew from a suitcase a great pile of bills. "Here is seventy-five hundred dollars in currency, and here is the silver. It was piled here?"

"Yes."

"There was a line of folks outside?"

"Yes."

"Miss Rooney and Mr. Briggs and Jinks Baker and others?"

"Yes."

"And they saw the money here?"

"They spoke about it."

"And Link Stone came next to Miss Rooney?"

"Yes."

"And he passed in the bag to you?"

"Yes."

"With Your Honor's permission, I should like to ask a few jurymen to impersonate the bank's customers." The judge nodded.

"Will you, sir, impersonate Link Stone? And you and you and you and you the others? Thank you. Now, sir, here is the bag. Will you, in your character as Link Stone, pass the bag through the bank grille to me?"

The juryman did so.

"Now, John, did you put the money in the bag—thus?"

"Yes."

"With everybody watching?"

"And joking Link about it," said Palmer.

"Exactly. And then what?"

"I pushed the bag through to him and he went away."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't you say to Link, 'Perty heavy, young feller. Cal'late you kin carry it alone?'"

"I might have. Usually pass some words with everybody."

"Did you say those exact words in this case?"

"I—why, I guess I did."

"Very well, I reconstruct. If I do not do exactly as you did, correct me." Caleb assumed the character of John Palmer and addressed the pseudo Link Stone. "'Perty heavy, young feller,'" he said, and swung the bag down behind the table as though to heft it. "'Cal'late you kin carry it alone?' . . . Is that the way it was?"

"Yes," said John.

"You're sure of that?"

"Certain."

"Mr. Juryman, show the bag to the witness. John, do you still identify this bag?"

"Yes."

"Open it, Mr. Juryman."

The juryman did so, while his fellow peers stared over his shoulder. He opened it and stared, stared open-mouthed, and then turned toward the judge.

"Discharge the contents on the table," said Caleb.

The juryman did so. Neat packets of blank paper fell from the bag upon the polished surface. The judge craned forward, the county attorney was on his feet objecting. Caleb sank into his chair wearily. He followed that matter no farther.

"Mr. Palmer," he said, "again I show you this bag. Is it the original Rooney bag?"

John, face set now and eyes glittering, spoke with some difficulty. "Yes."

(Continued on Page 221)

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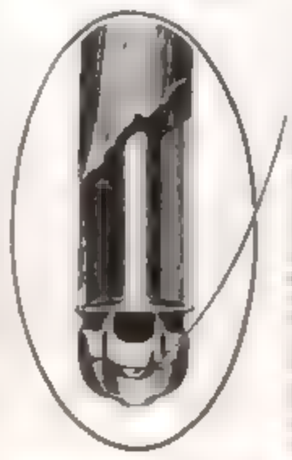

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(Continued from Page 219)

Caleb resumed the bag and dropped it behind the table. "I wish to be doubly positive of this identification. Are you sure—scrutinize it carefully—that this is the bag?" Once more he passed it to the witness.

"I've said I'm sure."

"But," said Caleb, "you have just identified another bag as the real one." And he produced the first satchel for the jury to see. "Now which is the real one?"

"I -it's one ——"

"Never mind, John, we'll pass that. When was the last time you had a bonfire?"

"I don't remember."

"Careful, John. Didn't you have a bonfire the very night this money was stolen?"

"I don't remember."

"If three people were to swear they saw you starting such a fire at that time in the field behind your barn, would they be mistaken?"

"Maybe I did. I don't call to mind."

"But this was an extra-special bonfire, John. Most men would remember it. What did you burn that night?"

"Rubbish."

"Um—I show you these pieces of metal, John, and ask you what they are?"

"Don't know. Never see them before."

"Are they not the metal parts of a satchel?"

"Mebby—I don't know."

"I ask you to compare them with the metal parts of these two satchels you have identified as the real pay-roll satchel. Are they, save for the ravages of fire, exactly like those metal parts?"

"They look like them."

"Now, John, here is the actual satchel Link brought back to the office—the real satchel." Again Caleb abandoned a line of questioning and started up another street. "You have handled this satchel for years?"

"Yes."

"So much so that the leather outside is badly worn?"

"Yes."

"What is it lined with?"

"Cloth."

"Is the cloth badly worn?"

John examined it, found it new, scarcely soiled. "Why—no-o."

"Not badly soiled. But wouldn't money, in your experience as cashier, soil the lining of a bag in a usage of several years?"

"You'd think so."

"I ask the jury to examine the lining of this bag; also the metal parts rescued from a bonfire."

"Object. Not in evidence, those parts. No testimony connecting them with this case."

"Presently I shall offer three trustworthy witnesses who will testify to the bonfire and to the finding of them. . . . Now, John, when you had forged a satchel so that it was exactly like the Rooney satchel, and filled it with paper to be ready, and had shifted satchels as I just did before your eyes, giving the forged one to Link and dropping the real one, filled with currency, under your counter, what did you do next?"

"I—I ——" Suddenly Palmer broke. He gibbered, he pointed a trembling finger at Caleb. "He stood and stared at me. He bored holes into me with his eyes. Every day he done it. . . . He stood there and stared at me by the hour. . . . And nobuddy kin stand sich a thing. . . . He never said nothin', not a word, but jest stood and stared, till I was like to go crazy. . . . And I knowed he knowed I done it. . . . And I knowed he was a-studyin' out how. . . . I couldn't 'a' stood it another day."

"It's all over now, John," Caleb said quietly. "Where's the money?"

"To home, in the bottom of the potater barrel," Palmer said as he sat quivering, lips drawn back, eyes staring, hands shaking.

"Your Honor," said Caleb, "is it necessary to proceed further?"

"The defendant is dismissed," said the judge, "and the court desires to compliment counsel upon his skillful handling of this matter. . . . Officer, you will have in charge the last witness. . . . Court dismissed."

Lydia Nichols was weeping in Link's arms. The room was in an uproar of excitement. Caleb wearily gathered his papers and the spurious bag, and, shoulders stooping, head bent, face melancholy, started to make his way down the aisle. At the door a hand snatched at his arm and a voice spoke his name: "Mr. Hope, I ——"

"You didn't have to swear which hand it was, which proves," he said in his most weary voice, "that we can get along without women, after all."

Seena drew herself up and her eyes flashed. "I was going to apologize and—and tell you what—what a wonder you are. But I shan't. All there is to you is brains. You aren't human."

"I've been wondering," Caleb said mildly. "But I'm afraid you're wrong. . . . Sometimes I'm so human I alarm myself seriously."

"When is that?" she demanded.

He looked at her for a moment in silence and then moved his head uneasily and let fall his eyes. "Now is one of the times," he said, and walked away as rapidly as he could manage to do.

GRACEFUL SPANS

(Continued from Page 19)

Though both the public and the owners may hold him accountable when catastrophe comes, he must depend somewhat on Providence for support and guidance. As soon as the bridge superstructure becomes a hulking giant compared with the puny artisans and frail machines at work upon it, a whole new set of dangers arise. Chief among these dangers are the elements—wind, flood, ice, lightning and earthquake. All must be guarded against.

Once a committee of engineers met in conference with the representatives of those who were going to finance a large bridge.

The latter had equipped themselves with an admirable knowledge of bridge building, both historical and technical. They were intelligent public-spirited men. All would have gone smoothly had they not been animated by a stubborn though perfectly proper desire to save money for the financial powers in the background.

"We must be frank," said their spokesman in a conciliatory tone. "But we must face the facts without prejudice. When you tell me that we should do this and that and another thing to protect our bridge during construction, you impress me with your earnest wish to play safe. But when you urge defenses entirely out of season you impress me with a sense of conservatism that plays into the hands of those who'd like to make money at our expense."

This was pretty close to fight talk. But the conference could not lose its dignity. The senior engineer flushed slightly and his mouth tightened.

A white-haired citizen of the community rose and gave vent to his feelings in vein similar to his fellow committeeman. "I have lived here close to sixty years," he said. His voice shook slightly. "And never have I seen the water rise above the old stone wharf. To spend an extra $500,000 for protective dikes would be, in my humble opinion, the height of folly."

Two others were equally frank. Not an engineer spoke. All sat with blank faces, waiting for their leader to open fire. They knew him as an old war horse. Presently he moved in his chair. Apparently the untechnical opposition had expended all its ammunition. He rose slowly to his feet, a straight, clean-cut figure of a man in his prime, ruddy with years of out-of-doors work.

"Correct me if I am wrong," he said quietly to his brother engineers. "There was that case on the Ohio River." He named a big bridge, famous for the tragedy behind it. "As I remember, gentlemen, August was picked for its main-span erection. Government charts for many years back showed abnormally low water during that month. Traditions going back further than charts confirmed this fact. Common sense dictated acceptance of it. August was always dry in that state. There couldn't be high water. Farmers in many localities considered they were lucky if they had any water at all."

The speaker paused to let his point sink home.

"The plans were approved. Foundations were sunk and piers built. By August all was ready for erection of the main span. A huge falsework structure was put up. The main span was eased out upon it, added to, piece by piece, until about half complete. Then, at the critical moment, the water began to rise. The engineers couldn't believe their eyes. Under the blistering August sun they stood spellbound at the unheard-of phenomenon. Soon came telegraphic news of torrential rains upstate. Frantic efforts to save the bridge began. But it was too late. The sluggish river became a roaring flood which carried with it huge pieces of drift, including trees and houses, cattle and fences.

"A fender of coal barges was thrown together to protect the falsework under the span from the blows and pressure of the terrific onrush of water. But it was of no avail. The fender only served to deflect the current downward until mud and sand around supporting piles was scoured out. Luckily the chief engineer foresaw his bridge was doomed. He ordered every man clear just in time. The giant mass tottered. Its falsework crumbled and fell. Whereupon the towering traveler and thousands of tons of expensive bridge steel crashed into the swirling current."

In the silence that followed, the senior engineer nodded to one of his younger associates. The latter bit his lip. But the occasion demanded he tell his story. From his seat he related a harrowing tale of disaster on the Mississippi River. This time the work of erecting the main spans had been planned for the dead of winter, when the river would be closed to navigation owing to the heavy ice that formed around Christmas and stayed until nearly Easter.

Of course very careful investigation was made to be sure that such a condition would obtain. But never in the memory of man had the chosen month seen moving ice in that section of the Mississippi.

The worst happened. An unprecedented thaw came at the critical moment. Though it was midwinter, buds began to appear and sod to show green. Rivulets trickled down the river banks. The ice began to move. There was time to save a good deal. But hasty transportation of heavy bridge girders is not easy. Consternation reigned. Losses were great. The public condemned all connected with the bridge. One whole long span was completely wrecked.

Before the debate could start again, still another tale was told. This time it was of a river steamer that got out of control. The vessel was caught in a cross eddy and lost steerageway. She carried a heavy cargo. The skipper was helpless. Though he backed full speed and whistled desperately for help from near-by tugs, he crashed squarely into a section of the big bridge ahead of him. Not built for such punishment, the steel spans tore loose from their anchors and splashed heavily into the river.

This was too much for the spokesman of those who had come to talk down the engineers. He held up his hand. "Enough!" he exclaimed. "You win!"

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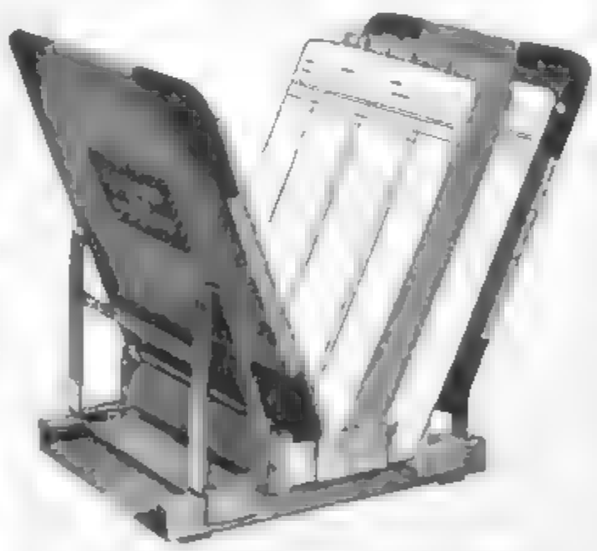

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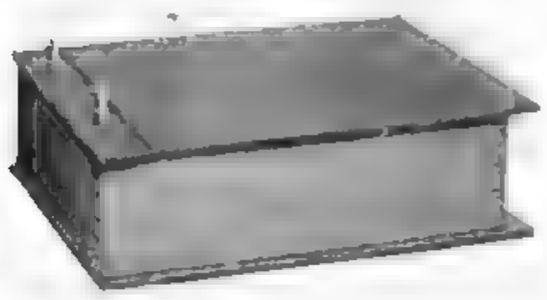

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I am not trying to be a calamity howler for bridge work or any other kind of engineering. What I have in mind are the many struggles and dangers that lie behind the profession and are so often invisible to the layman's eyes.

Yet from another angle this is the thrilling and inspiring side of our work; in a sense, the truly American side. For the history of the development of this great country of ours is the history of the pioneers' struggle in every line. There was in the beginning the hardy woodsman who wrested a living from the wilderness. He fought the Indian and cleared the land. He opened lines of communication, making it possible for others to come after. He was followed by the trader and the artisan, the flatboat man and the stagecoach driver; all pioneers in their way. As the country became settled, came the road builder, the steamboat designer, the railway surveyor; finally the modern bridge engineer.

The struggle has been moral as well as physical. True it is that the men and women who left the Old World in early days had to be fibered to meet the unknown dangers of the ocean and of the new land to which they came. But no less was the moral courage of our pioneers of construction engineering, who turned their backs on orthodox methods and boldly developed new types of bridges suited to the unique conditions which they found.

European practice in railway engineering only infrequently applied to rivers and gorges met by our railways shooting out across the continent in all directions. Rivers were broad and shallow and given to terrific floods, requiring a special build of steamboat. Rugged topography of the West demanded railroads built quickly and cheaply to alignment and grades such as their European progenitors never dreamed of. American genius was forced to provide locomotives and cars to run on these tortuous railroads. Whence were developed American railway characteristics that influenced rolling stock throughout the Old World.

The American bridge was a vital link in this chain of events. From the Great Bridge at Boston in 1668 to the gigantic Delaware River Bridge in Philadelphia—the longest suspension in the world—in 1926 has continued an uninterrupted struggle against problems and difficulties peculiar to American terrain. The fact that American bridge engineers, such as Howe and Whipple and Post, have left us more than twenty distinct truss forms common to conventional span work attests to the genius and initiative of such men.

A Lesson by Destruction

It was my good fortune to see first hand some of the work of early builders. In 1909 I designed a modern bridge over the Hudson River at Waterford, New York. This structure was to replace a timber bridge which had been built in 1809. Fire had finally destroyed the historic spans which had served the community well for 100 years.

We found the work of demolition nearly as interesting as that of putting up the new bridge. The stream at this point is 800 feet wide. Surely the task was a heavy one for those early pioneers who had little more than their broadaxes with which to work. Sawmills did not then exist. Steam or electric power was unknown, even as a possibility, to the average man. Yet the Yankee empire builder moved undaunted toward his goal. Perry and McDonough went with their benchmen into the backwoods and hewed whole ships from the virgin forest. At Waterford the same spirit had built a great bridge.

With all our modern mechanical efficiency, I have rarely seen such examples of human ingenuity as turned up when we took the charred spans apart. Every beam and strut, each girder and stringer and tie, was hand-hewed and fitted. Every bolt and rod was hand-forged. All the ponderous timbers had been brought down by ox teams and hoisted by hand. Talk about your Egyptian pyramids! The slave hordes of Rameses had nothing on the willing armies of plain men who sweated and bled over the early American bridges of wood that helped open the gorgeous back lands of our nation.

But the bridge builders didn't have a corner on courage. In discussing these things one cannot leave out the doughty American manufacturer. As soon as iron and steel began to be used the bridge engineer's imagination ran away with itself, as one steel maker put it. Beams and girders in unheard-of dimensions were demanded for bridges of rapidly growing size. Specifications for quality of material shot skyward to keep pace with the colossal weights of heavier and heavier locomotives. To keep pace, the manufacturer had to risk heavy losses, but he met the issue bravely.

Decade after decade the game of bigger and better bridges went merrily on. The engineer, in his eagerness ever to build on a greater scale, drove the manufacturer to his wits' end to turn out huge steel members, so easily constructed on the drawing board. Yet often, after each step forward, the newly developed size or type became a standard product.

Economy the Keynote

Today huge bridges are built almost in obscurity. Take those recently completed over the new channel of the Arkansas River through Pueblo, Colorado: The upper bridge at the Denver and Rio Grande Western consists of four plate-girder spans weighing 197 tons each, although they carry but two tracks. The superstructure for the lower bridge consists of two truss spans weighing 887 tons. These steel giants, rarely seen and almost never heard of outside technical circles, do their share in keeping our great steel mills running and our vast railway traffic moving.

It has been a natural result of such spectacular achievement that American bridge engineers, as well as manufacturing methods at their command, have often been called upon for foreign service. Yankee direction of Chinese bridge building is nothing new. An American firm gathered in the bid for an Egyptian bridge when Kitchener commanded the Sudan, having defeated the Mahdi at Omdurman and captured Khartum.

This bridge was over a tributary of the Nile and was urgently required by British military operations. Yet the British Government awarded the contract to an American firm which underbid all others both in price and time. The job ultimately went through in great style, although its contractors were harassed by the necessity of using native labor.

Adaptability of the Yankee foreman came out markedly during the work. One such subdivision leader was called upon to describe his recent experiences before a meeting of eminent engineers after he returned to this country. He spoke bluntly.

"Some of our friends," he declared, "are making too much of this hero business. We were picked to go over there and put up a better bridge than the limeys could. We did the best we knew how. But it was hard getting the Egyptians to rivet properly. The main trouble with those fellows was that they prayed too much. Sometimes the 200 or 300 we had used to waste five hours a day apiece just praying. When the time came they'd squat right down. It didn't make any difference whether they had a hot rivet in the hole or not."

It has been my fortune to design bridges for many foreign countries. Among them have been Brazil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, Japan and Mexico. One curious thing is that a South American country usually wants the design to accommodate European material, which means a whole lot of extra dimensions and other data. But this trouble is nearly always wasted, since almost invariably the American manufacturer is able to underbid his foreign competitor.

(Continued on Page 225)

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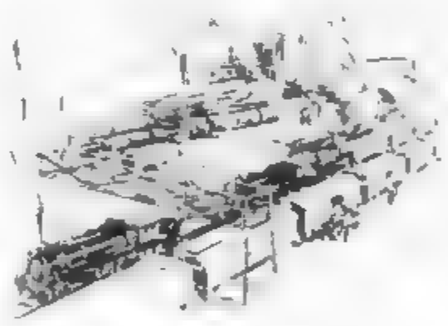

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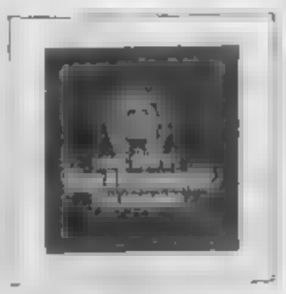

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VICI kid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 222)

There is another side to all this worth remembering. That is cost. It is all very fine to talk of the indomitable will and ingenuity of our bridge builders. Romantic abstractions look fine in print, but they don't go far in a cold-blooded cost analysis.

Any large engineering enterprise requiring much material and the labor of many men must be carefully planned and organized if the work is to be done economically. Only war discounts economy. In peace, economy is the *sine qua non* of nearly every sort of work. The designing engineer of a great bridge may be brave and original. The construction engineer may exhibit the moral heroism of an early Christian martyr. But neither will get to first base with the corporation ordering the bridge if he doesn't know how to economize.

Nowhere in the engineering world is economy so elusive as in the building of large bridges. Here the dovetailing of a hundred responsibilities and tasks of a widely divergent nature is enough to tie the average efficiency expert into a bowknot.

Ordinary construction jobs are not to be compared with putting a big bridge on the map. The big ship is built on ways neatly placed within reach of shops that will turn out its various component parts. The parts of a bridge must be drawn from all over the country over highways and rails that were built without regard to the bridge's location. The skyscraper is always just one of a thousand buildings that use the same steel types, similar plumbing, bricking and interior appurtenances. In contrast, each big bridge stands practically alone in design, and taxes wholly unrelated sources for its component parts.

When actual building starts, the responsibility is usually centered in one man only, so far as erection of the structure itself goes. This man is known as the superintendent, or some such title, to distinguish him from the supervising engineer, the chairman of the board of directors and other dignitaries having to do with the job. In effect, therefore, responsibility for successful completion of the modern bridge is really widely divided. And if too many cooks can spoil a broth, they certainly can spoil a bridge. However, the intricacies of modern engineering make it almost impossible to avoid this handicap.

Spoiling a Work of Art

Teamwork makes a success possible. Mistake in judgment or neglect of some detail may be so far-reaching that serious trouble will result from a very small error. Of course, computations for design are subject to careful verification. Working drawings are checked over and over again until the strength of the proposed bridge is known with certainty. Materials are inspected and tested at mills and foundries by experienced technical men. The same materials are gone all over again by a new force of experts when they reach the shops for fabrication into members of the bridge structure. Fitting, riveting, milling, machining are all scrutinized day by day, so that each truss and joint shall slip into place at the point of erection without the slightest delay.

Care is taken even to manufacture an excess number of parts, to provide full-size pieces for testing. Some of this excess number are taken to massive testing machines and crushed or bent or pulled to destruction in order that computed strength may be compared with the actual.

Many years ago there was far less cooperation between the manufacturer and the engineer than there is now

For instance, it used in some plants to be considered *au fait* to conceal defects or imperfections in steel where the mill man or foundry man considered them not to be positively dangerous. If a defective casting got by the inspector this way, all well and good.

I suspected one plant in particular of leading some steel for my firm. Sure enough, a visit to the foundry enabled me to find a lead plug in a piece of cast iron where the air had entered during the making and formed a blowhole. With my penknife I explored the cavity as much as I could, and managed to dig some of the telltale soft metal out.

The next thing I knew there came an angry voice in my ear; "Say, mister, what you doing anyhow? We been working all morning to get that hole filled up nice. Now you went and spoiled it!"

Dovetailing Details

Don't misunderstand me when I say that all this division of authority does not tend to spare any of us who build a bridge. I am not making out a case for the difficulty of bridge work. Perfect organization in this form of engineering will lead to excellent results, just as it does in other forms of constructive enterprise. The point I have been striving to illuminate is that the glory of the American pioneer, his genius and courage and all that, aren't worth a tinker's dam unless the efficiency behind them shows in the ledger as well as on the span. Indeed, with a thousand threads to gather and untangle at one gigantic beehive where the bridge is being built, there's got to be luck as well as efficiency to keep within the figures set.

Take the case of a large suspension bridge I was supervising some years ago. The contractor had an unusually heavy pay roll. Wire for the cables had been ordered for delivery at a time when it was estimated we should have the towers completed. Suspension ropes, trusses, bracing, stringers and hundreds of other shipments were to arrive at intermediate times to fit in with the whole plan of construction.

Excavation for our main piers had started. This meant that labor barracks, hospital and mess houses were all up—we were miles from the city. Carpenter gangs had started to make the yawning wooden forms, or molds, for the piers as quickly as excavations were finished. Steel foundries were working night and day on patterns for the giant castings that would form the bases of the towers.

Shipment of these castings was scheduled to arrive the minute the piers were in condition to receive them. Steel derricks had already reached the base and were being installed by expert operators so that they would be ready in time to pick up the steel framing as it arrived.

Meanwhile the bridge shop was fabricating the huge towers that would reach more than 365 feet into the sky. Riveted steel sections were planned for completion to fit in with progress of the other work. Tunnel borers were piercing the mountains on both sides of the river to provide pits for reception of our anchorage steel. This steel—the tooth roots of the bridge, as it has been called—had to be forged and shipped to arrive on its preordained calendar date. Placement of the anchorage determined date of stringing the cables.

Wherefore the program at our wire mills had to fit in with the program of all the other contributors to the great structure soon to span the river.

Steel members for the main span to be hung from the cables were a most important factor in the campaign. Owing to the limited space at the bridge, this steel was sent to a distant storage spot, thence to be transshipped by special barges reserved many months ahead for the job. The tow for each barge was more than forty miles upstream to the bridge site. Each load had to be carefully planned and selected, so that the proper parts would arrive at exactly the right times.

Scores of other items were ordered, manufactured, shipment planned and storage arranged many months in advance. Napoleon never schemed more anxiously than did the chief executive and his assistants. Alexander with his hordes never wrestled with more detail than did the big boss, as the contractor's general manager was known.

At a critical point trouble came. Reports from all points of manufacture were satisfactory. Everything was running along like clockwork, when, abruptly, our supply of sand and gravel ceased to arrive as fast as it should. Had the trouble been with some item like wire, which was hard to make and ship, there might have been a little consolation in the maddening situation. But to have several million dollars' worth of contract held up by a few hundred dollars' worth of glacial till transcended the powers of expression of even our forcible gang leader, whose volcanic temperament always rose so gayly to such occasions.

Within the Law

In shop work the labor could simply have been shifted to another job. Had our bridge materials been standard shapes we could have asked the manufacturer to fill another order with them. But in some stages of a bridge there aren't any other jobs to speak of. And practically all wire and steelwork is ordered specifically for the bridge under construction.

Well, to make a sad story short, we burned up telephone and telegraph wires for about twenty-four hours. The men began to grow restless and our storage space on the ground to shrink. Then, just as ruin was upon us, a tug and two barges hove over the horizon and the day was saved. A delay in the distribution of a large tow, which came from the upper reaches of the river and dropped its load at various towns, was the last straw that nearly broke the camel's back.

Speaking of gang leaders reminds me to mention the superintendent, or chief foreman. He is the man who eats and sleeps with the construction job until finished. He is not always a technical man. He rarely

The Proposed Henry Hudson Memorial Bridge at Spuyten Duyvil

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SOME years ago, Russel Shurk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

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Let Us Help You!

Just as we helped Russel Shurk, so will we work with you. If you are interested in a spare hour proposition which may pay you up to $1 50 or more an hour or in a full-time job, say from $25 to $50 a week, write today for our offer.

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What's your offer?

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State Age

Call a Plumber?
—not with Drāno on the pantry shelf!

WHEN that laundry drain gets lazy—and the water lags in the tub—don't prod and poke, or call the plumber. Just use Drāno.

For Drāno will quickly open clogged drains and keep them open—free-flowing—sanitary. Drāno boils, scrubs, scours, down in the drain—dissolves grease, hair, lint and the soapy refuse that makes drains balky.

And Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel, or plumbing!*

Use Drāno *regularly*

Drāno used regularly means free-flowing drains in kitchen, bathroom, and laundry. Drāno disinfects and deodorizes garbage cans, too—keeps refrigerator drain-pipes sanitary—brightens grease-encrusted iron pots and glass ovenware in a jiffy—cleans clogged down-spouts.

Buy a can today at your grocery, drug, or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clean garage floors—this way!

Sprinkle Drāno on your garage floor. It will quickly remove grease spots and oil drippings

35 Cents in Canada

Drāno

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Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

boasts a college education. He doesn't bother about office hours and overtime and pay rates. He has just one hope and goal in life—that is to get his bridge built.

He is a big man, as a rule. I've known him to weigh up to 300 pounds and be as agile as a kitten when he worms around over the girders hundreds of feet above ground. He is muscular as a prize fighter and bronzed as a mariner. And he literally smells the values of rivet, stresses and bending strains, despite the fact that he does not use logarithms or the theorem of three moments.

I remember one bridge job in the Southwest where the locality presented an evening resort in the shape of a saloon that went by the name of the Jersey Lily, named in honor of the actress, Mrs. Langtry. One night a not altogether unfriendly shooting match, according to the local newspaper, ended in the death of one of the participants. A few minutes after the tragedy the sheriff arrived on the scene. He had been chief foreman in his day and knew the crowd with which he had to deal. With much concern he leaned over the corpse. Brief search revealed that the victim carried a gun in one pocket and a wallet containing forty dollars in another.

"I fine you forty dollars for carrying concealed weapons," announced the sheriff to the dead man, and confiscated the cash and the revolver, in accordance with the requirements of law.

As is nowadays the case in nearly all large construction jobs, labor used in bridge erection is often the decisive factor in economy. Bridges are most often built by large corporations such as railroads, or by some community interest such as a state or municipality. Whoever is paying for the bridge naturally wants it to be built at as low a price as possible. Bidders are invited to submit competitive figures for cost and for dates of completion.

Materials can be figured closely, because the market is not likely to change greatly for steelwork in normal times, although there have been some distressing exceptions. But labor items are always pretty much of a gamble. If a corporation is building the bridge, time is usually the paramount factor. Then the bidder must gamble on labor being available at his prices during the period of construction. If a state or municipality is behind the enterprise, then the lowest price usually wins the bid, regardless of time. In this case the bidder gambles on wages remaining fixed during his term of employment.

I think the average bridge builder will agree with me that the most annoying problem of all is that of politics. In the case of a community served by a large bridge, there are always bitterly opposed factions whose real estate or other commercial interests dictate their attitude toward the project.

Bridging a Gap of $4,000,000

There was one case—in which I was fortunately in no way involved—where several engineers were considered for a city bridge. Each one was backed by some local influence. Rival newspapers, seeing a chance for some good polemic publicity, took up cudgels for one rival or another. The engineers were goaded into attacking one another in the public press. Professional dignity was jettisoned. Threats and counter-threats were passed. Technical desiderata that should guide all good bridge work were replaced by verbal brickbats that did not even mention the engineering problems to be faced. The upshot of the affair was that the authorities finally threw up their hands and appointed engineers who had no connection whatever with the controversy and no acquaintance with local affairs.

Some years ago my firm was employed to design and supervise the erection of a bridge within the limits of one of the largest cities in the world. Both rail and highway traffic were to be handled. All the other railroad bridges were under control of interests which exacted a high toll. What the city wanted was a free municipal bridge.

Naturally there were many factions interested in such a scheme. But a bond issue of $2,000,000 was finally voted as a starter. This looked like a lot of money to the city council—certainly enough for a nice big bridge. Imagine the chagrin that prevailed when we submitted an estimate covering the sort of bridge asked for and putting the minimum figure at $6,000,000.

Fortunately there was a courageous leader among the group who took the bit in his teeth and insisted that work be started despite the huge discrepancy. "Go ahead and build $2,000,000 worth," was the way he put it, "and if we don't raise the rest of it by the time the money is gone you'll just have to stop."

They took the chance. But the leader with vision had guessed right. The citizens of his city were finally sold on the idea of the far more expensive project and ultimately voted the money required to complete it.

Politics have long been a specter hovering over nearly all great engineering feats. However, huge public works, including the enormous expansion of highway building, are greatly modifying the attitude of politicians toward engineering problems. They realize that though much of this sort of work is unavoidably in the glare of publicity, engineering talent of a high order must not be discouraged. Hence engineers of note are more willing to undertake such projects as the magnificent Delaware River Bridge at Philadelphia, which is being financed by two states under the direction of a board of eminent engineers.

Mechanical Elephantiasis

It is an unfortunate fact that the time element is all in favor of work done by private capital. In consequence it is becoming more and more customary to build big highway bridges under private control, finish them quickly and get them into use by the impatient public. Then the state can take them over when red tape permits.

The "biggest bridge in the world." A typically American statement; yet, like other such statements, a true one. For in the bridge over the Delaware River, connecting Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Camden, New Jersey, international experts agree that our countrymen have built the biggest, most beautiful, and in a variety of ways the most extraordinary bridge man ever dared attempt.

This bridge consists of a single span 1750 feet long from center to center of its main piers. Its total cost fell just short of $40,000,000. For a width of 800 feet it has an overhead clearance above mean high water of 135 feet. In a day 1,000,000 people can cross it without in the least straining its capacity. If the Tower of Babel had been built out instead of up it wouldn't have had a thing on this Brobdingnagian piece of bridge work, which, for a few years at least, can boast world-wide supremacy.

Contrary to some popular concept, a big bridge is not just a stunt. It is mass production; wholesale fabrication as compared with retail; efficiency to the nth degree.

Said a medical man to me, "Our civilization is beginning to suffer from a kind of mechanical elephantiasis. You engineers are to blame."

"But why not?"

"Because it is a senseless irritation to an already nervous age."

What my friend was really trying to express was, I think, his own annoyance at being compelled to notice the sheer grandeur of our modern big bridge. He looked on it as a novel phenomenon, not as the slow outgrowth of progress.

In reality, the big bridge, as we now understand the term, began nearly 100 years ago. The most spectacular bridge was always the big bridge of its day. One of the first was the Wheeling Bridge, built by Ellet in 1849. This was a highway bridge.

(Continued on Page 229)

Who Expected to Breakfast in Comfort in the Early 80's?

IN the early eighties there was some excuse for a cold house in the morning. Manual regulation of the heating plant was a necessity those days. But in the middle eighties standards of heating changed with the invention of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator. Today the highly developed Minneapolis not only keeps the temperature uniform but provides other important advantages through clock control.

The Minneapolis clock starts your day with a smile. Out of bed—into a room of cozy warmth, no chills up and down your back. The first morning it's a revelation. You step into the living room, look at the thermometer on the thermostat and behold—it's 70 degrees on a sub-zero morning. Yet you never touched the fire. The clock raised the thermostat indicator, opening the drafts for you.

All day long the temperature never varies. At night, retiring time, the clock automatically lowers the thermostat indicator, checking the fire for comfortable sleeping. Saves fuel.

The new Minneapolis "77" 8-day clock thermostat is a distinct achievement. The jeweled clock is remarkably simple and dependably accurate. Built complete by Minneapolis craftsmen.

Choose the Minneapolis for your heating system, whether it burns coal, oil or gas. The leading oil burner manufacturers have adopted the Minneapolis as standard equipment. Write us for their names, judge for yourself. Mail coupon for full information.

The Minneapolis Heat Regulator is sold and installed by a nation-wide organization with branch offices in principal cities and experienced dealers in almost every community. Branch and distributing offices: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Buffalo, Syracuse, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, and Hartford, Connecticut.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

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Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

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Great Broadcasting Stations* listen to their own programs with DAY-FAN RADIO RECEIVERS

YES, the radio broadcasting stations listen to their own programs, and with a receiving set, just as you do. Else how could they judge the clearness and tone quality of their speech and music? The radio they use has to be of magnificent tone, to do justice to their studio performance: it has to be the last word in selectivity to tune out a station in the same building, and bring in others for comparison from far away.

Significant thing that so many of the great broadcasting stations, who certainly know more about radio than anyone else, have selected the Day-Fan Radio Receiver for their listening rooms!

This is the final stamp of approval for Day-Fan, which was the first to perfect single dial control, the first to receive all stations at their newspaper numbers, the first to publish its own Air Telephone Directory, and which now covers your every need with five, six, and seven-tube sets from $89.00 to $250.00.

The radio receiver of the broadcasting stations is the radio receiver for your home. Send us your name and address for booklet and address of nearest dealer.

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Day-Fan in the Broadcasting Station Listening Room, where tone quality is tested.

Day-Fan Electric Co., Dayton, Ohio. You may send me information regarding Day-Fan Radio and address of nearest dealer.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____ *State*_____

Dept. P. I.

* *Among the great Broadcasting Stations who authorize us to say that they use Day-Fan Receivers in their listening rooms to test tone quality and clearness of reception are—*

WMCA, New York (Hotel McAlpin); WEBJ, New York (Third Avenue Railway System); WQJ, Chicago (Calumet Baking Powder Co. & Rainbo Gardens); WLIB, Chicago (Liberty Magazine); WNAC, Boston (The Shepard Stores); WTAM, Cleveland (Willard Storage Battery Co.); WCAE, Pittsburgh (Kaufman & Baer Co.); WCCO, Minneapolis and St. Paul (Gold Medal Radio Station, Washburn-Crosby Co.); KFNF, Shenandoah, Ia. (Henry Field Seed Co.); WOWO, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (Main Auto Supply Co.); WOAW, Omaha, Neb. (Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Ass'n); WAAW, Omaha, Neb. (Omaha Grain Exchange); WEAN, Providence (The Shepard Co.); WCAL, Northfield, Minn. (St. Olaf College); KWSC, Pullman, Wash. (State College of Washington); WCBD, Zion, Ill. (Zion Broadcasting Station).

(Continued from Page 226)

It occupied a unique place in bridge history in that it contributed to the development of the great West before railroads superseded the highways. Since then most big bridges have been part of our great railroad expansion, except in the case of the purely city bridges, such as the East River and Delaware River structures.

Don't confuse such crossings with what we technically call long-span bridges. This is purely an arbitrary term fixed by engineers as a convenient line of demarcation between the ordinary span and the real whopper. For instance, from the culvert of a few feet up to about 300 feet there are conventional specifications of a very definite sort. But when the span gets beyond 300 feet the weight of trusses and girders increases very rapidly in proportion to the moving loads carried. Hence when we get up to around 1000 feet such terrific weights of structural steel alone are used that the cars and people for which the bridge is being built become an almost negligible factor in weight. And, as I pointed out in a preceding article, when we reach spans of 4000 or 5000 feet we shall find ourselves thwarted simply by the crushing effect of the mammoth structure upon its piers.

As this staggering limit has not yet been reached, it is entertaining to examine for a moment the extensive formalities that must precede the construction of a big bridge such as that across the Delaware.

The Pennsylvania and New Jersey legislatures in 1919 authorized a joint commission, acting under uniform laws. This commission was given full power and authority to proceed with the construction of the bridge. As far back as 1818 action had been started in the state legislatures toward such a bridge. Abortive attempts continued for nearly a century. But it was not until April 17, 1914, that organized effort resulted in legal action. Even then it took five years of political backing and filling to bring about the formation of a coherent group of able men who were competent to go ahead. Truly, other machines than the mills of the gods grind slowly.

Governor William C. Sproul, of Pennsylvania, as chairman, promptly took off his coat and got to work. He had associated with him such men as Mayor J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, Samuel M. Vauclain, and a score of others whose names were a synonym for industry in the community.

Some of the ablest engineers in the world were at once called upon for technical aid. Work had to be started on the ground floor. There was not even an accurate map of the zone of possible locations. Information about underground conditions was vital. The Federal Government had to be consulted. Existing and future traffic conditions had to be studied and analyzed—an immense task in itself. Cost of property to be condemned and bought at each approach would naturally have to be known with some accuracy, as it would run into many millions of dollars.

"The design as here recommended can be built by July 4, 1926, the Sesqui-Centennial of the Declaration of Independence. Its construction will go hand in hand with the great universal exposition planned for that year, and when completed it will mark an epoch in the development and growth of not only Philadelphia and Camden but of the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

That the finished bridge was actually opened early in July, 1926, five years after this report, is a fitting tribute to the accuracy of the engineering committee who planned the stupendous undertaking in detail.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Baird and Mr. Green.

The Poets' Corner

Faith

I WILL believe you love me, though I know
Not why, nor shall I ever understand.
Yet I believe, because you tell me so,
And I have seen your eyes, and touched your hand.
All is mysterious here—but mystery
Of mysteries, the greatest is by far
Just this: That you should ever care for me—
For me, Dear Heart, and you are what you are!
Yet I will cease to doubt, or to be sad,
Believing in this miracle divine.
Oh! If to love, you need of reasons had,
You would have loved another soul than mine!
But now I hold a mystery as true,
Because it is revealed to me by you.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The China Road

IT'S blowing up from the westerly. The hail is beating down.
Waterman's sailing the old Natchez,
And she's bound for Boston town.
There's a whale ship down in the smother to lee,
With a crew of Nantucket men;
And many's the wild sea wind shall blow
Ere she comes home again.

The old Natchez is leaping, and the white foam's driving high;
Waterman stands on his dancing poop
With his eyes to the stormy sky;
And forward, by his foremast,
His cheering crew he sees;
And deep in the hold of the Natchez
Is treasure of silk and teas.

It's a long, long road for the Natchez—a blowy, beating way—
With silks and teas from China
For the girls by Boston Bay.

The whale ship's flying a greeting—
A flag in the threshing hail,
A flag outflung to the storm clouds;
It whips in the roaring gale.

Waterman calls to his chief mate. The Natchez dances high
As the chief mate hoists an answer
To the whale ship drifting by.
Waterman's flying a greeting,
Ere the whale ship's lost and gone,
Hid in the squalls to leeward
While the Natchez races on.

Lonely the road to Boston, the long road from Foochow;
Empty the road from China of ships like the Natchez now.
Would I were back with the Natchez,
And Waterman's cheering men,
Greeting the drifting whale ships
On the China road again.

—*Bill Adams.*

My Fathers Tilled the Soil

MY FATHERS tilled the soil
And profited thereby,
But as reaction to their toil
They passed to me
Hunger for wilder earth and wider sky
And the passionate sea.

I remember now they said
No word about such things,
But often, when far overhead
The wild ducks' flight
Was to the hazy south, they felt those wings
When out of sight —

And, turning, gripped the plow
More firmly, driving straight
The furrow. I remember now
The bounded land
The straining horses and the hour grown late—
And understand!

—*Glenn Ward Dresbach.*

Then . . . .

it dawned on him

—perhaps it's *comedones**

HE was beginning to understand at last why he had been left alone so often—why his invitations were so frequently refused. But he could have been spared so many disappointments—so many lonely hours. He had never thought to blame it all on *—comedones.*

A GREAT many young men suffer from comedones . . . commonly called blackheads. Skin can't be clean-looking, fresh, wholesome, if these disfiguring formations are present.

What's more, you may not even be conscious of *comedones.* But your friends notice them. You may wonder why invitations become fewer—why friends—girls in particular—seem to avoid you. You may never guess. Perhaps it's *comedones.*

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome comedones. It gives you a clean, clear, ruddy complexion. It gets into the pores where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions, and stimulates a healthy circulation, keeping skin clean, pores open.

Try this treatment

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub.* Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

No need to have a dirty skin. Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

Use at Home, after Shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. For sale at all drug stores

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES? (pronounced com'ē-dōnes)

(Dictionary definition)

A small plug or mass including the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose, and consisting of retained semi-liquid glandular secretion or sebum. The outer end is often dark or black, due to accumulation of dust and dirt; hence it is often called blackhead

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

⅓ of a 60c jar—for only 10c

For 10c we will send a special trial tube containing one-third of contents of a regular 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream. Trial tube contains sufficient cream for many delightful massages. Positively only one trial tube to a family on this exceptional offer. Use the coupon now.

Cut off, sign and send

THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
Dept. D-12, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for a special trial tube of Massage Cream containing ⅓ of a 60c jar

Name

Street
Address

City State

Consolidation Clean Coal

The Coal that goes farthest in the home

Next winter's coal for the home—let it be Consolidation *Clean* Coal.

No ordinary coal—this. Every lump a lump of heat. Visible, unburnable wastes—slate and dirt—removed *at the mine.* And ash—so little of it that the furnace need be cleaned but once a fortnight.

A sootless coal, too. Less dusting for the housewife in consequence.

And a labor-saver. Just a shovelful now and then keeps the house warm. The fire holds its heat, yet flares up quickly in response to a draft.

See for yourself next winter how economical, how labor-saving is Consolidation *Clean* Coal.

Ask Your Dealer—Over ten thousand dealers throughout United States and Canada sell and recommend Consolidation *Clean* Coal. They carry the grades and sizes best suited to your range or furnace. Consolidation Coal is a favorite fuel with the dealer because he knows that it is a *clean* coal, from which rock, slate and other impurities have been removed at the mine.

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THE HOLLYWOOD EXTRA

(Continued from Page 23

interpolated. But m'sieur cannot joke where his beard is concerned.

"—— and when it is dry I take a comb and brush, and very carefully I brush out the little bits of white chalk from the milk that have dried in the beard. Then it is clean." With the air of one conferring the supremest kindness within his power, he turned to me, and indicating his beard, said graciously, "I permit you to touch and feel it. Its quality is the finest in Hollywood. I always wear a black coat, because it photographs best against a black coat."

When he bade us adieu a moment later I asked Grinde if m'sieur had acting ability. Nick laughed. "If he ever got the mange he'd starve to death," he said.

But knowing m'sieur as now I do, I feel that if anything should destroy that silky beard of his, it would be heartbreak that Cicot would die of.

This unremitting thinking of their appearance is largely responsible, I'm sure, for some of the stars of the screen losing that human touch which makes the whole world kin. It is the result of being chained to a looking-glass.

The screen artist puts on his make-up in the morning in time to be on the set, ready for work, at nine o'clock. This is the usual commencement hour. There are stringent rules on some of the lots that the cameras must begin grinding at nine. And there are monitors who make the rounds of the stages at five minutes after nine to ascertain if all the companies are working, and if not, why not? The answers given in each delinquent case are jotted down, later to be incorporated in a formal report. When the overhead and other costs of a production range from $3000 or $4000 a day on upward, five minutes of wasted time is a reckonable loss.

One star ran afoul of this insistence on promptness even in the case of those in the leading parts soon after she became recognized as one of the greatest little troupers that have blossomed forth in many a moon. It is always pleasant working with her. Quiet, smiling, with a wonderful tranquility and composure, she has worked herself up to stardom from near-failure as an extra girl without it affecting either her head or her heart. In the phrase of the sets, she gives out something that is very sweet and lovable.

But at one time she found much difficulty in arriving on the set at nine o'clock each morning. Upon occasion she would be five, ten or fifteen minutes late. Once she kept the company, cameramen, electricians and crew idle for thirty-five minutes, with nothing at all going on—except the overhead. What words the director poured into her pink ears when she finally came in with a load of excuses, I don't know. But she was on time for several days. Then on a raw, cold, foggy morning, with a bleak wind howling around the lofty barnlike stages on the lot, nine o'clock found no star smiling her good mornings to the company. During the minutes that followed the director sarcastically inquired of his assistant what the assistant was doing to earn his salary.

Wasn't it the assistant's duty to have everyone on the set at nine? It was. Then why hadn't the assistant taken measures to have the star ready on the set? Did the assistant know where she was?

"She's on the lot; I saw her go into her dressing room," the harassed assistant replied. "Am I supposed to dress her?"

No, the director replied; but on the other hand, didn't the assistant realize that he was undermining the morale and discipline of the company and the director's reputation for speed and efficiency by permitting the star to come to work when, if

(Continued on Page 233)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Lunch Time at the Studio. In the Foreground to the Left and Right Respectively are Ramon Novarro and John Gilbert, and About the Festive Board You Will Find Wesley Barry, Kathleen Key, George K. Arthur, Edmund Goulding, Edward Connelly, Frank Currier, Crawford Kent, and Lew Cody

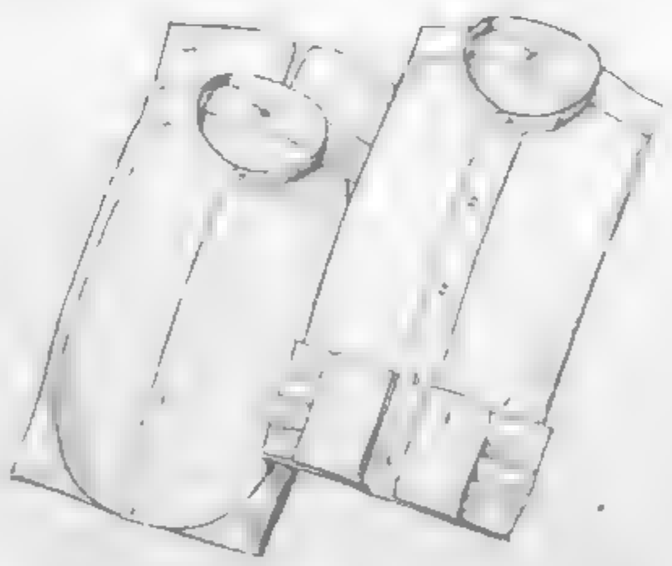
University men may be relied upon for discerning taste in dress T. C. CLARK, '26, chosen as the best-dressed man of Princeton, reflects this taste.

The Linen Worn at Princeton

"MEN at Princeton express their taste in dress by being exact in details," says Thomas C. Clark, voted the best-dressed man at Princeton.

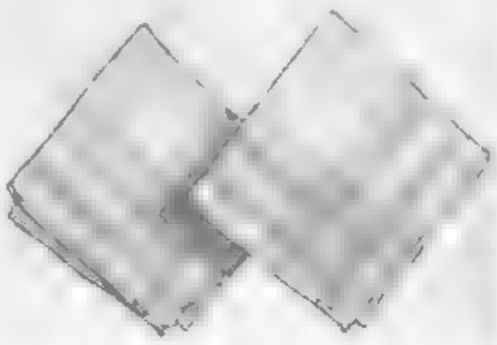
"And," continues Mr. Clark, "the collar, shirt and handkerchief are the details that indicate best, perhaps, a man's taste. Collars, in particular, give one the opportunity to present oneself properly. Soft collars are generally accepted only when worn with sport clothes.

"I do not consciously attempt in my dress more than the simple good taste which I think every intelligent man approves. Distinction can be had with simplicity. These features are to be found in the styles of Ide collars, shirts and handkerchiefs for the current season."

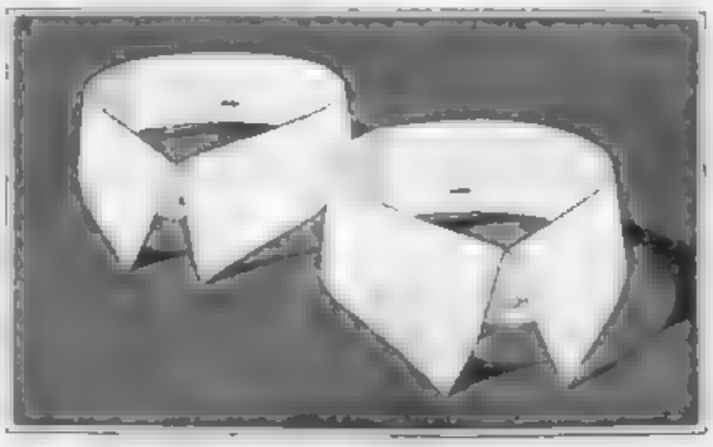


Mr Clark approved the fine qualities of Ide's *Eronstreet* shirt in broadcloth and the formal *Harcourt* with starched pique front

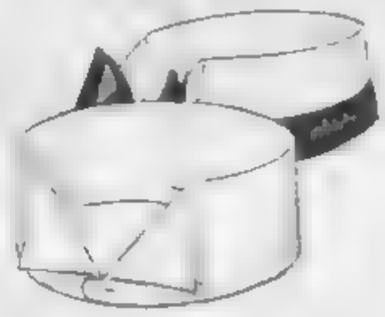
On this page Mr. Clark's choice of Ide haberdashery is pictured and described. In a new booklet which we send you at your request, we also show the Ide styles chosen by the "best-dressed" men, or men voted "most likely to succeed" at Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Chicago, Williams, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Columbia and Brown. Address the Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y., for a copy of this interesting review of what American university men wear.



The Ide handkerchiefs at the right attracted Mr Clark by their tasteful self patterns. They are of fine imported linen



Hoylake and *Glengair* for informal dress were selected by Mr. Clark as the *Ide* collars especially suited to men of his physical type.



Mr Clark's choice of the *Idebrent* may be an aid to men who find the selection of a correct evening collar a problem

Unipower in Stromberg—Carlson 602 Art Console. Unipower enables the user to operate the set and both "A" and "B" power by the radio set switch.

In less than 3 Minutes

install this rich, permanent power.... that betters your radio reception for all time

LESS than three minutes! Just hook two wires to your set, plug into a light socket—and Unipower is connected. Then forget it! Sit back and quit fretting about "A" battery inconvenience. Feel the keen pleasure of undisturbed, uninterrupted radio reception that only Unipower can give.

Three simple motions in three minutes! Yet the results are immediate and permanent. Gone at once are the worries caused by "A" battery failure—storage batteries running low, or dry batteries wearing out. Unipower's full, rich current assures continuous reception—always of clearest tone and quality.

Gone, too, the fuss and trouble always associated with "A" batteries. No longer the tracking in and out of dirt-bearing battery men,—or lugging to and fro of acid-staining storage batteries. Never, as before, will you be without the use of your set for whole days at a time! Or even hours!

Unipower is a miniature power plant!

Unipower is a miniature power plant, carefully designed to furnish radio "A" power from the light socket. It is not by any interpretation a so-called battery eliminator. Incorporated in it is the trickle charge principle, which changes electric light current into satisfactory radio power.

In addition, however, it contains the extra, rapid charge rate so necessary to keep your set at full power always—even under unusual conditions caused by overwork or neglect.

Experts designed Unipower,—time and performance have proven it totally fool-proof. There are no parts in it that will wear out, or ever need replacement. It is so constructed that it *cannot fail.* Radio engineers and manufacturers everywhere endorse it—heartily recommend it.

Unipower's first cost is practically the last. A few cents monthly on the electric light bill brings you this never-failing power with its finer, clearer results.

Unipower in your particular set

No radio user need be without Unipower. There is one for every set, and every condition of reception. Your dealer will show you the one most ideal for your own needs and conditions of use.

Or we shall gladly mail you, free, complete descriptions of all Unipower models to guide you in your selection. Start today to experience the relief of unfaltering power—of undisturbed reception.

The Gould Storage Battery Company, Inc., 250 Park Ave., New York.

UNIPOWER (at right) in Radiola 25. Unipower furnishes unfailing "A" power for every radio set of any make. It contains a Balkite charging unit of special Gould design.

Radio "A" power that cannot fail

Unipower

A GOULD PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 230)

and as she pleased? Or was the assistant, the director meanly wondered, in the throes of a mad infatuation for the star, a blind passion which the star was taking advantage of to indulge her slothfulness?

After being burned steadily for five or ten minutes, the assistant was fit to be tied. Suddenly his hot eyes espied the tardy star hurrying toward the set. With jaws grimly set on a mouthful of scalding words, the lust of battle flaming all over his face, the assistant started toward her.

The lady saw him coming. The sweetly apologetic expression on her face vanished instantly. In its stead there appeared a frown of deep irritation. Indignation kindled swiftly in her eyes and her head rose stiffly in imperious ire. Before the assistant could utter a word of the scolding she knew she deserved, with a rapid glance about her and a shiver of her shoulders, she began speaking swiftly to the assistant.

"Heavens, Billy! What are you thinking of—to expect all these folks to sit around in these drafts without contracting all sorts of things? Why haven't you some stoves going? Why aren't some of the entrances blocked off? There's a perfect gale blowing directly across the set. You're responsible for our comfort. How can you expect anyone to do satisfactory work under such miserable conditions? Please send someone to my dressing room for a heavy coat and then try to make the stage more comfortable for us all."

With a gesture of queenly displeasure, admirably registered, the star turned abruptly from the assistant, leaving him open-faced, pop-eyed and wordless. It was a delicious exhibition of quick thinking and acting, but she must have realized that she couldn't continue making a villain out of Billy, for she was on time for the balance of that picture.

Returning to the degenerating influences that attack those who are chained to a mirror, picture make-up is not of itself irresistibly attractive. The customary yellowish grease paint lends its wearer a peculiar jaundiced appearance not at all relieved by the green which is often used to limn the eyes. Its purpose, photographically, is to give a uniformity and smoothness to the surface of the features, to cover minor blemishes and imperfections and to lighten the face better to catch and reflect the lights.

The slightest greasiness or moisture results in high lights, which, in turn, result in more or less distortion of the natural contour of the face, and may be the cause of soul-searing shadows.

Narcissus of the Movies

In consequence, the picture actor carries his make-up kit on the set with him. Before every scene he must look to his make-up; must powder it dry and smooth. Sometimes even between different takes of the same scene the star must gaze in his mirror to see that his face is as presentable as possible, that his lips are properly outlined, that his eyes are as bold or poetic or serene or what have you, as he can make them; that his hair is combed and oiled to glisten attractively from all angles. In justice, it must be said that if the actor himself does not attend to this of his own volition, the cameraman or director will tell him to, and insist that he not risk the loss of time and film by a sloppy make-up which may cause the scene to be retaken.

Thus enslaved to their mirrors, in make-up most of their waking hours each day, men and women sometimes fall in love with their own faces. Looking at it countless times a day, month upon month, fussing over it, experimenting and playing with its expressions, seeing it upon the screen, reading and hearing of its marvels as recognized by the public, in time a sort of worship occasionally arises in a man's breast for—not his natural face, but the made-up face he lives with most of the time.

Does that sound preposterous? Then what will you say when I tell you that there are certain individuals in Hollywood who put on a make-up and wear it most of the day—on days when they are not working? There are any number of people out here who have refused opportunities for advancement and almost certain success in the technical and editorial departments of picture making, remaining small-part actors and even extras for the sole reason that they would rather see their faces on the screen than their names.

Understanding this, you may imagine to some extent the howl that arose when a certain director informed the company assembled for his new production that he desired no make-up at all to be used in the production. No make-up. The men shrugged their shoulders in resignation. Another of the director's eccentricities, they said; and, as in the case of many of his eccentric decisions, perhaps behind it lay some new thrill for picture patrons. They accepted the sentence. But not so the star.

"Listen," she said among other things of a decidedly decided nature, "if you think I'm going to stand in front of a camera with a naked face, you don't think."

The director twiddled his cane. "I don't think; I know what I want."

"The idea is absolutely indecent," the star cried. "With a nude face, my public wouldn't recognize me."

How Mary Shares the Limelight

Eventually a compromise was reached. It was agreed that no one in the picture would wear any make-up except the star.

If the above free-hand report of the incident does not sufficiently reveal the fact, let it be known that this young lady is one star who certainly knows her stuff. She takes a hand and a voice in the disposition of every detail of production that concerns her.

She sits in on the entire production, by which is meant she is consulted regarding the story and the writing of the continuity. She watches with the director and his staff the daily rushes. These rushes are scenes taken the previous day, printed and run in the projection room every afternoon so that progress and infinite details of mechanical, technical and directorial activities may be examined, criticized and determined.

In passing, and with no remotest reference in any way to this particular star, it must be admitted that many a budding genius of the screen has been choked off in the projection room during the running of these daily rushes. It occurs when some actor is seen to be developing personality and screenability to such an unlooked-for degree that the star's prominence is being threatened or the director's effect of balance is being upset. Because few directors permit anyone of the cast to witness the rushes, the actor rarely knows how he is appearing in that particular picture. Therefore it happens sometimes that when he is too good, he never sees his best scenes. They are cut out in the projection room.

We extras are wont to hail little Mary Pickford as an empress of industry. She puts her own money into her productions. There are countless ways to waste money in picture production. Miss Pickford has been in the game nearly ever since there was a game, I guess. Husband Doug is no groping tyro at picture making and financing. The result is that our Mary has developed into a very capable, efficient business woman.

When you work for Doug and Mary you work hard, but no harder than they work themselves. When they have a mob of extras on the set, their completely sensible and praiseworthy object is to kill it as quickly as possible. An actor is said to be killed when he has been shot—photographed—in every scene he has been scheduled to appear in that day. Five hundred people at, roughly, five dollars an eight-hour day equals 2500 berries. If the 500 are not killed, disposed of, during the first eight hours, they must be paid overtime

What the billboard said to "Chuck"

"CHUCK" Davis had many admirable qualities and was really a darned nice fellow, but he *would* be careless about his automobile brakes. So one afternoon he learned a lesson.

He was driving along at a pretty good clip, when he came to a curve that he couldn't get around. He ran off the road and crashed slam-bang into a billboard.

What "Chuck" said to the billboard couldn't be printed here. But what the billboard, with the irony of fate, said to "Chuck," was this, "RUSCO Brake Lining Stops Quicker!"

And that's true, too. In actual tests, RUSCO has proved it can stop your car 7 to 15 feet quicker than police require. And those extra feet will look awfully good to you when you need them.

Brakes when WET, too!

RUSCO is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. A good test of this is to turn the hose on the brakes of two cars, one equipped with RUSCO and the other equipped with ordinary lining, and then compare their stopping distances.

A good idea

WHEN you have brake trouble there is no better place to stop than at a RUSCO Brake Lining authorized Service Station. There you receive expert service in brake adjustment and brake relining.

The Rusco Repair Man pays more for RUSCO than for ordinary brake lining, but he doesn't charge you any more. He makes less money, and gives you a safer job. When your brakes need relining, he can give you expert service, using special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper countersinking of rivet heads.

RUSCO Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt, and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name RUSCO and silver cross bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest RUSCO Service Station. Brake Inspection is your protection.

The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

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Means better, surer footwork even on slippery floors

Footwork—the ability to be *there* in *correct position at the right time*—that's half the battle in any sport!

Watch the really good players in Basketball—Handball—Volley Ball—Tennis! See how they cover the court! Watch them *sprint—stop—pivot—start!* No ordinary shoe can keep pace with *that calibre of playing!* Dr. W. E. Meanwell, famous Basketball coach of the University of Wisconsin, knowing this, designed a shoe to stand the gaff in championship contests. A shoe to absorb the tiring shocks to feet and arches, to spur the wearer on—*not hold him back!* The result—"Dr. Meanwell's Intercollegiate" is the finest footgear a champion ever wore. There are seven unique advantages it offers you:

1 ***Quick Pivoting***—The sole has been built up just under the joint at the base of the big toe. This Pivot Tread makes it easy to pivot quickly on these soles that grip the floors.

2 ***Cushion Protection***—A sponge rubber cushioned heel seat is secured under the non-heat insole. It prevents jarring, blisters, bruises and "pounded" heels.

3 ***Arch Support***—The special design of the elongated orthopaedic heel protects and supports the arch at its weakest point.

4 ***Stubber Toe Guards*** (Pat. applied for)—Six layers of rubber and fabric to protect against toe knocks and toe dragging.

5 ***Light Weight***—This shoe is light in weight, but strong and rugged enough to stand hard practice and gruelling contests.

6 ***Perfect Fit***—The forepart of the shoe allows expansion of the foot. The narrow heel fits snugly. The arch support puts the weight of the body where it should be—on the heel and ball of the foot—not on the toes.

7 ***Long Wear***—The whole shoe has a double foxing reinforcement and the best quality army duck is used in the uppers.

Dr. Meanwell's Intercollegiate was designed under the personal supervision of Wisconsin's famous coach. It is ideal for all gym work as well as basketball. There are many other models of Servus Sport Shoes in all sizes for men, women and children. Any Servus dealer will be glad to fit you. If you don't know the one near you, ask us today.

Prices: Men's (6-12) $5.00; Boys' (2½-6) $4.50.

SERVUS SPORT SHOES

checks. Every two hours the rate of that overtime automatically increases.

In spite of the fact that she can do pretty much as she pleases, Miss Pickford successfully resists the temptation to hog the scenes of her pictures. When the camera starts clicking she becomes the artist. To show what I mean: A friend of mine, a former legitimate actor named Paul, once was playing a prominent part in a picture with a girl on whom was being tried every artifice available to elevate her to popular stardom. An excellent but crotchety director was engaged to manipulate this Miss Would-Be in the production in which Paul was engaged to support her. Making an entrance into a scene one day, Paul preceded the lady as they walked toward the camera. On the stage, this is proper procedure, as it leaves the star a bit upstage, more directly facing the greater part of the audience. But in pictures, the object closest to the lens is apt to photograph most prominently. With a yell, the director stopped the camera and turned loose his temper on Paul in front of the assembled company.

"She comes on first; you follow!" he shouted. "The public pays to see Miss Would-Be. They don't give a damn about you!"

Humiliated, Paul never forgot the incident. Recently he was engaged to play in a picture with Miss Pickford. Making an entrance with the star during a rehearsal of one scene, Paul hung back, following her as she approached the camera. Miss Pickford interrupted the rehearsal.

"Why do you do that?" she inquired curiously. "I've noticed it several times."

"The public pays to see Miss Pickford. They don't give a whoop about me," Paul answered, smiling.

"Thank you," Mary returned; "but this is your scene, not mine. You enter first, please."

Mary may be absorbed in the manifold details and worries of picture production, but she is not so aloof as the stellar light who arrived some years ago at stardom. Recently we finished up a picture featuring this at-your-distance lady. The star's birthday falling upon Saturday, the company decided to throw a party in her honor. Donations were generous; the orders given the hotel management were full of lavish promise. Some of the most prominent professional friends of the lady were notified, and expressed their desire and intention to motor down from Los Angeles to add their enthusiasms to the festivities.

A Successful Venus

Such careful whole-hearted preparations could not fail of success. From the first course of the marvelous banquet, with merry jest and pulsating jazz, the party waxed joyously into the wee hours of Sunday. A grand and glorious time was had by all—only slightly dampered by the fact that the star absented herself from the entire proceedings without troubling to send any explanation whatever.

What sort of person you become afterward depends often on what you were before achieving celluloid success. Take the case of Gloria Swanson. She was reserved of manner long before she became a marquise with personal peasantry to bow obeisance to her. I don't imagine for a moment that Gloria originally affixed the nickname to him; but when her titled husband was over here he was always referred to, around the studio where he visited with her associates, as Hank.

Perhaps the most democratic of the screen's aristocrats is Priscilla Dean. Always kidding, skylarking around the lot, playing jokes, this sunny-minded young lady doesn't act at all like a star, if you get what I mean. Other well-liked regulars, as we extras call them, are Betty Compson, the versatile Louise Fazenda and lovely Laura La Plante.

A raft of beauty-prize winners Venus their way into the movies every year—seldom to be afterward heard from. Like many others, Miss La Plante earned her first camera test as a result of winning some sort of small-town beauty contest.

Advised early and often, not infrequently maliciously misadvised, bona fide and bogus bargains of all descriptions were proffered to her as they are to every pretty girl who enters pictures. She became familiar with the long, dreary, drab hours that are spent on the set, the interminable waits between scenes, the wearing, irritating effect of the lights on nerves and disposition, which all combine to produce a lassitude and a mental stagnation that only a determined effort of will can dissipate. An unbelievable percentage of screen actors succumb to this mental stagnation, their energy softening under the fire of hot California days.

"We don't get much money, but we have a lot of fun," chorused the simple sirens to Miss La Plante. Laura listened, gave the situation a long, searching look. Communing with herself, she decided to settle down determinedly to learn all the tricks and technic she could possibly absorb, thereby showing she possesses a balance wheel as well as ambition. She's one star who has remained natural. I was on the lot when she appeared first wearing her magnificent engagement ring. Showing it to her friends—practically the pay roll—she was plainly as proud of it, as unaffectedly happy and elated over it, and as charmingly flustered under the good-natured chaffing she received, as any girl you ever saw.

A New Kind of Dressing Room

We fellows find Constance Talmadge another example of a democratic star. Nothing upstage about her; her disposition is too generous. But for superlative generosity, it would be hard to top Trixie Friganza. Coming from the legitimate stage, where it is an old custom for the star to give each member of the company some memento of their association, especially if the play has had a long and successful run, the jolly comedienne bought some gift for every member of cast and crew who aided her in her first starring venture in the movies. When so many of the lesser stars never dream of giving even a kind word to their support, you can imagine the comment that Miss Friganza's generous appreciation raised.

Miss Marion Davies is another star who likes to show her appreciation by giving presents to those who help make her pictures what they are. At the conclusion of most of her productions there is generally a valuable watch, ring or scarfpin for the director and appropriate gifts for others who have worked to bring success.

I must confess that I always like to work on a picture with Miss Davies. No expense is ever spared on her productions. Miss Davies' pictures are never rushed, slapdashed together, and of course that means very often an extra day's work or more for the extras.

If, on a Friday eve, she is tired after a hard week's work, if she concludes that a trip to San Francisco or a week-end visit at Santa Barbara will tone her up for the ordeal of the coming week, she may fasten a smile of sweet wistfulness upon her director and tell him to inform company and crew that they may enjoy themselves as their fancies dictate until Monday afternoon. It isn't lack of interest in her work and success that actuates the former Follies beauty at such times. It isn't, apparently, slothfulness, disregard of her obligations, nor yet love of a good time. She appears simply and sanely to refuse to take herself and her work with the demoniac seriousness of many stars. The difference of a few thousand dollars in the cost of a $500,000 picture is something little Marion refuses to get excited over. Her honey-colored hair will never be streaked with gray as the result of letting some director work her ragged.

In this matter Corinne Griffith beats them all. When the five o'clock whistles start blowing Corinne quits work regardless.

As I write these lines there is being built on an expanse of lawn inside the lot where

(Continued on Page 237)

The only water level route between New York and the West

In the historic Hudson River Valley, from a painting by Robert O. Reid.

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A new illustrated Hudson River booklet, with detailed maps, mailed free by any New York Central Lines Agent or by Advertising Department, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York

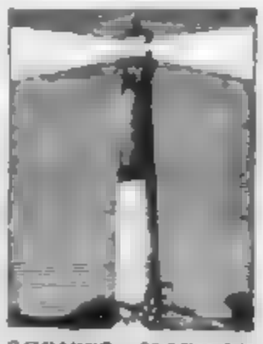
Something to tie to

IN THE language of the old riverman, "something to tie to" meant a rock or tree that was solidly enough planted to hold the boat against all the power of wind and current. "Something to tie to" meant stability to trust.

This simple phrase has become current in our language. It has not lost its meaning. *And nowhere in all the rush of American life is "something to tie to" more important than in the choice of a newspaper.*

PUBLISHING has undergone many changes. Favorite journals have disappeared. Ownership has changed again and again. New money has brought new voices to be heard. "Who speaks?" is a fair question when any newspaper utters an opinion.

In this shifting scene, steadfastness, which has been a principle of Scripps-Howard journalism since its beginning in 1879, is valued more than ever by the readers of these newspapers. *Scripps-Howard fearlessness, honesty of opinion and independence of control furnish something for the public to tie to.*



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HERE is the most potent reason why Scripps-Howard newspapers enjoy the confidence of more than a million and a half families in twenty-four cities. *They are dependable; they can be counted upon for accurate news and for sane and constructive liberalism in policy.*

The highest reward of journalism is the respect and confidence of newspaper readers. This, the Scripps-Howard organization values above all else.

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(Continued from Page 234)

Miss Davies' new picture is to be filmed a five-room bungalow, to be furnished and placed at the star's disposal as a dressing room. The cost of the cottage will probably be added to the production costs of the film. It is the latest thing in dressing rooms, far surpassing in convenience, ease and elegance the elaborate portable dressing rooms which heretofore a few of the stars have been distinctively wheeled about in from set to set.

From securely established Lillian Gish to uprising little Sally O'Neill, they're all different, these beauteous stars. I've worked on only one picture with Miss Gish. But the quality of her quaint personality was evidenced unmistakably in the subdued, quiet atmosphere of the sets when she was working on them. While in Hollywood she went out socially very seldom, except to the home of the Fairbankses. She spent many evenings with Doug, Mary and the small circle of their intimates. Miss Gish's chauffeur is authority for this statement, and the reason I quote him is because he frankly holds Miss Gish in highest respect and admiration. And that, fellow citizens, is praise indeed, as you'd know if you had ever heard the verbal eruptions and flow of lava that gush from the lips of some of the chauffeurs engaged by less fortunate stars. Rarer than the Victoria Cross or the Croix de Guerre with three palms is the chauffeur's accolade, won only when merited by intrinsic worth.

Freezing Before the Camera

I don't know how generally understood it is that Sally O'Neill got her big chance because Marshall Neilan had the story of Mike and no star to play it. The story of how he saw Miss O'Neill, then not connected with pictures, how he tricked her into a pair of overalls and onto a lighted set where a camera was grinding, thus taking a test of her, sounds too much like a publicity department fiction yarn to be detailed here. You'd say no girl of sixteen could be as innocent of what was going on as the little O'Neill was. She wasn't O'Neill then; Neilan pinned that cognomen de cinema on her after he looked at the test and decided she could play Mike.

"An irrepressible, red-headed little mick," as her friends often refer to her—a big factor in Sally's success, I believe—is her attitude toward life in general and pictures in particular. Full of high spirits, animated, she is possessed of a marvelous insouciance. She enjoys the blessing of complete immunity from freezing up, the curse that has prevented thousands of actors from achieving screen success.

Freezing is the picture variety of what is called stage fright in the realm of the spoken drama. Freezing attacks the novice and the experienced stage actor with equal impartiality and disaster. You may rehearse every move and change of facial expression required in a scene until you feel perfectly at ease in it. You may walk through a rehearsal of the scene prior to the take with an equanimity and certainty that are highly gratifying. But when the assistant director hollers to the electricians to hit the lights, drenching the scene with artificial sunshine, when the staring cameras start clicking, a strange rigor begins stealing o'er your system, pervading every little interstice of your being with deadening effect. Your gestures become stiffly mechanical. Your brain becomes numb, not to say ossified. Your personality and aplomb percolate through your pores. Feeling like nothing that should ever have been suffered to let live, you wander through a nightmarish trance, doing those things you shouldn't do and leaving undone those things you should have done.

Why They Stay in the Movies

I know a boy who, ten years ago, had everything that directors look for in a potential leading man. But he was a victim of the freeze-up habit. As time passed, as opportunity after opportunity flew around his head, settled on his shoulders, and then flitted away after a half hour in front of the camera, the boy lost his nerve. He is still in the movies, earning a living as an extra because he looks interesting when photographed in good clothes among a group of well-dressed people. But on several occasions, when a director who did not know his history asked him to report for a test to determine his fitness to play a part in a forthcoming production, I have known this boy deliberately to ignore the appointment. He figures it would be simply a waste of time; he'd freeze up as soon as the camera started grinding on him alone and the director could not use him.

When the camera focuses on little Miss O'Neill it sees and registers an attitude that seems to announce, "Well, here I am, carefree and happy. I hope you like me, but if you don't, I should worry!"

Self-appreciation—that, rather than conceit or vanity—is the distinguishing quality of the motion-picture actor. In nearly every other profession a certain amount of force and stability of character is requisite to success. In the movies, if you screen well, if you can take direction, if you have that "it" called screen personality, then industry and intelligence and study are of minor importance.

Hardly a week passes but that some girl comes begging my tiny influence to get her into pictures.

"I'd do anything to get into the movies," they say with tragic seriousness.

"I'd do anything to get out of pictures," I've heard one or two stars say. But they wouldn't. They stay in it for the same reason we all do; partly because of the work's fascination, partly because of the freedom, fame and fortune it has brought them, but mostly because of the thrill they get watching themselves on the screen—and the wondrous things their hearts tell them in self-appreciation.

The Willow Channel, St. Lawrence River

"ABSOLUTELY NO GOOD"
—for anything but Dandruff

THIS WON'T cure measles or whooping cough—and it won't mend a broken leg. In short, it's emphatically not a "cure-all." But it will eliminate dandruff and itching scalp—in 10 days. And if you use it occasionally thereafter—you *never* will have any dandruff on your scalp—or on your coat collar.

And we mean what we say; there's a *written* guarantee in every package. At the end of 10 days your scalp is clean. If not, just write to us and get your money back by return mail. We'll trust you to treat us fairly.

This offer may seem unusual to you; but it doesn't worry us. We've already tested this product for 4 years on several thousand people who had dandruff.

We make several products. So be sure to ask for the Van Ess Special Dandruff Massage. It comes in a bottle with our patented rubber massaging cap. Your druggist gives you the *money-back* warrant.

P. S. It also keeps the hair well-groomed.

Pleasant, Clean Odor

VAN ESS
Special Dandruff Massage

© 1926, V E L.

Indio-platinum, jeweled with 20 diamonds

Specially posed by Virginia Valli, star of "The Man Who Found Himself," Paramount

In Quality, There Is Only One Traub Ring

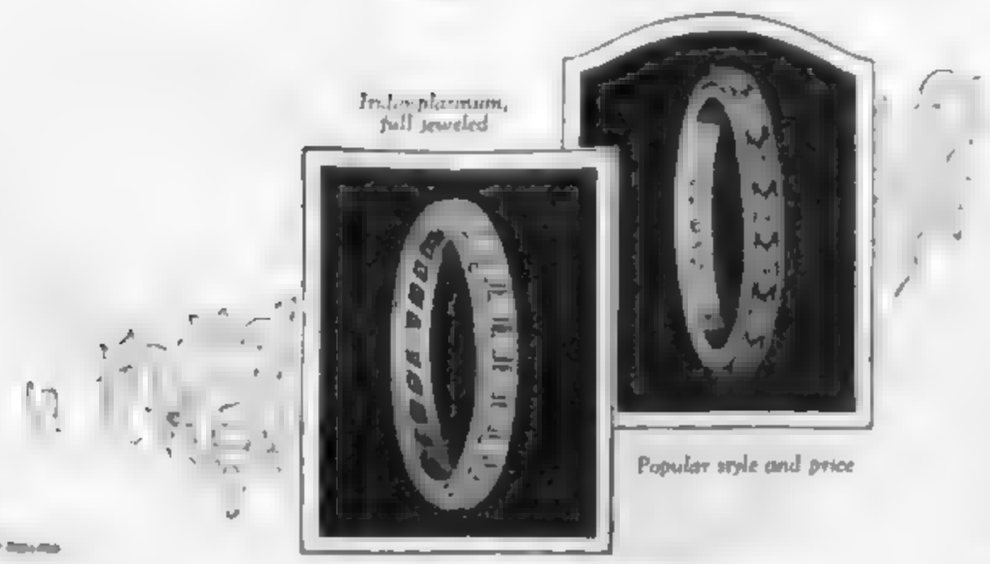
IN CHARACTER and craftsmanship, the lowest priced Traub wedding ring is the equal of the most costly. For the Traub trade mark—whether it appears on less pretentious rings priced as low as $12, or on more elaborate and jeweled styles—represents but one standard of manufacture, the highest. *All* Traub rings are Genuine Orange Blossom, and *only* Traub rings are Genuine Orange Blossom—alike in exclusive design and painstaking workmanship; differing in shape, style, jeweling and price to suit the individual preference and purse. In every city the better jewelers offer this wide selection of Traub wedding rings and engagement mountings, all featuring the beautiful Orange Blossom design.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," free on request

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.
New York, 576 Fifth Ave. Windsor, Ont. San Francisco, 704 Market St.

T R A U B

TRAUB *Genuine*
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings



Indio-platinum, full jeweled

Popular style and price

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

Down came my charming mezzotints;
My Baby Stuart, my Whistler's Mother;
My recherché Japanese prints;
The crayon portrait of my brother.
My Red Chalk Head, my sepia etching,
And some French nudes, extremely fetching.

I had to have repapering done,
Where squares and oblongs showed up brightly;
A bit of fabric, foreign spun,
Where vacant spaces stared unsightly.
At last my walls loomed, empty fairness—
And not a picture marred their bareness.

But even worms are, as they say,
Allowed the privilege of turning;
The magazines arrived today
And set my soul with fury burning.
I read, with voice and lip a-quaver:
"Pictures Again Restored to Favor!"

—Carolyn Wells.

Firearms

LADY: I want to buy a revolver. It's for my husband.

CLERK: Ah, yes. Did he tell you what kind to buy?

LADY: I should say not. He doesn't even know I'm going to shoot him yet.

Song of the Tin-Can Tourist

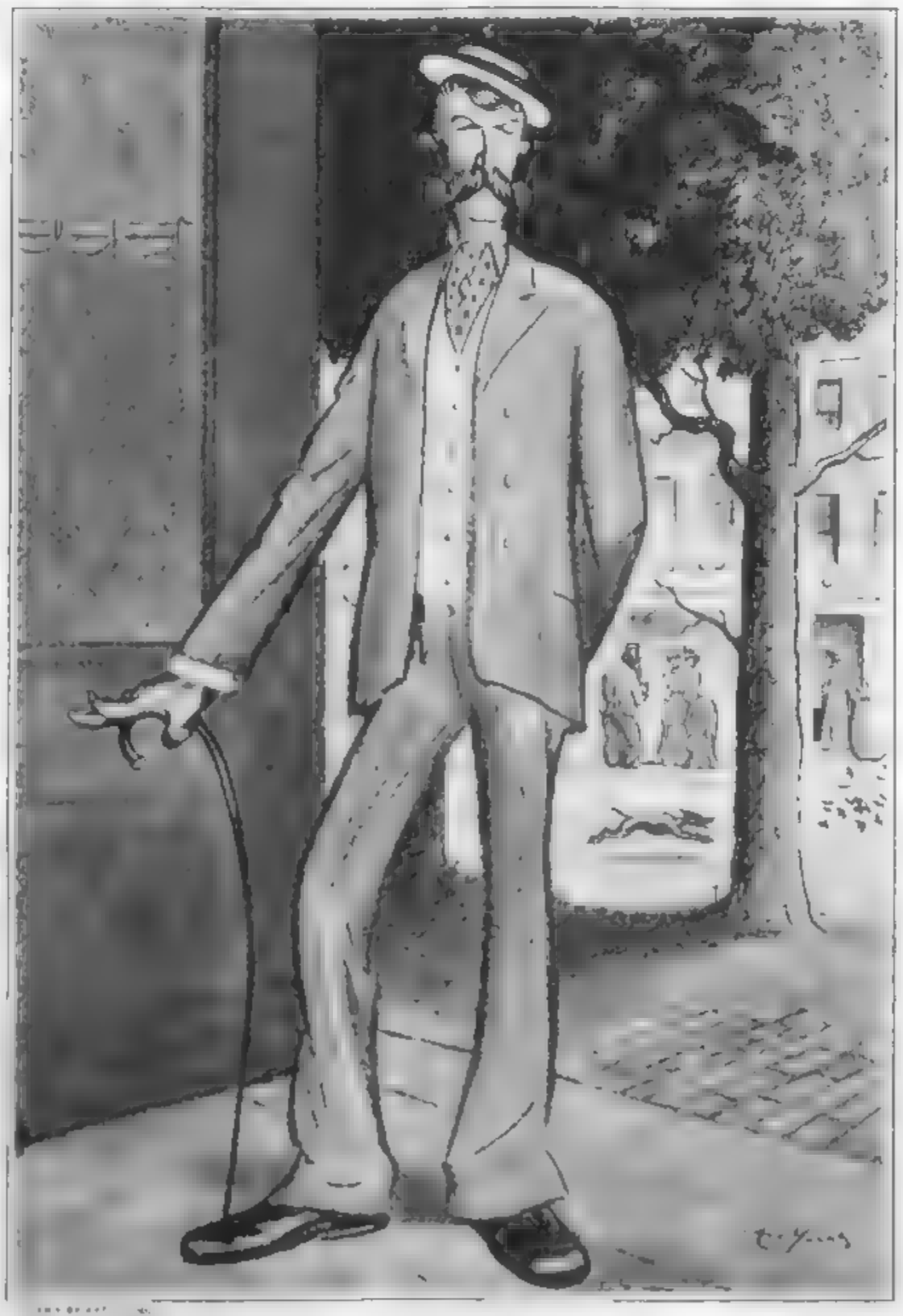
I'LL pack my flivver at break of day;
(Florida, ho, for Florida land!)
I'll pack my flivver and roll away
To a sunlit land by a sunlit bay.
(Florida by and by!)
Panama hat and a coat of tan—
Gosh, but I'll be a happy man,
And I'll eat my grub from an old tin can.
(Florida by and by!)

I'll kick my flivver and send her south;
(Florida, ho, for Florida land!)
With a Dixie song in my fool mouth
I'll kick my flivver and send her south.
(Florida by and by!)
I'll take dried apples and quit and go
Where there ain't no sleet and there ain't no snow
And the gol-darned blue winds never blow.
(Florida by and by!)

Farewell, work, for I'm through with you!
(Florida, ho, for Florida land!)
Just let me land where the skies are blue
And I'll get rich in a day or two.
(Florida by and by!)
Then good-by trouble and good-by care;
I won't have a nickel when I get there,
I won't have a nickel, but I don't care.
(Florida by and by!)

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Types of the Old Home Town



The Town Gambler—Quite Able to Make an Honest Living, Everybody Felt That It Was a Shame the Way Our Town Gambler Carried On. Still We Took a Kind of Pride in Him. When He Came Back From the Big City Looking Like a Millionaire, Old Bill Wiggins Said He Was "Too Slick for Them City Fellers." Once He Came Home, Married the Doctor's Daughter, and Joined the Salvation Army

STETSON HATS

STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

BE CRITICAL of your fall hat. If your selection is based on the highest standard of smartness and long wear, it will be a Stetson. *Eight to Forty Dollars*

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY · · · PHILADELPHIA

NORTH-new Special-TER

The Horn That Lasts

Surprising quickness of response every time you touch the button—
A ringing vibrant tone that gets action—
Long life and freedom from care—

That's the NORTHEASTER—the horn that lends distinction to any car.

And now comes the *NORTHEASTER* Special—the big-toned magnetic horn for Big Cars and Buses. With its dominating blast and its smart finish this new horn is the last word in de luxe warning signals.

STANDARD—Black enamel finish $7.50
COMMODORE—Standard size—brass or nickel for motor boats $11.50
SPECIAL—Large size—black enamel with nickel trim $12.50
ADMIRAL—Large size—brass or nickel for motor boats $18.50

Manufactured by the NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO. Rochester, N. Y.
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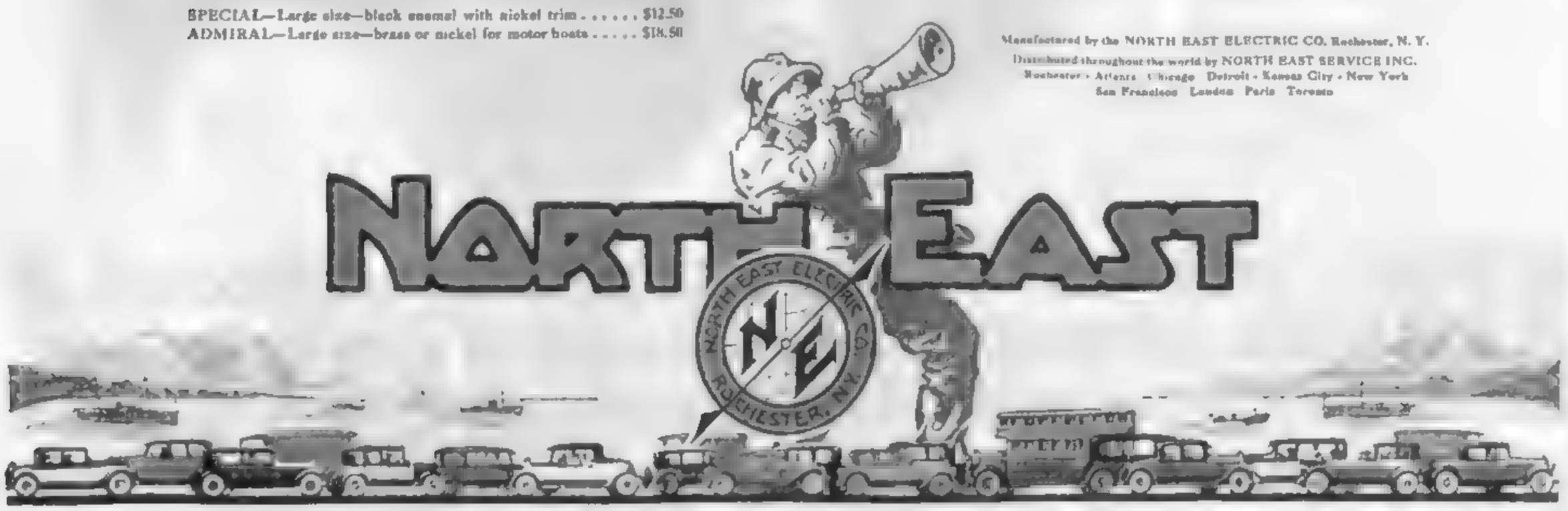


STARTING • LIGHTING • IGNITION • HORNS • SPEEDOMETERS • FRACTIONAL H.P. MOTORS

GET THEE TO A KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 37

limiteds. A busybody train with a brass-bound locomotive, a church bell and a factory whistle, one coach and a freight car, it whisked about that part of the country with vociferous energy, even as certain loud-voiced and restless people vex a household. Hampers of those buns left the local. Colored boys toted them up and down and through the long train from the north, already slowed to its dignified place on another track.

Back of Peachtree, when the midget train really enters the foothills, rounding its course between the steep knobs—little sugar-loaf mountains comically like the mountains a schoolboy scribbles on his geography margins—a lone platform in the wilderness, with a post and a signboard, marks a place of great historical importance, whose *genius loci* is the honeydew bun. The signboard simply says "Quimby's." The only sounds there to be heard, once the train has rumbled away, are the song of the cardinal and the mocker and his understudy, the catbird, the call of the bobwhite and the age-old undertone of deep brown water where the branch, long dallying in its little valley, suddenly concludes to slide with a show of speed beneath a stone-arched bridge.

That bridge is the keynote of the glorious past. It was built by the Great Western Company in 1843. Over it rolled the gorgeous equipages of folk from Natchez going to Saratoga—coaches shaped like eggs and bearing blue-and-canary panels, hung with corded hammercloths, equipped with let-down steps upholstered solid in brocades. Over it jingle-jangled bonnet wagons, freight convoys of the Great Western Company itself. But let us pause. The two short decades when that road was in its glory are sixty and more years gone. What stands today, however, is Quimby's itself.

Exactly as the Rhine and the Moselle were named for certain famous wines—at least there is a school of thought that so declares—Quimby's went on the map for its victuals a century ago. Consider the glory that was. A tavern set in the middle of its own deer park, drawing upon its own 11,000 acres of woodland and ridge and blue-grass plain for quail, grouse and woodcock, prairie chicken and pigeon, seining its own streams for trout and white perch, stalking its timberland for deer and wild turkey, grazing its mutton and grinding its wheat and corn—and, yes, brewing its beer and distilling its spirits of corn and of peach—that is what Quimby's was doing in the forty years of its heyday.

They Never Come Back

Historians record that the upper plains of Tennessee were so rich in game that the Indians of several tribes declared them forbidden ground. Choctaw or Cherokee, Catawba or Seminole could abide anything but to think that either hated rival was feasting upon that happy hunting ground. But in history there is nothing that tastes, smells or strikes the vision. The past is best induced not by facts but by art, and for a work of art there are few achievements to equal Bill Quimby's honeydew buns. Baskets and baskets of them were at that railway junction seven miles below his sequestered, ghost-haunted house. They went down to meet the train and they never came back. People ate them going north, going south, and traveled back that way on purpose to get a few dozen to take home.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that a state of discouragement and distraction was set up in thousands of homes where people tried to make them. "Oh, you just stick a lump of sugar in a lump of dough and wad it up and bake it. Anybody can see how it's done." That kind of comment was what the conductor on the train used to hear, all the way from Memphis to Washington. But he would only smile—smile the ironical smile of the walrus-mustached conductor, which, as every observant traveler knows, is the most often encountered of all species of conductors. No, there was a great deal more than that to Quimby's honeydew buns.

There were four big trays of dough, each in its own degree of readiness in Bill's bakery—an up-to-date, purified, glistening bakery. A bakery it had been when Bill's grandfather ran the famous tavern; a storehouse, a dump heap and forsaken rain-beaten lean-to it became and remained upward of forty years, until it and all the property of which it was a part came to Bill, and he, bankrupt and not at all highly regarded by his family, came there to live.

Building a Fortune on Buns

Let those who think that to found one's fortunes on buns is to deal in the dull and uneventful routine of the kitchen consider both the chronic and the acute heroism of the case. By the first we allude to the getting out of bed. There is no nine-in-the-morning engagement which cannot be broken and somehow excused. But an appointment to meet 150 pounds of yeast-raised dough at 5:30 A.M. brooks no delay. The dawn has been seen by more cooks than by persons of any other class. And having elected to be a stargazer, Bill never faltered. It would be the twilight of morning marching upon lamplight to extinguish it that would find him putting the last bun together and placing it in the pan.

Putting them together? Yes. One flat round of the rich, silky dough bore on its surface a broken lump of sugar that had been dipped in thick buckwheat honey. The underside of the second round was daubed with honey from a limber knife. Laid together and cut with a wet cutter slightly smaller than the rounds themselves, these layers were almost sealed. They were entirely sealed when, still wet, they were rolled wheelwise over a floured board. Then cream and a sprinkling of brown sugar went on top, and in regiments well apart, hopeful platoons of pale adolescent buns soon to become full grown and ruddy of hue, they rested on shelves that ran entirely around the four sides of the bakery, close to the rafters, where the warmth was greatest.

Bill said that from the setting of the dough to the packing of the buns in the hampers for Cornet—who was old Cuffy's grandson—to take to the Junction, there were twenty-four distinct operations. He said that just after reading a book on industrial efficiency. But he was corrected in his count by Cornet, who, when not driving the mule and transporting buns, was washing rolling pins, pans, bowls and egg beaters, scouring and swish-swashing, mopping and rubbing.

"No, suh. Dey ain' no twenty-fo' motions to dis 'ere bun makin'. Hit's jes twenty-fo' hours o' perpechual motion." Furthermore, he was resentful and threatened a hundred times. "What yo's done, Mr. Billy, is to turn yo' gran'daddy's tavern, which was a res'ful place an' quiet an' was gone ter sleep ontire, inter a house o' correction an' fo'ced labor. De chain gang is a res' cure in caparison wid dis bun business. I'm quittin', suh, ternight. I'm jes same as gone right now."

To create and hold a market even in buns you might think would bring upon the head of one so doing the blessing and praises of his family. Not so. There are words harder than brickbats, slights more stinging than the wasp; and these Bill endured. Uncle Gid and his three stepsisters, regularly at table besides some half dozen other kinsfolk, glad enough to shelter under the leaky old roof, were like silversmiths that hammer ever so lightly, but hammer just the same. To put up with such requires an acute heroism without which one might end in the electric chair.

A Product of the Winslow Boiler and Engineering Company

Kleen-Heet

Engineered to a Standard— Built Complete at the Factory

"Engineered to a Standard." To do one job only—and do it perfectly—to heat homes. To provide always, regardless of weather, just the right heat, at the right time. To operate without the expert supervision given industrial oil burners—but to be, instead, wholly automatic. To be quiet, odorless, clean. To be unfailingly and instantly efficient. To be genuinely economical.

This, in Kleen-Heet, is both an ideal and an actuality. For not only is Kleen-Heat "engineered to a standard." It is also

"Built complete at the factory." Kleen-Heet's efficiency does not depend upon complicated installation. Nothing is left to artisans unskilled in the science of heating. In Kleen-Heet, everything necessary to efficient operation in your home comes in-built, according to engineers' specifications.

That is why, through more than six years, Kleen-Heet has so remarkable a record of performance. In homes of every size—and in every type of heating plant.

Whatever the size of your home, Kleen-Heet offers you the same carefree comfort! For descriptive literature and name of Kleen-Heet dealer in your community, write

WINSLOW BOILER AND ENGINEERING CO.
208 South La Salle Street, Chicago

KLEEN-HEET
With Oil

Tested and Listed as Standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories

KNAPP-FELT

Here's the Lord Nelson!

THE Knapp-Felt hat for September is the Lord Nelson. It will be shown in the newest colorings for Fall by the principal hatters throughout the United States on

Friday, September tenth

Young men, and those who feel young, will enjoy the smart lines of the crown, the graceful sweep of the brim and the newness of the exclusive trimming.

Seventy-five years of experience in making fine hats in the C & K Shop are in every Knapp-Felt hat. The choice of the finest materials and the expert hand-workmanship of experienced craftsmen guarantee the superb quality.

The Lord Nelson is made in the ten dollar grade only. Other Knapp-Felt styles from $8.00 to $40.00. A catalogue may be had on application.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH ~ *President*
620 Fifth Avenue ~ New York City

"I see your Cousin James," says Gideon, yanking open the Memphis paper, "is upholdin' the family credit. His plea before the grand jury in the Diggs and Drill case is printed in full, with his picture. See here?"

There is a general straining forward to the area of lamplight and the picture of the creditable cousin spread on the center table.

"Firmer jaw than Bill's," muses Eunice, who compares everybody with the heroic figures by leading illustrators.

"Stuck to what he was educated for, didn't he? Stuck close?" says Marty B., the oldest and most censorious.

"You'll be baking buns when he's in the supreme court," comes a voice from the far corner of the room. It is the tatting sister. "Not but what you work hard, Bill; but you're doing what any nigger could do." This steams Gideon to his maximum working pressure. He explodes:

"Bill as a lawyer was a caution. I reckon he broke one record anyway. Nobody before his time nor since ever got his client indicted on two new charges while he was pleadin' for him on the first." Gideon rocks with mirth, gets up, strides to the dining room and—eats buns.

The Black Sheep Tells One

That was, however, a home thrust. No question but what as a lawyer Bill had been a spectacular failure. And what was worse, in the eyes of his kinsfolk, he had revolted against the whole tradition of his caste. But anybody travels on balloon tires over the ruts and jolts of family criticism who has what Bill had—a conviction that his critics were only a lot of boneheads.

"All this family ever had since the old, old Quimby died," he would remark in a decisive, level tone, while weighing flour for a batch of buns—"all they ever had was an ability to put their money on the wrong horse; to mortgage the land they had, to buy a lot more; and to sit down four times a day to the biggest assortment of meats, pickles, jams and pies, vegetables and biscuits, breads and corn pones, cakes and jellies, sirups and wines that all the women folks could muster into being. Cooking was the family expression of the cosmic urge, yet it went on urging one hundred years before it occurred to anybody to put it on the market."

There used also to be certain fine old Southern idols regarding the proper occupations for a gentleman. Those idols tottered on their pedestals and collapsed before Bill's logic. "What's a cook?" he would demand. "A cook's as good as a poet or a painter; he's usually fatter and infinitely better company than a lawyer, and he's more necessary than the doctor."

Bill succeeded. He owns today a whole chain of restaurants and the major block of shares in a New York hotel. And those statements, covering the whole drama of his story and twelve years of his life, we give forth purposely in order that the reader's mind may not be distracted from the contemplation of his mouth-watering viands. For it was no less an authority on the arts of living than Victor Hugo who declared that as for himself the way to enjoy a book was to read the last chapter first, and then, with mind at rest as to its outcome, to settle down to reading by a table drawn up to a fire, with a game *pâté* cut into convenient mouthfuls, a bottle and a glass at hand. In default of being able to supply the reader with the bottle or even the game *pâté*, we have at least informed him that Quimby came out very much on top, with the ability to sit in an office and sign checks, charitably designed to assist his erstwhile censorious kinsfolk by paying for their various needs from flivvers to false teeth.

Once the kitchen fires had been relighted and the famous buns began to bloom again, many other species of viands came into being. There were, for instance, beehive meat pies, done exactly as the first Quimby ordained them to be for the great sideboard of his dining room. Yet if one long-departed Sarah Hunter, proudly claimed by her kinsfolk as the first teacher of cookery in this country, had not set down minutely the method of their confection, they, too, would have waited in a longer if not an eternal oblivion.

In their making was a nicety which every whole-souled American may regard with honest pride. The form, the container, the beehive of braided pie crust, coiled in a deep little bowl and carried in ascended spiral to the rim, would never have baked into anything but a heart-rending wad of hopeless dough but for a provision as daring as it was perfect. Greased paper to make a lining was put cupwise inside the bowl and the paper was filled with beans.

"Of course," said Bill, "you could just as well use bird shot or marbles—anything that won't melt and will pour out."

The baking was long—so long that the upper rim of crust would scorch were it not protected by a top coating of pastry condemned to take the scorching and to be scraped away. By and by, Cornet, who took to this business with avidity, would draw the beehives from the oven, rattle their beans to a pan and dexterously remove the paper. Then from the inverted bowl came forth the finished pastry. Never has your goldsmith, iron molder or glass blower unmolded such a toothsome mantel ornament! It is my belief that this trick of supplying a disintegral core is an American invention—a tribute to the resourcefulness of some kitchen genius, black or white, whose unsung ashes rest somewhere between Boston and New Orleans. All the great works on cookery would have such croustades baked outside an inverted mold, from which, unless the paste is as tough as armor plate, it will slide and slump away.

Two dozen of these beehive crusts, Bill sent, filled with a salpicon of ham tenderloin and squirrel meat in calf's-foot jelly, to a Masonic supper at Peachtree. He sent other things, too—in bottles. Also an almond sponge cake.

As a picture in the salon may open the world to another kind of artist, the beehive pies started Bill in a widened career. There was present at that supper not only an old blue-grass brother who wept at the sight of those delectables, was overcome with memories of a youth long gone and had to be brought to with the distilled sunlight of Kentucky, two ponies at a time, but there was also on hand that individual who has launched so many careers—the Man from Chicago. And today, looking southwesterly from his office window, pinnacled above North River, as though he might descry beyond the sunset his old tavern and the hills, Bill sighs: "I used to be a poet—a Tennessee poet; now I'm only a poor millionaire and a promoter of the great national folly of standardized restaurants—standardized food—universal monotony."

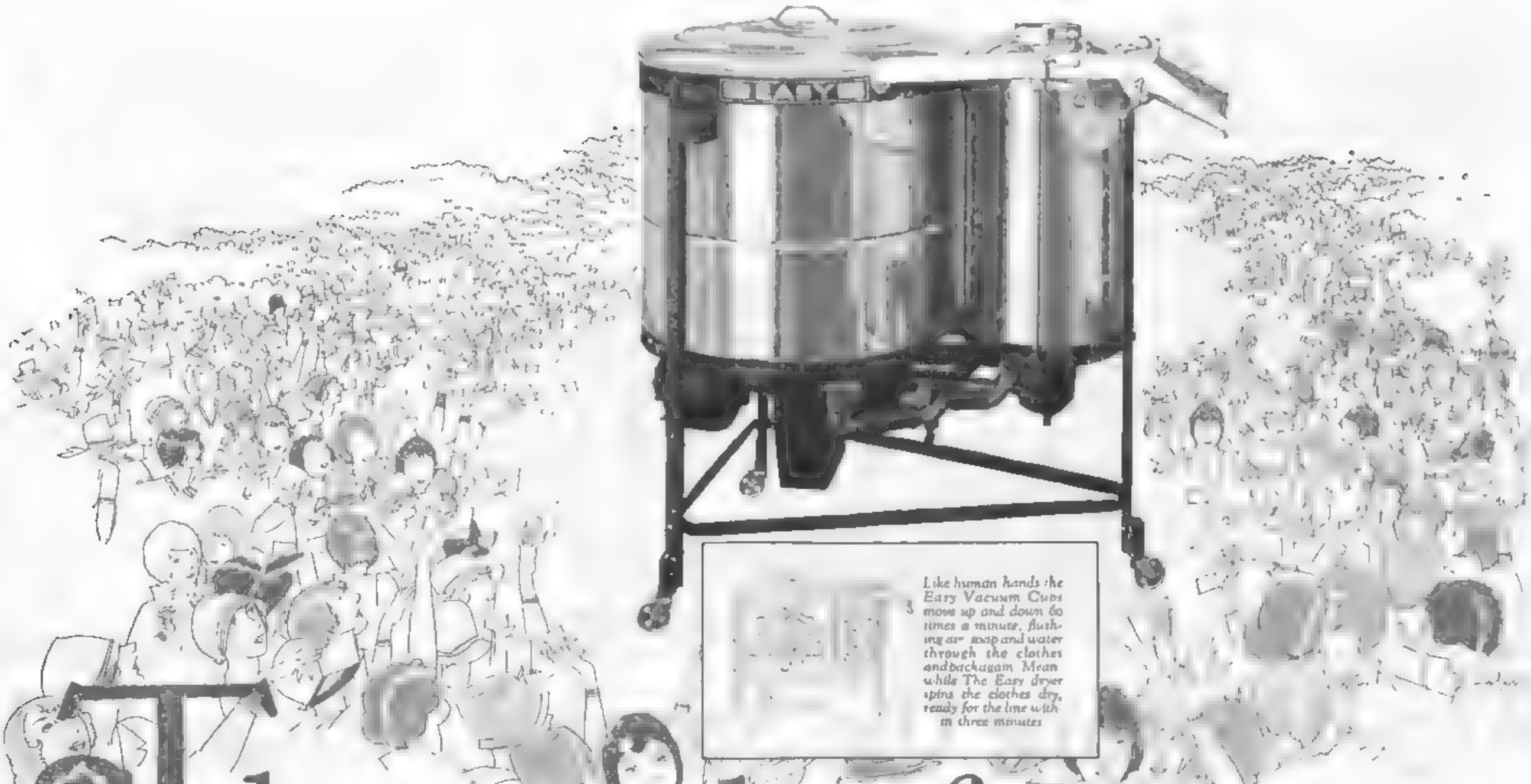
Savoring it With Flowers

Poet or not, he and his tavern-keeping grandsires transmuted their region into actual flavors—distinctive regional tastes that belonged to their mountain-side pastures, their brooks, their gardens.

"Every region has its own flavoring," Bill would say between mouthfuls of a peculiar cake—a dream cake that was just Cousin Sarah Hunter's butter cake as written down in the old yellow leaves of the ancient Quimby account book, but was flavored with—oh, yes, what was it flavored with? That exactly the music of some verse about old orchards and hot silent gardens should go echoing through your head when you tasted the faint perfume in that buttery crumb? Geranium leaves soaked in brandy derived from apples and peaches.

It would almost appear that in the vigorous days of a truly grand and absolutely native cuisine the old Quimbys and their connection throughout the Kentucky and Tennessee plain devoted a considerable portion of their flower gardens to the derivation of gustatory as well as visual delight.

(Continued on Page 245)


EASY
Like human hands the Easy Vacuum Cups move up and down 60 times a minute, flushing air soap and water through the clothes and back again. Meanwhile The Easy dryer spins the clothes dry, ready for the line within three minutes

Thousands of women *order this* NEW WASHER *each week!*

One look at this NEW EASY *.. that washes & dries at the same time ... and they want it at once ...*

Without doubt the quickest success ever made in home appliances

HAVE you seen it yet—the marvelous New Easy Washer that has taken the country by storm? Women are clamoring for it by the thousands. The amazing demand for this new wonder worker keeps ahead of the supply.

It is only natural that the New Easy Washer has met with such instant overwhelming favor. Just read the list of special features on the right.

Think of a washer that dries one batch of clothes and washes another batch at the same time! Two things done at once—time cut in half. No broken buttons. No wrinkles.

The New Easy makes its own soapsuds. A wonderful new water circulating system takes care of all the water for you, without wasting a drop. It even empties the wash water when you're all finished. A special gas heater keeps the water hot. The New Easy is so gentle with your clothes. Washes so thoroughly; and above all is so easy to operate.

They clamor for demonstrations

So many people want to try the New Easy that many dealers already have waiting lists for Home Demonstrations. Wonderful as a description of the new model sounds, you can't begin to appreciate it until you see it in action in your own home. If you will phone the nearest Easy dealer or write us, we will gladly arrange to do your week's washing free, so that you can judge this new household miracle for yourself. No cost. No obligation. Easy monthly purchase terms.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one piece metal wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers now in daily use have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall therefore continue to make it with the same fine workmanship and materials.

TWO TUBS—THE SMALL TUB DRIES WHILE THE LARGE TUB WASHES

Washes, rinses and dries all at the same time ... Dries ready for the line without a wringer ... New water-circulating system handles all the water ... Returns all soapsuds to wash-tub ... Returns rinse and blue waters from dryer to rinse and bluing tubs ... When through washing, empties itself ... Does a complete washing faster than any other washer ... Dries clothes without wrinkles; saves ironing time ... Safeguards buttons ... Gas heater keeps water hot ... Washes more gently and thoroughly than human hands ... Does all these things so simply and easily ... Just touch a button, move a lever, and it's done.

The EASY WASHER

You Have Your Choice!

This — *or* — *This*

Needless Fuel Waste
Large Coal Bills
Dirt-Smoke-Cinders
Soot-Laden Air

A Big Saving in Fuel
A Clean Warm Home
A Clean Furnace
Pure Air in the Home

Why Tolerate the Smoke Nuisance?

IT IS not necessary to worry along with the smoking, wasteful type of furnace that burns large quantities of fuel and furnishes little heat. You can eliminate the smoke nuisance forever—make substantial savings on coal bills—and have a clean furnace and a clean home—by installing the SUPER-SMOKELESS Warm-Air Furnace.

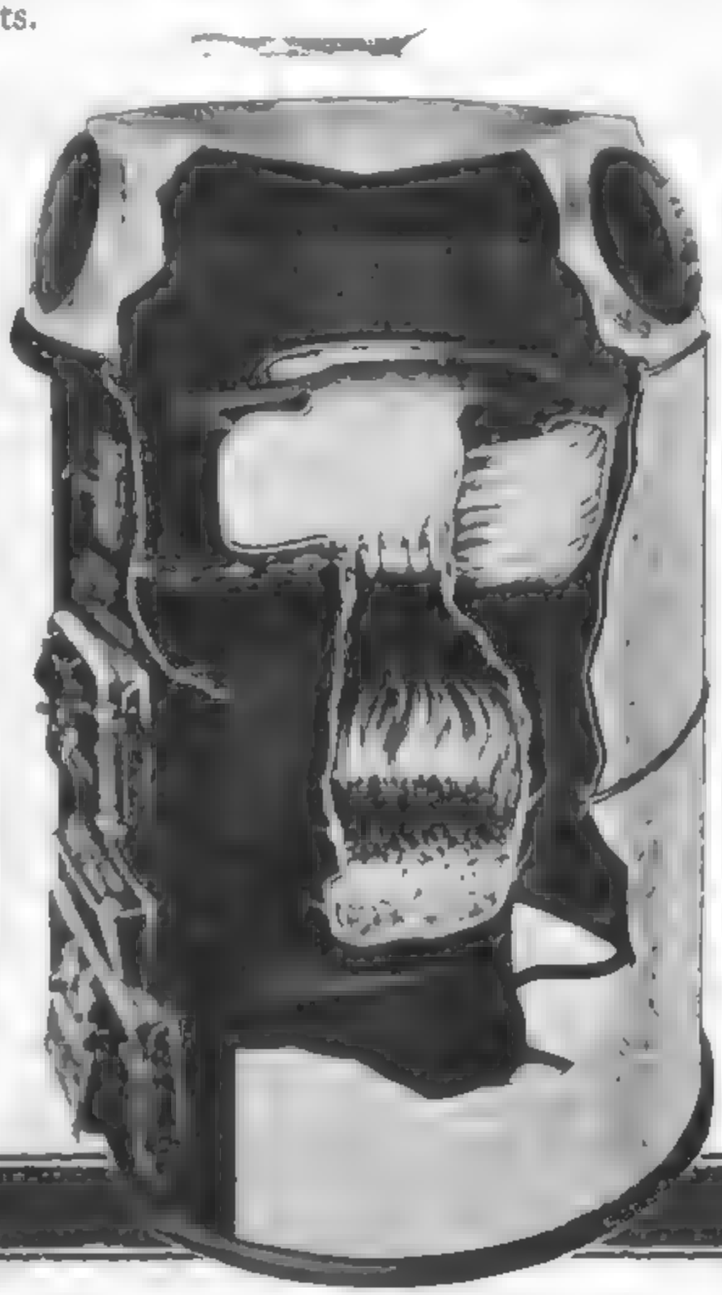
This remarkable furnace has no expensive attachments to get out of order and cause trouble. Its smoke-burning device—simplicity itself—is an inbuilt part of the furnace. And it is unfailingly efficient. It functions perfectly—at all times. ***You use every bit of the fuel you pay for when you install the furnace which effects complete combustion of all smoke and gases.***

Here is a furnace that delivers an abundance of ***clean, healthful heat***—saves you money on your fuel bills—and gives you the most satisfactory heating service you have ever enjoyed. It is a furnace of highest possible quality in every detail of manufacture. Yet it costs little if any more than other well-built heating plants.

SUPER-SMOKELESS WARM-AIR FURNACES

The SUPER-SMOKELESS Furnace ***actually burns smoke!*** It takes from your fuel the millions of tiny combustible particles that are ordinarily wasted and converts them into useful, valuable heat. With a SUPER-SMOKELESS you can use cheap coal—even the lowest grade of soft coal—and burn it ***smokelessly.***

The secret of the SUPER-SMOKELESS is its "double fire." It has a secondary combustion chamber into which heated air (oxygen) is injected and all smoke and gases are completely burned. It operates on the Bunsen Burner principle which is employed with such remarkably excellent results in Utica-Imperial SUPER-SMOKELESS Boilers. In a year's time this furnace will effect savings that mean real money—whether you burn soft coal, hard coal, coke, oil or other fuel.



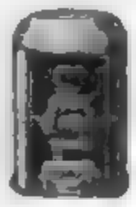
Write Today for the Complete Story

Now is the time to think about next winter's comfort and cleanliness. The coupon below—or a post card—will bring you the whole story of the economies and other big advantages which the SUPER-SMOKELESS Warm-Air Furnace makes possible.

UTICA HEATER COMPANY

"Pioneers in Smokeless Combustion"

UTICA, N. Y.



UTICA HEATER CO., Utica, N. Y.

Please send complete facts about SUPER-SMOKELESS Furnaces

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Makers, for 45 years, of SUPERIOR Furnaces and other high-grade heating equipment; Originators of the famous Utica Imperial SUPER-SMOKELESS Boilers which are burning soft coal SMOKELESSLY in thousands of apartments, residences, banks, schools, churches and commercial, industrial and public buildings throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 242)

Lemon verbena and cabbage-rose petals in a sirup wherewith to cook cubes of melon rind or citron that, coming clear and tender, were crystallized in the sun, must have been a confection without compare. That was one of some thirty formulas in the precious Hunter manuscript.

The very forests brought their aromatic, even their coniferous, zest into a cookery that knew not the limits of vanilla and lemon. Spruce buds and birch, wild thyme, green walnut, all in a tincture made of scalding vinegar and brown sugar, strained and put away in a demijohn, was drawn upon to flavor the gravy of venison and wild fowl. Cress grows in emerald islands in the meadowlands where Tennessee climbs out of the Pennyr'yal into the mountains. And there was a cress-and-ham-fat filling for a biscuit sandwich that should go down in history. Eminently splittable, the Southern biscuit, a thin and perfect morsel, the concavity of whose halves seems made for the lodgment of a few happy trifles, is far superior to bread for a sandwich. If, instead of butter, it is spread with ham fat chopped into so much cress that it is green as grass, and one adds thereto a shaving of the lean pink meat, there results a *bonne bouche* which has the French flair without knowing it.

To appreciate them, as well as to gain some conception of what a regional cuisine could be, there was in Bill Quimby's estimation nothing to equal a pie meeting or a barbecue. Of the latter he was a master—and even so, he was but the understudy of old Cuffy, an expert in this business since the year the stars fell, which was his way of indicating his long experience. Pie meeting is a contest between one's capacity to absorb the delicacies of a hundred kitchens and one's ability to stay awake through as many sermons and psalms as can be crowded in between the periods of feasting—a phase of fundamentalism that arouses no discussion.

From Madison in Virginia to the southernmost cove of the Blue Ridge in Alabam', pie or protracted meeting may still be witnessed. It should be—and was in this instance—staged at a little church set in a dish of a valley, a mere green lap on the knees of the mountains. Never were the purposes of religion and politics better served than on the day of that pie meeting. By a subtle arrangement, one Cousin Peter Vanderhof contrived to add a barbecue to the meeting. It is my belief that a barbecue is probably the best vote getter that has ever been invented. The cordiality of the crowd to a candidate when there is roasted lamb to the left of them, roasted lamb to the right of them, is only to be compared to the content of a child, spoon in hand, roaming free through an ice-cream factory.

A Recipe From Alaric

To call a piece of meat merely grilled in front of a gas flame a barbecue is a heresy so vulgar as to be defined with words not put down in ink but with brimstone, for the barbecue of the South, like the clambake of New England, has a special technic. It must be an outdoor sacrifice, with all the circumambient vitalities of sun and sky to descend upon the viands. Moreover, there is to the barbecue a proprietary secret, the dipney, that basting fat, flavored to terrific heights, which keeps the meats from scorching and gives them a potency of taste.

One suspects that this mysterious sauce for the barbecue, with slight variations held as family secrets, goes back to a great antiquity. Peppercorns were always the basis—and did not Alaric demand as part tribute from the Romans 10,000 pounds of peppercorns? Whole peppercorns impart a very different zest from that of the ground article, as every expert cook is aware, and it was a whole pound of them that Bill added to a kettle of lard and butter, which carried also the roots and leaves of celery, bunches of wild thyme gathered where we stood, a walnut vinegar of his own making—or old Cuffy's—having in it green walnut rinds and—secret of secrets—fresh sassafras tips and leaves.

"Don't tell me," Bill said, "that the barbecue was not a Spanish-pirate invention when it came to America. The dipney proves it."

His remark comes back like an echo from those mountain cliffs where throughout the night we tended fire in a trench. There had been that afternoon a great cutting down of hickory saplings, a digging of a deep trench, an alert attendance on roaring flames. Evening had settled into night, flames lay controlled under four-foot beech logs, half buried under ash and green twigs that by morning they might be amorphous charcoal. There is an epic wonder to such work out in the mountain night, a harking back to some pastoral intuition, telling that lives and lives ago you had nightly watched the constellations surmount one mountain wall to go arching over and downward behind the opposing height.

The Day of the Feast

The branch that from above us came in little waterfalls through a flume of jagged rock became near the steps of the church a wide shallow pool, in which, immersed, were great pails and firkins, each holding half a dressed mutton, packed down in all the mint leaves that could be jammed and chinked in place. Dawn came with a bird chorus and the upflare of sunlight behind the cliffs, and by nine o'clock the crowd was with us. Down-country and up-country folk, sunbonnets and no bonnets, calicoes and tailored suits, democracy, orthodoxy and vianda in heavenly profusion.

Dozens of horses were tethered in the shade of the church, to munch and munch away the hours; at last to rest their drowsy heads on the window ledges of the meeting-house. Wagon bodies concealed, under cloths and cooling leaves, hampers of the fatness of the land, and out of that wealth stand certain preeminent wonders. Great pans of little chickens roasted in segments, each filled with black-walnut meats chopped into moistened corn bread, pound cakes baked in big cups, then stuck two and two together to make huge frosted snowballs.

There was the Quimby almond sponge, almonds merely united in brotherly love by sponge cake and candied, not frosted, by being baked under an inch of sifted sugar. One pie, moreover, like some distinguished costume at the races, stood out, admired and remembered above the rest. To the crinkle of pie crust it added an inner crunchiness of suggested cake—and it held a limpid lower pool of red cherries in their thickened sirup, upon which rested a stratum of peach butter floating under cloudlets of meringue. Here was the *gâteau St.-Honoré*, French union of *feuilletage* and *pâté au chou*, reordered to a rural mode—a sort of French princess married via Louisiana to the Nolichucky wilderness. One could easily see that it was to the Bramhall-Quimby connection nothing less than a family jewel. Annie Bramhall did not cut that pie until twenty minutes past three, when it had received six hours and forty minutes of adulation.

Long before that we had begun grilling the muttons on the grid of green oak sticks that spanned the incandescent trench Swabbing the barbecue with soft old napkins bound to stick wands is a master trick. Carelessly applied, the dipney catches fire and the roast flames up. Enough, no more, and the meats no moment left dry, perfects the final fury of their flavor—a nuttiness and poignancy never to be forgotten.

Our politician, fat and ubiquitous, during this sending up of Homeric odors was in the church and out of it, like some epicurean abbot of long ago whose obligation was in the sanctuary but whose heart was among the spits, the griddles and the saucepans. Elegance ate the barbecue in slices on plates, with knife and fork and a great show of napkins, but souls more earth-bound openly tackled the succulent morsels in the earliest manner known to man.

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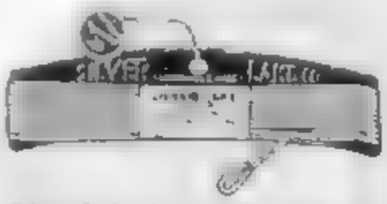

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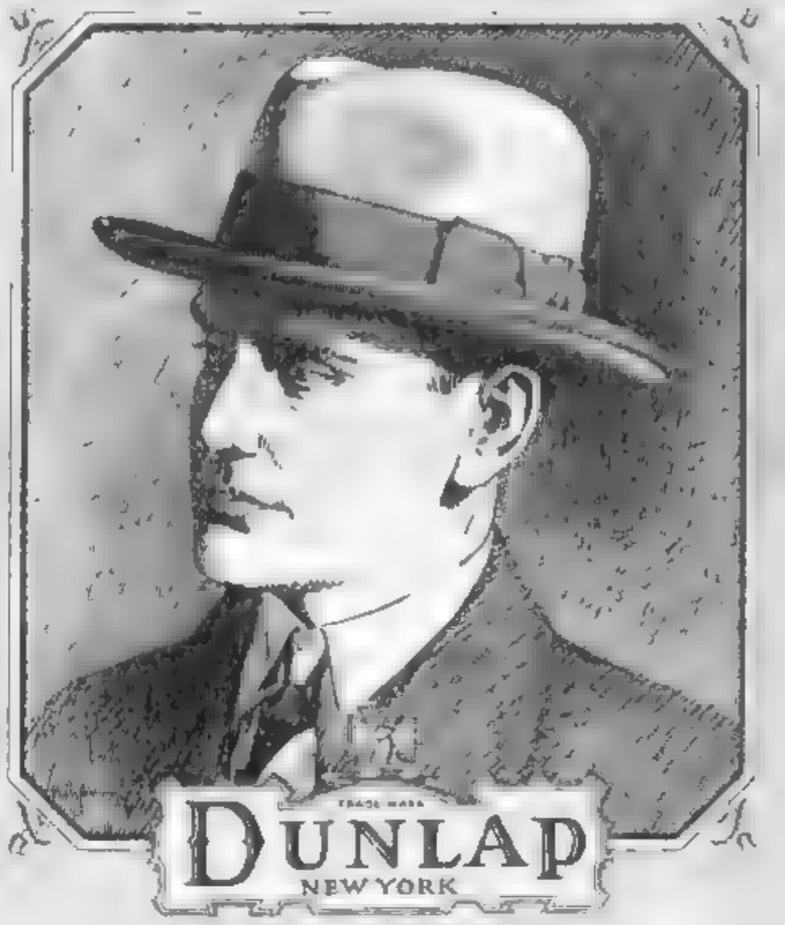

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Like the dousing of lights on the stage, the sun dropped behind our western rampart. The air and the brook were instantly and on the moment equally cool. Things were packed, joints of barbecue going home to many a gran'pappy age-bound in some distant farm. Horses and riders vanished into the twilight wilderness, and we, who had toiled up and up to the old church cove, there to dwell in twenty-four hours of glorious grease, stuffed to spheroidal repletion, had only to roll downhill home to the monotonous treadmill of daily life.

The clock points to three in the morning, and the hotel kitchen, brooding steamily to itself, half in darkness, half in meteor streaks of burnished metal, begins to purr with the pounds of added pressure going under the distant soup caldrons. Says Jules Regnaud, he and I having long since finished the ducklings and chestnut purée, his sorbets and the last black oozings of the coffee percolator: "Our friend Mr. Quimby has joined the procession of success and he has to keep marching on. But he regrets the past. He knows what you and I know—that the vitality of your Northern farm and your Southern plantation was alike in the home kitchen."

WATERS OF WRATH

(Continued from Page 7)

explorations of 1857–8, says that these early Spaniards gained more information concerning the river "than was acquired during three subsequent centuries."

A negro companion of one Cabeza de Vaca, among the few survivors of an ill-fated Spanish expedition to Florida shortly after Columbus, wandered far to the north into what is now New Mexico, and, spying from a distance the large Indian pueblo of Pecos, made his way back to his comrades, reporting that he had found the Seven Cities of Cibola, full of gold and silver.

Spurred on by this myth, Coronado sent a detachment in search of treasure, and they, the first white men to see the Colorado, raised the flag of Spain over its waters in 1540. Major Ives said that their description of the river and of the tribes they met "is not at all inapplicable to the conditions of things at the present day."

A few years later others of Coronado's men were the first of countless thousands to attempt a description of the Grand Canyon itself. "They averred that some rocks which from above—the rim—seemed the height of a man were higher than the tower of the Cathedral of Seville."

A few priests followed the soldiers, but from then on the river was scarcely approached for centuries, save by an occasional trapper or some overland party crossing the lower portion on its way to California. But none of them lingered long. They skirted around the edges, and the country remains today very much as it was in the time of the cliff dwellers.

Not until the early 1850's did the Government send exploring parties, and from 1869 to 1872 Maj. John Wesley Powell, who had been an officer in the Civil War and who subsequently founded and became director of the Geological Survey, made the first really scientific study. As one of the members of the Government party of 1923 remarks: "Probably the work of no other explorer of the nineteenth century, not even that of Stanley and Livingstone, has survived a period of fifty years with so little modification from the observations of those who followed as that of Powell."

No Longer a Mystery

It has always been true, and is today, that the trip down the Colorado is among the most perilous on the American continent. Not all the attempted expeditions have been successful. Twenty years after Powell several members of a railway party were drowned and the photographer, whose leg had been broken, had to be lifted 1700 feet over a precipice and carried overland.

Of course with increasing knowledge and better equipment the modern expeditions are more successful. La Rue has traveled 2000 miles by boat on the river, in a number of separate trips, taking 1000 photographs. Yet the very fact that this is considered a marvelous achievement tells more vividly than could mere words the forbidding and rugged character of the river and its canyons.

Not until 1924 did La Rue examine all the dam sites of the main stream, and he is engaged this summer in studying one of the greatest tributaries, regarding which exceedingly little is yet known. To a few scientists and engineers the mystery of the Colorado is pretty much a thing of the past. But to all except a tiny handful of these men the endless labyrinth of mighty tributary chasms, as well as most of the main canyon itself, is as unknown and unexplored a country as the moon.

The fact that the Colorado flows through an uninhabited land, with so much about it of the unknown, mysterious and forbidding, follows directly, of course, from the character of the country. The Colorado has its source in the melting snows of the continental divide and the great interior mountain masses of Colorado and Wyoming, especially the former.

Nature on a Gigantic Scale

In this upper stretch of the river there are numbers of mountain ranges running from 11,000 to 14,000 feet in height, regions of perpetual snow, bounding, as it were, the basin of the river on the east, north and west. Indeed, for part of its course the Colorado itself runs at an elevation at times of 8000 feet. Major Powell was graphic as well as scientific, for, speaking of the upper basin, he said: "All winter long on its mountain-crested rim snow falls, filling the gorges, half burying the forests and covering the crags and peaks with a mantle woven by the winds from the waves of the sea—a mantle of snow. When the summer sun comes this snow melts and tumbles down the mountainsides in millions of cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks. Ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred rivers beset with cataracts; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado, which rolls, a mad turbid stream, into the Gulf of California."

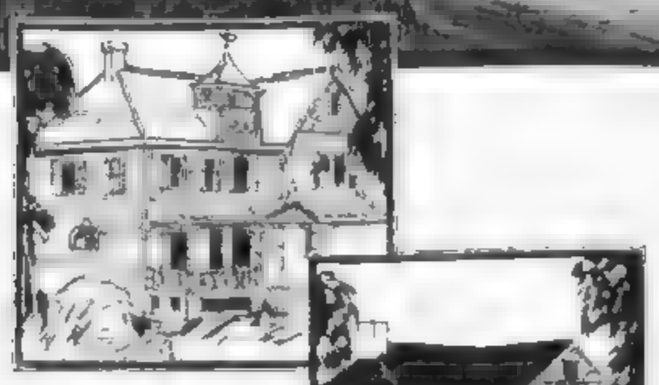
The central and middle part of the basin is entirely different. It is a high plateau, and might be called the canyon section. Not only the Colorado but every tributary in this middle reach of the river is in a gorge or canyon, often very deep, a veritable labyrinth and one of the roughest countries known to man. As Major Powell said:

"All the scenic features of this land are on a giant scale, strange and weird. The streams run at depths almost inaccessible; lashing the rocks which beset their channels; rolling in rapids and plunging in falls and making a wild music which but adds to the gloom of the solitude."

He added that the canyons, cliffs and desert wastes had kept travelers from penetrating this country, but enough was known to foment rumors and wonderful stories, told in hunter's cabin and prospector's camp.

"Stories were related of parties entering the gorge in boats and being carried down with fearful velocity into whirlpools, where

(Continued on Page 249)



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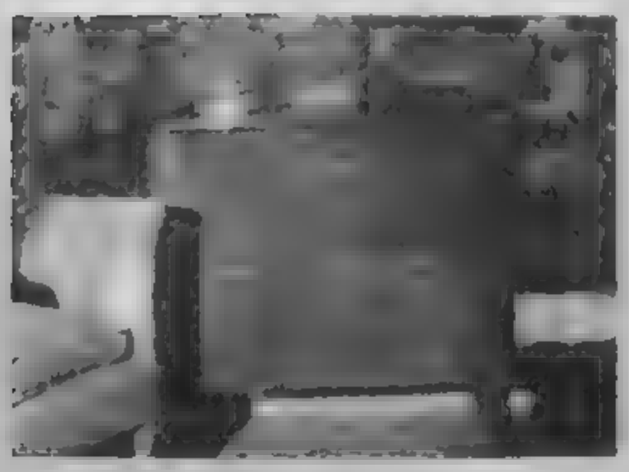

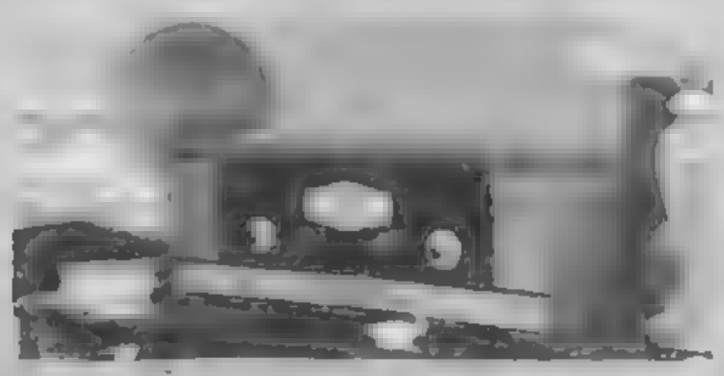

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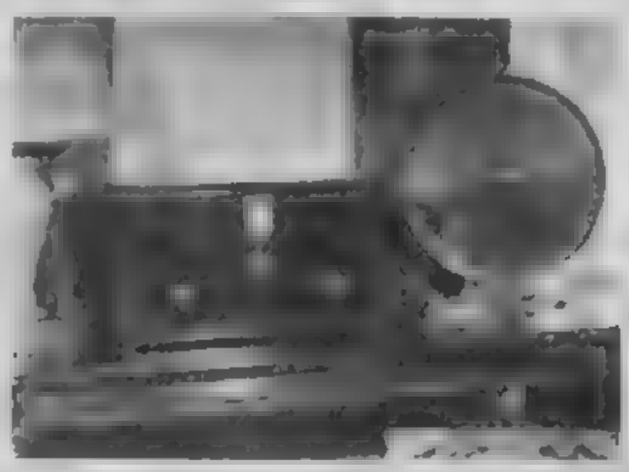

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all were overwhelmed in the abyss of waters; others, of underground passages for the great river, into which boats had passed never to be seen again.' It was currently believed that the river was lost under the rocks for several hundred miles. There were other accounts of great falls, whose roaring music could be heard on the distant mountain summits. There were many stories current of parties wandering on the brink of the canyon, vainly endeavoring to reach the waters below, and perishing of thirst at last in sight of the river which was roaring its mockery into dying ears."

Powell was warned more than once by Indians not to enter the canyon. "They considered it disobedience to the gods and contempt for their authority, and believed that it would surely bring upon me their wrath."

Even in the 50's Major Ives commented upon the fact that "for centuries past few Indians had been near its banks." This of course is not true in the lower reaches of the river, where the land is flat; and there are Indian reservations in the vicinity of Parker and Needles. Only a few weeks before the writer visited this region a venerable healer of the Mohave tribe died, and it is said that his body, lashed to a burning raft, started its last journey alone down the river.

Major Powell did not exaggerate in his descriptions. Anyone who has ridden by motor in summer months, as the writer has, from Blythe to Needles and from Needles to Boulder and Black Canyons, can well believe the stories of travelers dying from thirst within sight of the river. The Colorado has plunged for ages through its rocky gorge, half the length of the continent, yet the land a few miles away has lain scorched and seared for lack of water.

Here indeed is a dead world, as one might conceive the moon to be. Senators and other "leading citizens" but mildly interested in projects for dams are enthusiastically converted once they see, and are overwhelmed by the magnificent environment of the proposed sites and the obviously stupendous nature of the work that must be done there.

A Destructive Python

A day or two in this country drives in upon the most uninterested a realization of the gigantic geological changes of time, wrought as they have been by inconceivable forces. Then, too, it is the land of erosion. As Major Powell said:

"The climate is exceedingly arid and the scant vegetation furnishes no protecting covering against the beating storms. But, though little rain falls, that which does is employed in erosion to an extent difficult to appreciate by one who has only studied the action of water in degrading the land in a region where grasses, shrubs and trees bear the brunt of the storm. A little shower falls and water gathers rapidly into streams and plunges headlong down the steep slopes, bearing with it loads of sand, and for a few minutes, or a few hours, the district is traversed by brooks and creeks and rivers of mud."

But there is a third and lower portion to the river basin, again wholly different in character. The altitudes are low, in places even beneath the level of the sea. The climate is even more arid but almost frostless, with a mean annual temperature of seventy-four degrees; the land is level and alluvial, mostly very fertile.

The traveler sees the Colorado at only a few points, Needles, Yuma, or the foot of the Bright Angel Trail. Often he is disappointed that it is not larger. Like most rivers the discharge varies greatly. In August it may fall below 5000 cubic feet a second and in June may rise above 200,000 feet. At this latter stage the river is likely to destroy everything within its reach. Its action is not so much to spread out, except toward its mouth, but to scour very deep, thus undermining works that are built to protect the lower country.

In June of this year, at the peak of the annual flood, the writer visited the river at a number of different points, ranging from Boulder Canyon to well below the international boundary, a distance of several hundred miles. The extreme flow was about 80,000 feet a second, which is not considered especially dangerous, although at one point a portion of the outer defenses of the Imperial Valley was temporarily breached.

But I saw all of the turbid, silt-laden Colorado that I ever want to see. It was a squalid, sinister sight. The velocity of the stream at high water is tremendous, and the amount of débris which is carried along was astonishing. Mr. La Rue has estimated the logs which are carried down in flood at twenty to thirty feet in length and two to three feet in diameter.

The river runs along in almost absolute silence, even in flood, but plainly savage and wicked in its power. At all the points visited I saw numerous whirlpools in which, so the engineers in the party said, no swimmer could live. Well-built boats might fare better, although, naturally, such trips are made in periods of lower water. One old engineer who has made trips on the river since the 70's says that it has always reminded him of a python, ready to strike, potent of evil.

Cliff-Confined Torrents

The Colorado has many tributaries, and a flood is likely to come down almost any of them in season. As the result of a flood in one of these tributaries alone, the water in the main stream is known to have risen twenty-one feet in twenty-four hours. A flood in one tributary washed out seventy miles of Union Pacific track at a cost of $6,000,000. A party that went through the river in 1909 found driftwood 107 feet above the level of the water.

The extent of the floods depends not so much upon the fall of snow in the Rockies, although that is a factor, as upon weather conditions in the spring. If there is an intense and persistent hot spell early in the summer, floods will be serious in spite of moderate snowfall. The danger from flood is slight in the upper and middle regions. The stream falls rapidly and is held within narrow gorges, often several thousand feet in depth. A rise of twenty or even a hundred feet cannot do much harm when the walls are many times that high. Besides, for hundreds of miles the adjoining territory is a desolate and uninhabited waste, much of which must remain so until the end of time.

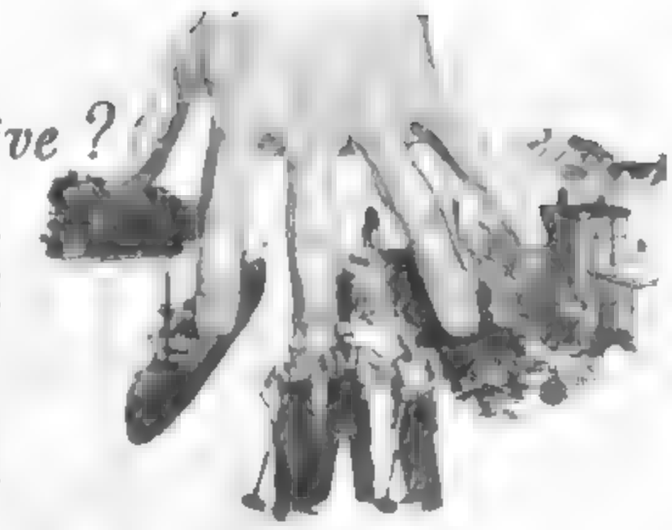
But when the river opens out from its mountain canyons, at about Needles, and from there on down, it traverses a relatively level country at low altitudes. As the gradient becomes less and the country flattens out there are no deep gorges to confine the river, and its waters are not driven by rock-bound walls along the strait and narrow path. Launched out of the Rockies and confined for hundreds of miles to the mightiest chasm on earth, the floods can hurl themselves in demoniacal strength only against the lowlands, where alone it is possible for man to live.

Although not a stone has been turned as yet to check the floods by building dams above, one of these valleys already produces a carload of produce a year, much of it fruit and vegetables, for each inhabitant. Because of a twelve months' growing season and the alluvial nature of the soil, this region is capable of becoming one of the most thickly populated on earth.

Arthur P. Davis, former head of the U. S. Reclamation Service, has said that the outstanding features of the Colorado are its large discharge of water, the great irregularity of this discharge, the immense fall in altitude through its course and the immense amount of sediment carried.

The Colorado carries more sediment, or silt, than any other river in the Western Hemisphere. It carries three times as much as the Ganges and ten times as much as the Nile. It has been said that each year it

Do you cover these five?



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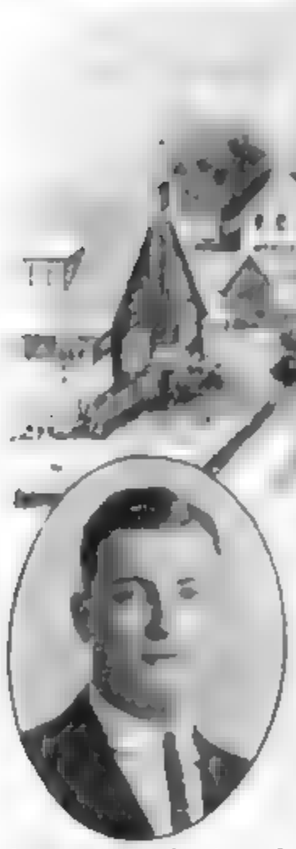

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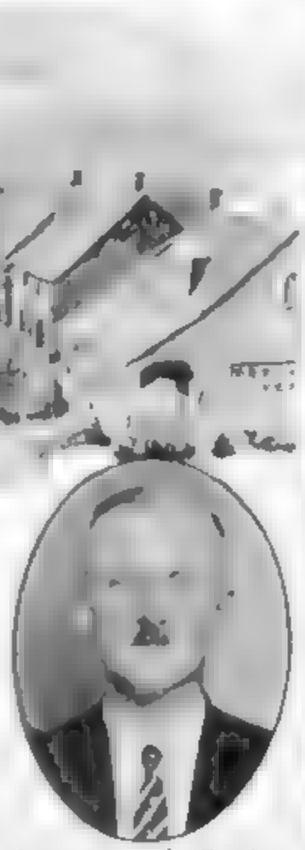

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brings down almost as much silt as all the soil and rock excavated from the site of the Panama Canal in the years that were necessary to dig it.

This is because the Colorado and many of its tributaries have been for centuries, and still are, eroding their beds and banks, and carrying the solid material with them. This material must go somewhere, and to a large extent it has gone down toward the Gulf of California, where it is continually extending and enlarging the delta of the river. Thus, much of the lower basin is made land—delta land—built from the river itself. During centuries of deposit the river has erected across its point of discharge into the Gulf a huge barrier of silt, which blocks its progress and tends continually to turn it away from its natural outlet.

The river is constantly choking itself to death, damming itself, cutting off its own channels to the sea, and reducing still further the velocity of its flow. It goes down into the delta, making of that region a settling basin for seven great states What the capacity of that wild, jungle area is to hold silt, no one really pretends to know.

What the lower Colorado really does is to raise itself by its boot straps. It not only erects a delta, but builds up its own bed, like a volcano building its crater. This elevated bed rises year by year, first here and then there, for there is no definite channel. The river is unstable and uncertain, swinging back and forth upon its elevated delta, following now one bed and now another, wandering capriciously and treacherously about.

Below Needles there are several agricultural areas entirely dependent upon the river for water, but more than once grievously injured by its floods. There is the Indian reservation and the Palo Verde and Yuma projects. On May 12, 1922, the river broke into the Palo Verde Valley, covered 35,000 acres of cultivated land and caused the abandonment of three small towns.

Eight hundred people were rendered homeless and many lost the savings of a lifetime overnight. Although only 5000 people live in this valley, they have spent in eleven years out of direct taxes $1,737,238, and have issued upward of $2,000,000 in bonds to hold the river at bay. They spend nearly $100,000 a year merely to scrape the silt out of their canals.

A Sea Below the Ocean

A long account could be given of the efforts of the Yuma people to fight the river, which floods their town as well as the farming lands about it. But the spectacular and sensational phase of the long struggle against the Colorado does not concern the smaller projects, important as they naturally are to their own residents, but rather it centers about the Imperial Valley of California and Mexico.

There are more than 600,000 acres of irrigated land in the Imperial Valley, two-thirds north and one-third south of the international boundary. The portion lying within the United States is the largest reclamation and irrigation enterprise in the country, and unusual in that it has been developed wholly without government assistance. The water was supplied at first by a private company, but is now supplied by a mutual irrigation district which has at this time more than 9000 names of assessment payers on its rolls.

Land in the Imperial Valley is owned by people all the way from Maine to California, and it is perhaps the best advertised agricultural area in this country and possibly, indeed, anywhere, if we consider the fact that in 1900 it was an absolute desert in which even a goat could not find a living, much less a steer. The reasons for the valley being so well-known will shortly appear, and they are at once good and bad. It may be said, however, that the Imperial Valley is probably the outstanding example in this country of an agricultural and horticultural hothouse.

The Gulf of California, into which the Colorado River flows, formerly extended northwestward to a point a few miles above the town of Indio, about 144 miles from the present head of the gulf. The Colorado River carried its heavy load of silt into the gulf for centuries, and gradually built up, as we have seen, a great delta cone, or barrier, entirely across the gulf and cutting off its northern end. This northern end remains as a great depression, once an inland lake or sea, from which most of the water has long since evaporated. It is in this depression that one finds the Salton Sea of 300 square miles, over 250 feet below the level of the ocean, formed when the river left its old channel some years ago.

The Imperial Valley is that portion of the great depression, or bowl, from which the water has evaporated. In its conformation physically it is different from any other part of the country. It is a saucer, far below the level of the sea. But worse than that, high above it, nearly fifty feet above sea level, rides along the very rim of the saucer itself the temperamental, flood-mad Colorado.

A Constant Threat

Every large river that flows through alluvial valleys presents a flood problem, but it will be readily seen that that of the Imperial Valley is peculiar. Yet life cannot exist at all in the valley without the Colorado. In few places in the world is rainfall less, only a little more than one inch a year. There are practically no wells or underground supply, and no available mountain water.

The 60,000 inhabitants, the great herds of cattle brought in from Arizona and other states to fatten, and the extraordinarily intensive crops, such as lettuce and melons, depend solely upon the Colorado for life. Dr. O. N. Wozencroft, one of the first persons to think of reclaiming the Imperial Valley, reported to Congress more than half a century ago that "until an energetic system of reclamation is inaugurated the land is a valueless and horrible desert."

If the flow of the Colorado should stop for more than a few days the valley would soon become a "horrible desert" once again. Yet the river is a veritable devil seeking to reach the valley to which it has given life. Not only are the flood gates of the river's fury launched on a swirling, swinging and uncertain course high above the valley, but the grade down into the valley is four times as steep as that to the sea, with the distance about the same.

If once the levees, which are all that hold the river back, should be breached beyond repair, and should efforts to turn the river into another channel prove unavailing, the river would follow the force of gravity and rush down into the lowest part of the saucer, the Salton Sea.

Unless halted in some way, it would back up from there until in the course of years the whole valley would be flooded, with the streets of the county seat sixty feet under water.

The flood danger as far as the Imperial Valley is concerned is unlike that which exists in any other part of the United States. In other localities destructive floods may occur with heavy losses, yet the waters will gradually subside and the affected territory ultimately recover. But there is no outlet from the saucer-shaped, below-sea-level Imperial Valley. Once the water pours in unchecked it means annihilation, because evaporation, the only deliverance, is a process of centuries. More than anywhere else, protection is absolutely necessary. But, as already explained, the river is damming itself up all the time, raising its own bed by its boot straps of silt. "You see," said an old farmer in the valley, "the river runs right on top of the ground down here."

But the levees cannot be raised indefinitely. Unless the flood waters are dammed higher up on the river itself, and therefore equated throughout the year, the valley must eventually return to the sea from

(Continued on Page 253)

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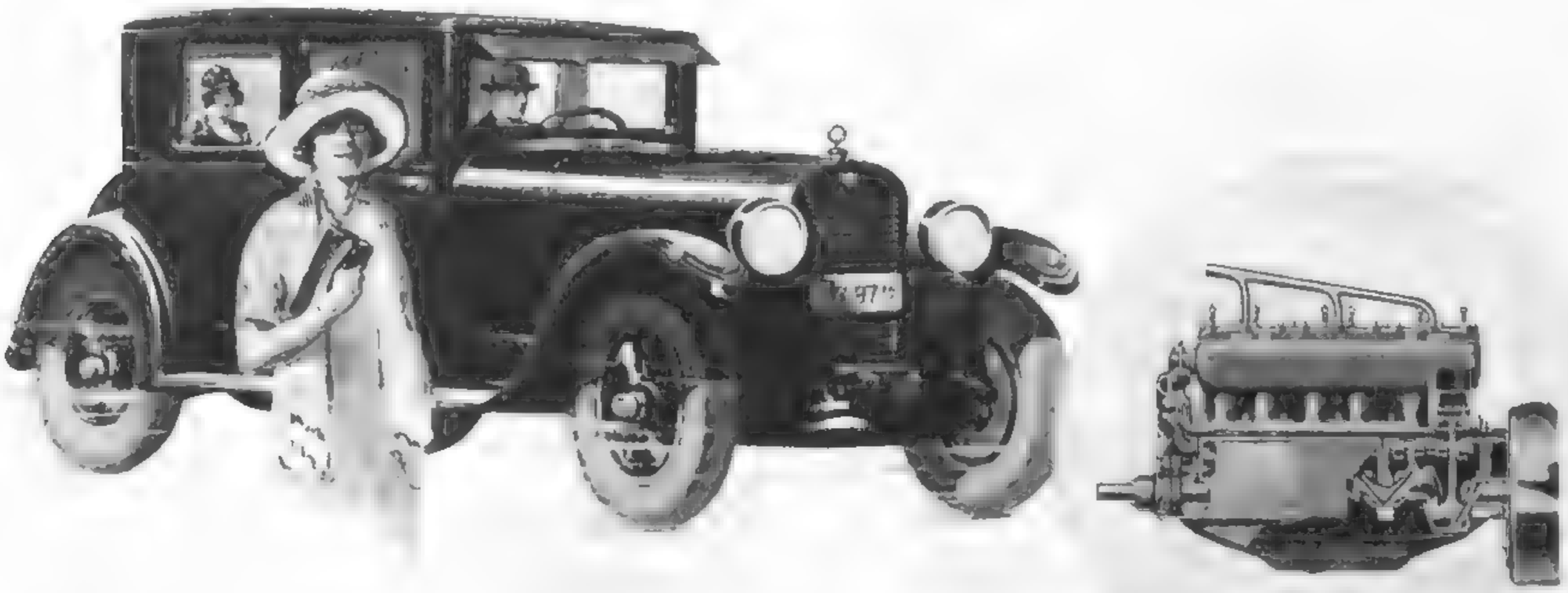

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See the illustration of a six cylinder motor at the right. It shows the benefits secured by using Pennzoil—the way Pennzoil protects the points where wear is greatest and heat is most intense.

Pennzoil won't thin out like ordinary oils. It is called "*the oiliest oil known.*" It has more body—greater resistance to heat. That is why it takes motor punishment that ruins inferior oil while Pennzoil still remains a fine, safe lubricant. That is why it will carry you twice as far as ordinary motor oils without changing.

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Remember that cheap oil can be very costly. Play safe. Use Pennzoil and ward off unnecessary wear and repairs. Enjoy that utter confidence you can have only when you know your motor is perfectly lubricated. Everywhere you'll find Pennzoil recommended by good dealers. The dealer who values your patronage will gladly get it for you. Demand Pennzoil.

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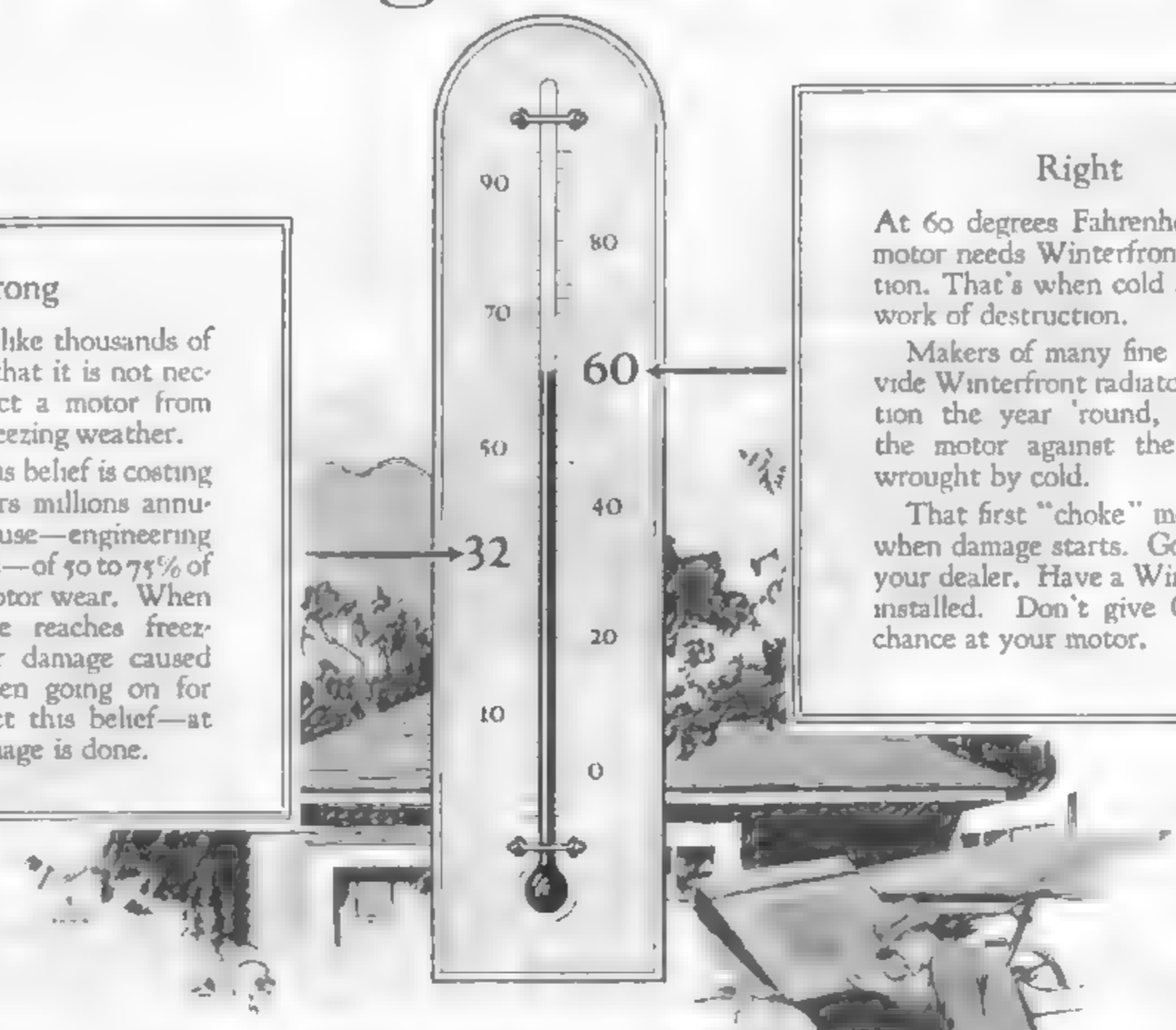
Test it yourself

Take ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles. Save a little in a bottle. Fill your crankcase with Pennzoil and use it a full 1000 miles. Then drain, rub a drop or two of each of the used oils between your thumb and forefinger. You can see the difference and feel it. And what a difference it means to your motor!

To Correct a Grave Error that is costing car owners millions



Wrong

You, doubtless, like thousands of others, believe that it is not necessary to protect a motor from cold except in freezing weather.

This erroneous belief is costing motor-car owners millions annually. It is the cause—engineering authorities agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. When the temperature reaches freezing—this motor damage caused by cold has been going on for months. Correct this belief—at freezing the damage is done.

Right

At 60 degrees Fahrenheit, your motor needs Winterfront protection. That's when cold starts its work of destruction.

Makers of many fine cars provide Winterfront radiator protection the year 'round, guarding the motor against the damage wrought by cold.

That first "choke" morning is when damage starts. Go then to your dealer. Have a Winterfront installed. Don't give COLD a chance at your motor.

THE motor in your car is a heat machine. Creating heat energy is its only job. To do that job well—it must be kept hot.

To prevent overheating engineers perfected the water-cooling system. The radiator on your car is the indicator and regulator of that system.

Your radiator is a heat-waster

To do its job effectively—your radiator *must* waste heat—actually throw away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel

Thus, during the hottest months, when motor temperature runs high—this heat-waster prevents overheating.

Cold weather finds it still wasting heat

There are eight months of the year when to waste heat means to wreck your motor. A cold motor—automotive experts agree—is the biggest cause of fouled spark plugs, high gasoline consumption, excessive crankcase dilution, poor lubrication, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear.

Pines Automatic Winterfront stops heat waste

The Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Every temperature change within the motor is instantly transmitted through this control to the automatic shutters. Thus, when more heat is needed—the shutters close themselves. When cool air is needed—they automatically open to the exact angle required. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. There is nothing to get out of order—you put it on and forget it. Winterfront improves the appearance of any car and outlasts the car itself.

It will break you of the costly "choke" habit

"Eliminate excessive use of the 'choke,' and you eliminate 50 to 75% of the cause of repair bills," say leading motor-car service experts. Pines Winterfront does not take the place of the "choke." It reduces the "warming-up" period—those costly miles you drive with the "choke" open—and thus eliminates the need for excessive "choking."

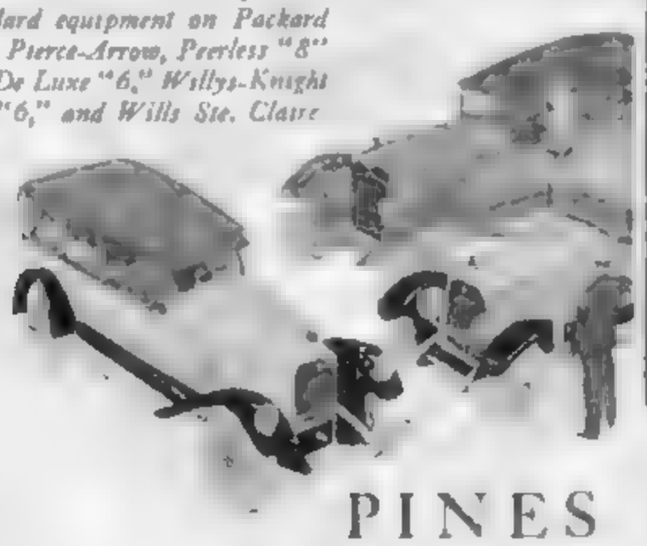
Not an accessory—a necessity!

When outside temperature reaches 60 degrees or lower—Pines Automatic Winterfront is a necessity. Put one on—the first morning you are forced to drive with the "choke" out. For that's when damage starts. It means you are flooding a cold motor with raw gasoline, washing the film of oil protection away from cylinders and cylinder walls—diluting the oil in your crankcase—hastening big repair bills.

And note the added comfort inside the car—the absence of draughts—the keen pleasure of driving on cold days—with summer operating smoothness and efficiency.

Put on in ten minutes

Don't make the mistake of waiting until cold weather. Your motor is underheated at 60 degrees outside temperature. Your dealer will put a Winterfront on your car in less than ten minutes—giving you this protection that is saving owners of costliest cars millions of dollars annually in reduced upkeep expense. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge priced $15.00, $17.50, $20.00. Slightly higher prices west of the Rockies.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.



Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6," and Wills Ste. Claire

PINES WINTERFRONT—*IT'S AUTOMATIC*

(Continued from Page 250)

which it came. Mayor Bacon, of San Diego, himself an engineer, has graphically described the situation:

"All that keeps the water out of Imperial Valley is a bank of mud so soft that I have seen it tip right over and sink, because there wasn't enough strength in that soft mud to hold the water back. Roughly, the bed of the Colorado in this area is rising at the rate of one foot a year, the dirt built up on that delta. One year is not such a menace, but when you commence to multiply by two, three, five, ten, and so on, and realize that perhaps ten years from now this bed will be ten feet higher, you realize that the Colorado is eventually going to flow back into this prehistoric basin here and fill up this valley.

"The longest life that I have heard given the Imperial Valley is seventeen years—unless the river itself is harnessed. In other words, there seems to be an engineering possibility of keeping the water out for not more than seventeen years."

In 1905 and again in 1906 the river broke through, turning its entire volume into the Salton Basin through a cut a quarter of a mile wide and fifty to sixty feet deep. Nearly 300,000 acres of land were inundated, of which nearly two-thirds are still under water, and of these some 150,000 acres are said to be good agricultural land.

The Government and the Southern Pacific Railroad spent millions of dollars in returning the river to its channel, which was not done until 1907, after several unsuccessful attempts. Those old enough to recall these events will remember that it was as much through his efforts to turn back the Colorado as because of any of his achievements that E. H. Harriman, the railroad king of his day, became so famous. The damage done the valley was enormous, but only a few thousand people lived there then and only a few thousand acres were under cultivation. Today, because of the rise in the river bed and the infinitely greater extent of cultivation and far larger population, the interests at stake in flood protection are manifold what they were. But let no reader suppose that anything humanly possible is left undone locally to protect the Imperial Valley from the Colorado River. That is, everything has been done except the one essential thing—the building of a flood-control dam up the river.

Most people who have vaguely heard of the flood menace to the Imperial Valley, even many people in California itself, think in terms of a great wall of water rushing down upon the valley about once in twenty or a hundred years and engulfing it. That is not the case at all. The menace that must be fought is an utterly different one.

An Appetite Unsatisfied

It is the constant, continual eating away and undermining of banks and levees; a process which must be contested every year, month by month, day by day and minute by minute. In fact, this struggle really constitutes one of the big industries of the country—a neck-and-neck race year after year with the devil of the Colorado.

The Imperial Irrigation District has some twelve to fourteen hundred employes. There are at least three lines of levees or defenses. A breach in the first line does not necessarily mean danger. In fact, such a breach is almost taken for granted during the spring floods. There are more than seventy miles of levees, of which more than fifty are heavily rock revetted. On fifty miles of levee there is a standard-gauge railroad, from which rocks are dumped to strengthen the soft-mud foundations. Rocks so large that only one can be placed on a flat car are dumped in great numbers. The district operates two stone quarries, and loaded trains stand ready at any hour to rush to a break in the dike. The writer watched one such train unloading during the spring break of the present year.

It is common to have several cars marooned or even lost in a sinking levee attacked by the treacherously swirling river. On one occasion a large section of levee caved into the river, marooning a whole work train for several weeks. On another occasion engineers were surveying for levee construction when the river suddenly broke through and spread for miles over the flat lands of the delta, forcing the entire party to climb into thorny mesquite trees. After three days one of the men swam to higher ground and secured aid. It is common for machinery of various kinds—dredges and drag lines—to be marooned by a sudden break.

The water rarely gets to a dangerous height on the levees; they are not topped. Instead of coming up, it goes down; it erodes and undermines very rapidly on a rising flood, and if not immediately stopped by dumping trainloads of rock the levee, track and all slip into the river, and there is then no protection from the immediately following flood.

"I have seen one hundred cars of rock dumped in one of these cuts made by the current, and not a rock showed above the surface of the water," said one farmer.

When the river gets up to 50,000 or 70,000 cubic feet a second it develops a swaying, side-swiping motion, like a flivver car running fifty miles an hour. The current swirls from one side of the river to the other, turning first against one levee and then against another, eating and cutting them out until they topple into the water.

The Dutch Boy of the Colorado

"I remember distinctly in 1916 the morning it broke," says an Arizona farmer. "We had notified some of the people that if there was any serious danger I would come up with a team to help move stuff out. When I heard the signal, I think in less than fifteen minutes it was too late. I came up and found the water several feet deep, running on the main street of Yuma.

"I saw the water three or four feet deep in the hotel where I imagine you gentlemen are stopping. In the bank it was four inches below my safe-deposit box. . . . The water remained in the valley several months until it dried away. . . . The river turns to the west, makes a swing over into Mexico, then turns around in a curve, and in 1921, turned almost squarely against the levee.

"I was down there every day as president of the Water Users' Association, watching it and watching it, and it was cutting and cutting, and we had practically no more dirt to build a levee with anywhere, and it was within an inch of the top. The river dropped at that time, or the crops of the entire lower valley would have been destroyed. Most of them were mortgaged to the local banks. These notes in turn had been sold to the Federal Reserve Bank. Had the crops been destroyed it would practically have closed the doors of every bank in Yuma Valley three months after the flood. We are confronted with the same danger every year."

"I think an illusion exists in cities far away that the Colorado is not much of a stream," says Mulford Winsor, Arizona state senator. "They should go over into one of our valleys when it runs amuck and washes away everything but the mortgage. Standing there upon one of these levees, and with a squeamish feeling at the pits of their stomachs as they see the levee disappearing without a bubble beneath the swirling waters, they might gain a different idea.

"As schoolboys we have all thrilled at the story of the little hero of Haarlem who saved a leaky dike with a finger and got himself immortalized in history. But poets are partial; they do not record all the heroes in history. In our flood of 1921 one of our heroes discovered a stream a few feet wide pouring over an improvised levee, which in less than a minute would have broken. Without a second's hesitation he threw himself full length into the breach and yelled for help, and the levee was saved.

"And so it goes! Sometimes we win the fight and sometimes we do not. But with

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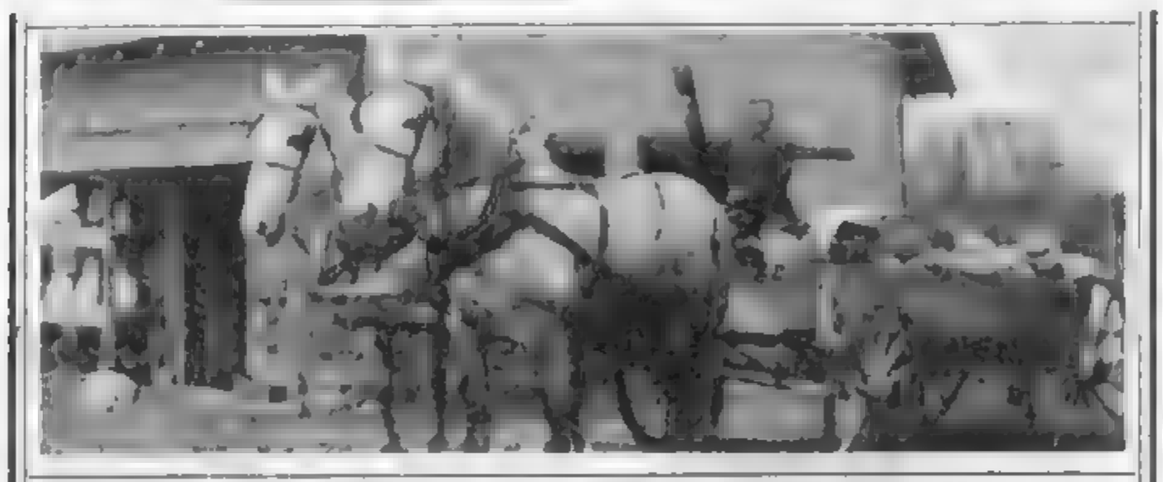

He Made 15 Curtis Dollars in a Single Day

FOR years Mr. Herman Rietveld was an Iowa farmer. Then he retired. But judging by the picture above, which he mailed us from Washington, he couldn't make it stick.

The point is that in one day, as subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, he made $15 *extra;* his profit on just three orders mailed within 9 days was $34.50. If Mr. Rietveld could do this in a farming community, you should be able to do as well in your neighborhood.

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us it is not merely the occasional breaking of a levee. It is the constant battle, the constant uncertainty, the constant, never-ending expense."

One trouble, of course, is that the only soil available is the silt itself, soft and treacherous. In water it melts like sugar. To control the river with such basic material is like a group of men trying to stop a stampede of steers by holding hands. The silt has an affinity for the river from which it came and to which it wants to return. The silt's natural tendency is to dissolve and go off downstream.

Even aside from flood menace, the silt is a colossal problem. The Imperial Irrigation District owns and operates 2400 miles of canals and spends $500,000 to $600,000 a year cleaning the silt out of them, in addition to which the farmers spend nearly $1,000,000 a year in cleaning silt out of the ditches on their own fields. There are places in the valley where the silt is said to go down 600 feet deep. If the canals were not cleaned several times a year they would fill up completely. It is a serious problem to find any place to dump the material which is taken out, and it piles up all over the landscape, year by year, higher and higher.

The diversion intake on the Colorado, through which the valley gets its water, was built especially to desilt the muddy stream. Nevertheless, more than 1,000,000 carloads a year, or about seventy-eight trains of forty cars each a day, of solid material enter the canal by which the valley is supplied.

Most of this mud passes out of the main canal into the laterals and irrigation ditches, which may lose two-thirds of their capacity in ten days in August and September. As the Imperial Valley is a twelve-months' proposition as compared with six to nine months in most irrigation projects, the work of cleaning must continue incessantly.

Some years ago a flood which overflowed into a portion of the delta so completely buried with sediment fourteen wagons which had been left behind that their platform tops, four feet above the bottom of the wheels, were just visible above the new general ground surface after the flood water had receded.

There is a genuine note of conviction in this statement of Senator Hiram Johnson, of California:

"I venture to say that if a section of the size of Imperial Valley, populated by a like number of people, but lying in an Eastern state, were subject to flood danger similar to that threatening that valley, action would be taken by the Congress for its relief within a month."

With such extraordinary conditions as face the Imperial Valley, one might suppose that the inhabitants would go about in sackcloth and ashes, but such is not the case at all. The development there has been so remarkable that fear and gloom do not fit into the picture. Obviously, we must know more about the Imperial Valley and other aspects of its relation to the Colorado before we can quite understand all that the mention of that river's name means to the Southwest.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue.

SCIENTIFIC NEWS

(Continued from Page 54)

Or elephant, maybe,
Bounded upon me with laughter so gay
I had scarcely the breath to suggest "Go away!"
The dentist stood pleasantly brushing his boots;
"Don't be afraid. It's my little girl Toots. . . .
Toots, do be quiet. . . .
It's simply her diet
Fills her with energy clean to the roots.
Since she passed her last hundred and ninetieth pound
It's frequently awkward to have her around ——"
"Toots want to play,"
Said the magnified tot
And dragged us away
From that peaceable spot—
Me by my collar and pa by his hair—
To a playground which stood by a large vacant lot.
The end of a heavy steel girder she got,
And lifting it up to the hook on a crane,
Fastened it teetering over a chain.
"Papa love Mamma?" she gleefully said,
As the building material swung at my head.
"Darling!" The dentist was saved by a hunch.
"If you don't hurry home you'll be late for your lunch."
As she took to her heels:
"She won't miss her meals.
The problem of raising a child is a bother—
It isn't all roses, this being a father!"

IV

A CONFERENCE OF SCIENTISTS

In the office, dental office,
As we entered arm in arm
Was a picture, quite a picture,
Richly thrilling in its charm.
For the patients, all the patients,
Who'd been waiting to get theirs,
Now were reading, quite unheeding,
In a row of dental chairs.

The old fellow with the yellow
Crop of plumage on his chin
Held the slandered Morning Standard
In his fingers long and thin,
And he muttered as he uttered
In a tone of rosy bliss,
"Well, I'll eat it! Can ya beat it?
Jest you listen unto this:

"RADIO SOON TO PICTURE ARTIST GIVING THE SONG

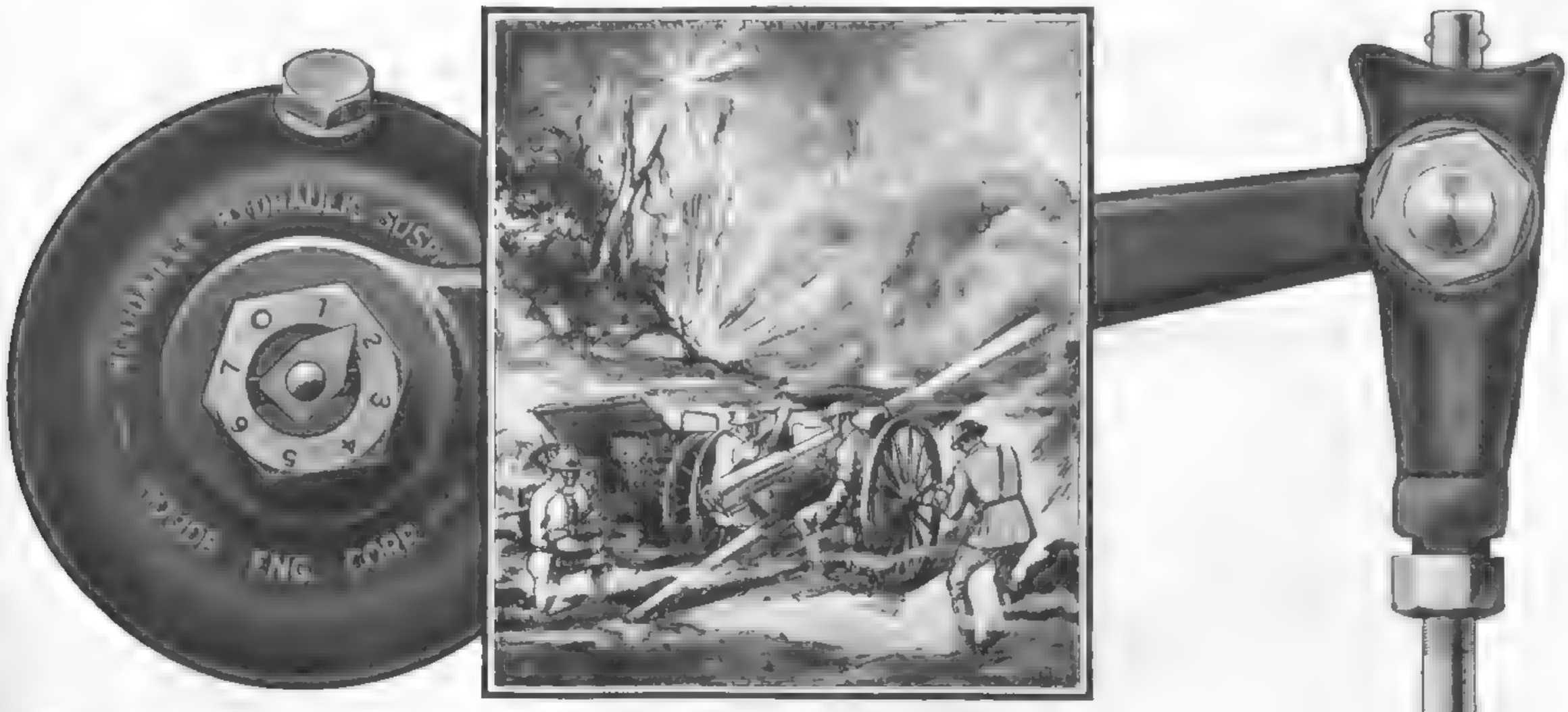
"London—J. L. Baird, who expects to market a televisor set for home use, today demonstrated the transmission of motion pictures which speak as they act."

But the lady, saintly lady,
With the badly swollen cheek
Gave a sniffle, said, "Oh, piffle!
Now give me a chance to speak.
Here's an item will excite 'em
When they think they're sick abed.
Something tells me that's what ails me."
Briefly, this is what she read:

"WE'RE ALL MOLDY, SCIENTIST ASSERTS

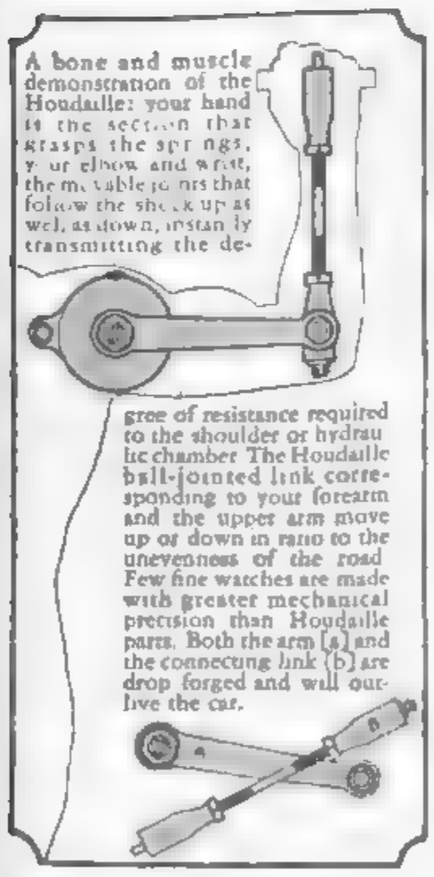
"Paris—Professor Tissot has announced before the French Academy of Science that mold is the original cause of all diseases. Typhoid fever comes from the mold of Indian corn, measles from lettuce, rabies from carrots, chicken pox from tomatoes."

(Continued on Page 258)



The Same Principle

that tamed this terrific recoil has today ended motoring fatigue


A bone and muscle demonstration of the Houdaille: your hand at the section that grasps the springs, your elbow and wrist, the movable joints that follow the shock up as well as down, instantly transmitting the degree of resistance required to the shoulder or hydraulic chamber The Houdaille ball-jointed link corresponding to your forearm and the upper arm move up or down in ratio to the unevenness of the road Few fine watches are made with greater mechanical precision than Houdaille parts. Both the arm (a) and the connecting link (b) are drop forged and will outlive the car.

IT was Maurice Houdaille, of Paris, France, who, as co-worker in the invention of the hydraulic recoil mechanism of the famous French "75," made possible the greatest field gun of the World War!

And it was this same master engineer who, in 1909, applied this identical hydraulic shock-absorbing principle to the automobile and thus gave to thousands of car owners a new conception of riding comfort.

What is the secret of this ability to cushion mighty shocks? The answer is, *"hydraulic control"*—the use of a liquid to absorb the disagreeable bumps and rebounds that are largely responsible for the fatigue of motoring. And this unmatched principle has reached its highest development in the Houdaille Hydraulic Shock Absorber of today.

Houdaille hydraulic control resists shocks in direct proportion to their force, and instantly checks the spring action both ways, *downward* as well as *upward*. It always has the spring action under perfect control—from the slightest "shimmy" to the most violent shock.

America's finest "quality" motor cars—including Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Cunningham, McFarlan, and many others—consider *Houdaille hydraulic spring control* an *essential part* of their riding comfort—in addition to finest spring equipment.

Prices range from $30 (for the Ford size, installed) upward. For "your comfort's sake," demand that your dealer install or procure them for you. Houdaille dealers are everywhere

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION
201 Winchester Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me the free Houdaille book
My car is a ____ Model ____ Year ____
Name ____
Address ____

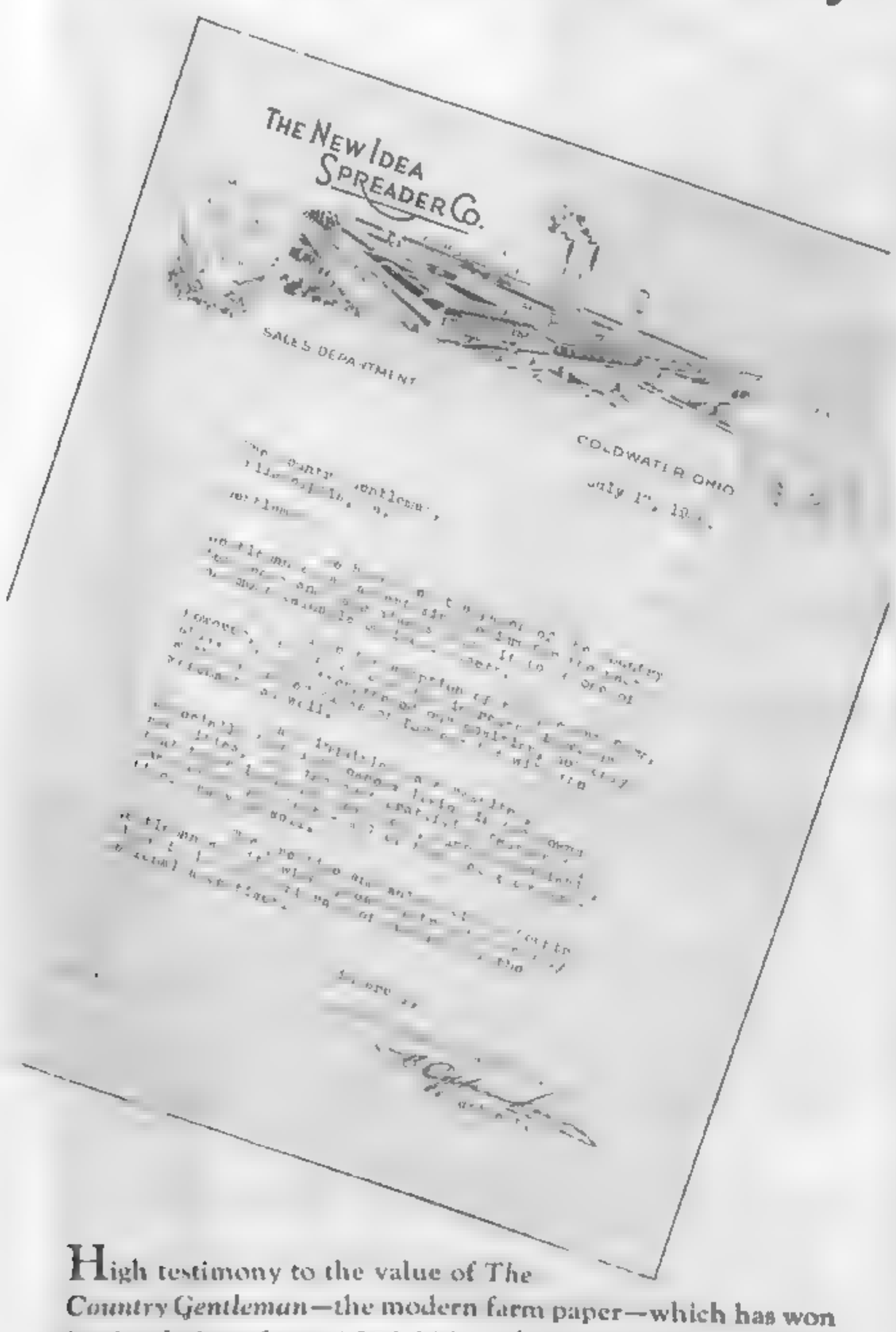
THE HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, 201 Winchester Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Manufacturers also of SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS *"that keep your springs like new"*

HOUDAILLE

(*pronounced* Hoo-Dye)

Hydraulic SHOCK ABSORBERS

"For Ten Years One of Our Best Assets— *Its Value Has Now Increased Immeasurably*"



High testimony to the value of *The Country Gentleman*—the modern farm paper—which has won its circulation of over 1,300,000 on sheer editorial merit alone.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Magazine for Modern Farm Families

More than 1,300,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago
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HARTMANN TRUNKS

Is This a World's Record for Trunk Travel?

HARTMANN TRUNK CO.,
Racine, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:

It is with pleasure that I send you my Hartmann Trunk (taxi size). This trunk has been in continuous service for ten years, having travelled well over 335,200 miles, which, I think, nearly holds a world's record for mileage.

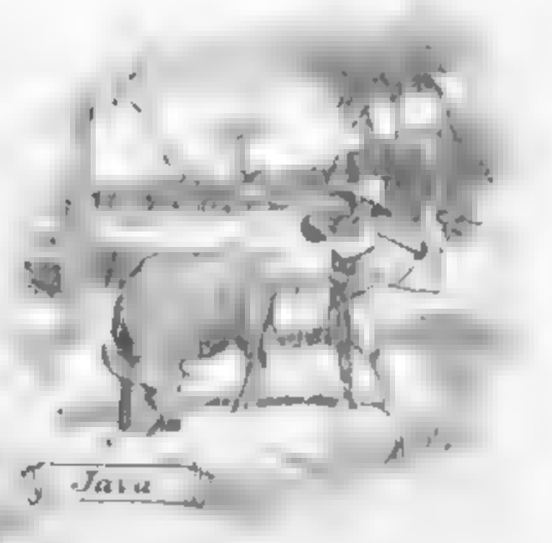
I am only giving up this trunk due to the fact that I have ordered a large Hartmann, and my old trunk is not large enough to meet my requirements any longer

Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
C. G. POOLE,

Manufacturer's Sales Representative, Australasia and South Sea Islands

A Hartmann Did It



335,200 Miles With a Hartmann Trunk—

Above appears a photograph of a Hartmann Trunk which has traveled over a third of a million miles—

This shows the wear ability of the Hartmann make—any and every wardrobe trunk bearing the Hartmann name is built to satisfactorily stand this kind of service.

The only reason this record is unusual is because so few people travel these great distances.

Your Hartmann is built to endure under a lifetime of use—and really serve and satisfy.

Ask any Hartmann owner—any baggage man—any reliable luggage dealer.

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, *Racine, Wisconsin*

M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Toronto
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers

J. B. Brooks & Co., Ltd., Great Charles St., Birmingham, Eng.
Licensed Distributors for Great Britain

HARTMANN
CLIMAX TOP
WARDROBE
TRUNKS

© 1927 The Hartmann Trunk Co.

LOOK FOR THE HARTMANN RED ⟋ ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 254)

"Quit yer kiddin'," said a hidden
Voice behind a paper sheet,
And the banker, pain-racked banker,
Burbled forth in accents neat,
"What's it worth, sir, if the earth, sir,
Gets to swelling like a tooth?
Here's a shocker that's a knocker,
If it tells us half the truth:

"EARTH CHANGES SIZE!

"Professor Ernest W. Brown, of Yale, in a recent statement, declares that the earth shrinks and swells. This is due to ——"

But his spoken words were broken
By a dull and frightful boom;
Glass was shattered, teeth were scattered
Round the operating room.
Someone yelling, "Earth is swelling!
Call the firemen, tell the gang!
Ouch, I'm sliding down the siding—
Hold my hat on——" Whingo—Whang!

A HAPPY ENDING

I woke in the dental chair, gurgling and crass,
With a noise like a train
Neath the lid of my brain—
A symptom of one who has just taken gas.
Good Doctor Fuller,
The eminent puller,
Held in his forceps, an inch from my nose.
An upper bicuspid, as red as a rose.
Said he, "To be frank,
'Twas a tough one to yank;
You have slept just a minute, or less, I suppose ——"
"A minute!" I gasped,
As his meaning I grasped,
"Why, doc, since I entered this chamber of horror
I've seen twice as much as an Arctic explorer ——"
"No doubt," said the doc,
Going over his stock
Of buzzers and forceps and probers and gold.
"A Princeton psychologist recently told
His wondrous experiments, strikingly bold,
On the psycho of dreams ——"
With a volley of screams
I leaped from the chair, shouting, "Man, lemme be!"
And wildly escaped without paying my fee.

Williams lather holds an extraordinary amount of moisture. You can keep on adding water and still have the lather rich and bulky.

It's MOISTURE *in* lather that *softens* the beard

Williams lather is saturated with moisture

To let you prove for yourself the superiorities of Williams Shaving Cream, we offer you (below) a week's supply at our expense.

YOU will notice that Williams Shaving Cream works up fast into a rich, bulky mass of lather that is saturated with moisture. It keeps its moisture—this thick, smooth lather *won't dry on the face!* After it has emulsified the oil-film which protects the beard from water, the abundant moisture of Williams simply drenches each bristle—soaks through and through, softens the stubbles for easy shaving.

That's why your razor glides through the beard almost as easily as through the lather. No pulling—no half-cut hairs. The skin is lubricated by Williams, so that the razor slides along without scraping and leaves the skin glove-smooth.

Ask the clerk to show you the double-size tube of Williams Shaving Cream at 50c. It holds twice as much as the regular-size 35c tube.

Try this remarkable shaving cream FREE for a week. We'll send you a generous sample tube if you'll let us hear from you on the coupon below, or a postcard.

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

FREE ~ Mail this Coupon *NOW!*

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 49A
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... SEP 9-1926

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH. A SCIENTIFIC AFTER-SHAVING PREPARATION WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 49A

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

Follansbee Forge
Steel Sheets
used in the
manufacture
of this product
The Mark of
QUALITY
THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE
When you see this tag on a product you hardly need further proof of quality—it is the safest buying guide to follow when purchasing any product made from steel sheets.

What's good *for the* Consumer is good *for the* Manufacturer~

GONE are the days when manufacturers felt it sufficient to make products barely good enough to get by with the purchaser.

Now—it's the other way round. How can they make *better* products, to give better and more lasting satisfaction—thus insuring their own prosperity by giving greater value to their customers?

Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets have enabled many manufacturers to do this—to give better values than ever before; to make products with a better finish, with a super-strength and soundness that tells in months and years of extra service. For these fine steel sheets are the only ones made in this country from genuine hammer forged steel—and everyone knows that forged steel is best because "Forging Adds Strength."

Whether you are purchasing an automobile—home or office furniture, kitchenware or roofing sheets, radio transformers or electric motors—look for the Follansbee Forge "Mark of Quality" tag—it is an extra assurance of value—of longer and better service—it is proof that the manufacturer has used *forged* steel sheets in the making of the product.

Manufacturers: Write us for estimate on your requirements. Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are available in all regular finishes and also in heavily tinned sheets.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

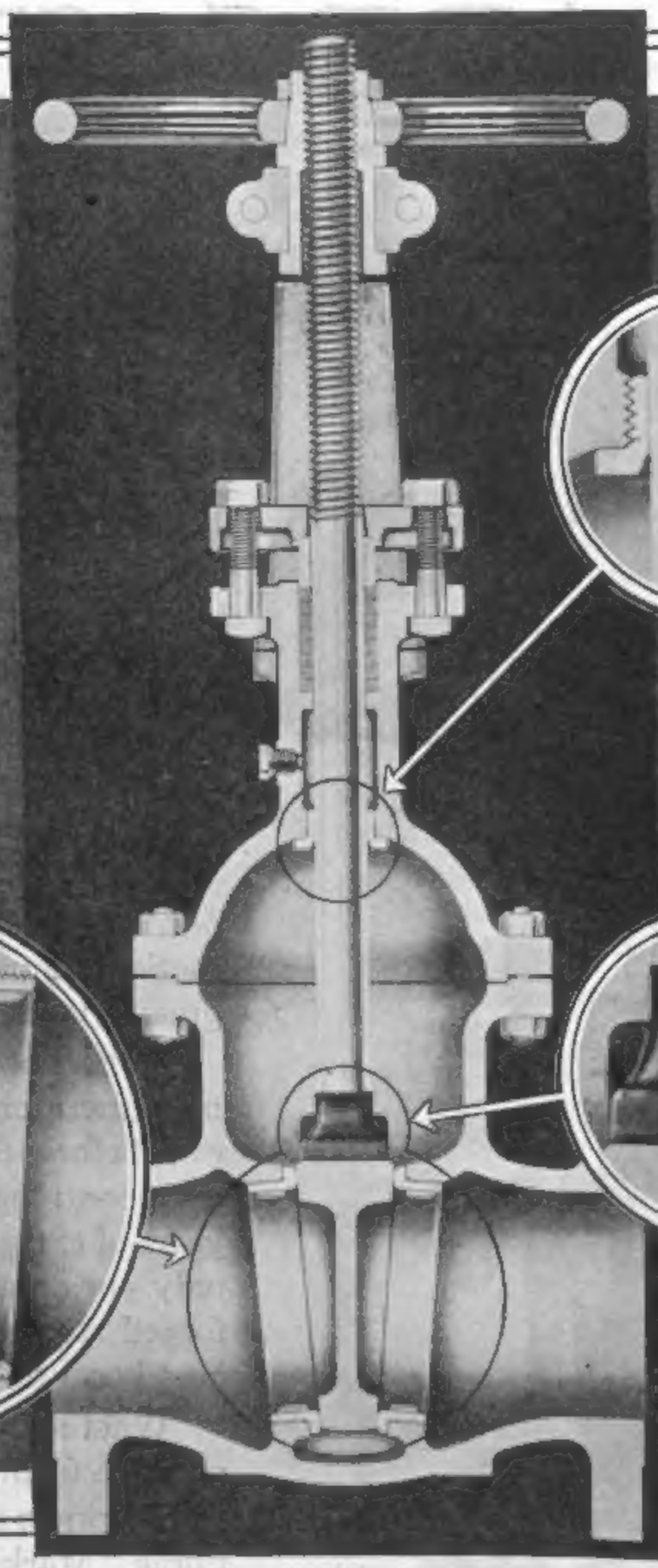
Branch Offices and Warehouses: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, LOUISVILLE, INDIANAPOLIS, MILWAUKEE, ROCHESTER, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, NASHVILLE, MEMPHIS, PHILADELPHIA

Also Manufacturers of
FOLLANSBEE FORGE BEST ROOFING
The Lifetime Roofing Sheets

Follansbee Forge HAMMER PROCESS Steel Sheets

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE



A Stainless Steel disc seats against Stainless Steel seat rings in the valve body. Non-corrosive and impervious to the cutting action of high velocity. This new Stainless valve seat will give longer service and perfect tightness in the gate when closed.

This Stainless Steel bonnet bushing makes a seat with the beveled seat on the stem when the valve is wide open. This allows for repacking the valve when wide open and under pressure. This seating surface is Stainless Steel against Stainless Steel.

A tee head connection between the disc and stem, both made of Stainless Steel, gives great strength at this critical point. The entire stem being of Stainless Steel is non-corrosive and therefore retains its extraordinary strength during the entire life of the valve in service.

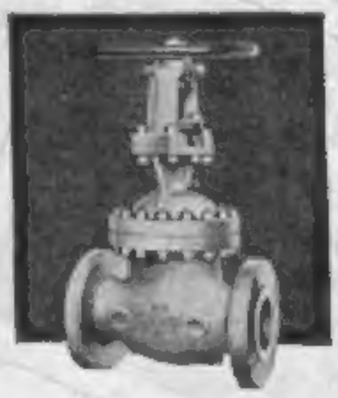
MADE OF GENUINE STAINLESS THE METAL OF ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

GENUINE STAINLESS STEEL *for these vital valve parts*

NOW comes the newest advance in High Pressure Valves —Crane Valves with genuine Stainless Steel seat, stem, and disc—"Crane Quality in all Hidden Fittings."

Never has Stainless Steel served a more useful purpose nor filled a more urgent need. The very parts that have caused most trouble in High Pressure Valves, now become practically trouble-proof. For Crane Stainless Steel has the very qualities that are so necessary to long life and trouble-free service for high pressure and high temperature use.

Valve Seats must be *hard* in order to resist the scratching of sand, silt, or scale—to withstand the cutting action due to high velocity. Stainless Steel provides this quality to perfection—having a minimum Brinell Hardness of 300 as against the 150 of ordinary seating materials.



Valve Seats must be as nearly non-corrosive as possible, because corrosion puts an early end to valve tightness. Again Stainless Steel meets the requirement, for it is non-corrosive under steam and oil vapors and immune to attack from many chemicals.

These new Crane Valves are recommended for all temperatures from 650° to 1000°F. because they offer advantages and service economies hitherto impossible. Therefore, all Crane Valves stocked for such service will hereafter be supplied with vital parts of genuine Stainless Steel.

Write for folder fully describing the unusual merits of these new valves.

CRANE CO., CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

CRANE STAINLESS STEEL *Valve Parts*

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Biscuit Dough *plus—*

Biscuits and plum cake—peach cake and old-fashioned shortcake—cheese biscuits and fruit rolls—all better than you've ever made them before—

From this recipe

2 cups flour (measured after sifting)
5 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
⅓ cup water
⅔ cup Pet Milk

Have milk and butter ice cold. Dry ingredients must be thoroughly mixed before "cutting in" butter with a fork. Add diluted milk, mixing with a fork (Do not stir with a spoon). Roll out lightly to ½ inch thickness on floured board. For Plum Cake (Peach or Apricot Cake) arrange dough on buttered pie tin, fill with halved blue plums, cover with sugar, chips of butter and sprinkling of cinnamon. For Cheese Biscuit or Fruit Rolls sprinkle dough with ½ cup grated cheese or ½ cup raisins and ½ teaspoon cinnamon, roll up as for jelly roll and cut into ¾ inch slices, placing pieces cut-side down on greased tins. Bake in hot oven (450-475°).

You will notice that the recipe calls for more milk and less butter than the usual recipe. That is due to Pet Milk. Because every drop contains less water than ordinary milk, but more than twice as much butterfat, and proteins, and sugar, and mineral salts—the real food elements of milk—Pet Milk enables you to put more milk in the diet—to give better health to your family—to have the finest rich flavor and texture—and yet to save butter.

Our new book, "You can save on your milk bill," will show you, in a hundred recipes, how Pet Milk for every use will give you better food, at lower cost, with greater convenience. We send it free.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Discoveries that throw a new light upon *the cause of most shaving troubles*

Did You Know

—that a thin film of oil surrounds each hair of your beard?

—that this film must be removed before you can soften the beard properly?

—that water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard?

—that the real test of a lather's efficiency is the smallness of its bubbles, and not the way it piles up on your face?

MODERN science has made some important discoveries of vital interest to every man who shaves.

Discoveries that throw a new light upon the cause of most shaving troubles—that will give you a wholly new conception of shaving speed and comfort.

This remarkable photomicrograph shows the actual globules of oil after they have been removed from the beard by the Colgate lather.

The facts that follow are based upon highest scientific authority. We simply ask that you read them if you seek the utmost shaving comfort.

What happens when you shave?

If you could look at your beard through a powerful microscope you would see each hair covered with a thin coating of natural oil.

But for shaving, this oil film must be removed before you can soften the beard. That is because water, not shaving cream, is the real softening agent, and oil stops moisture penetration.

Colgate chemists have found a scientific way to break up this film of oil. The instant Colgate lather reaches your beard, it clears away the oily surface—dissolves it into countless tiny particles.

In the remarkable unretouched photograph above you can see the actual oil globules after they have been removed by the Colgate lather. These are magnified many times. To the naked eye they would be absolutely invisible.

After the oil has been removed, the beard is ready to soak up moisture.

* * *

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent. Its lather quickly multiplies into thousands of clinging, water-laden bubbles—minute bubbles of uniform texture that contain more water and much less air than ordinary shaving lathers.

Because of this fine texture, the lather quickly penetrates right down to the base of the beard. It *brings* and *holds* an abundant supply of moisture *in contact with the bottom of every hair.*

The whole beard becomes soaking wet, moist and pliable, softened right down to the base.

Thus proper softening takes place right where the razor does its work. Cutting becomes easy when the beard is moistened in this scientific way.

Note the small bubbles

If you think all shaving lathers are alike, just look at the two photographs in the circles at right. They were taken through the lens of a powerful microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They merely hold air instead of water against the hair.

Ordinary Lather Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Colgate Lather Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

"Razor-Pull" banished

Because the beard is scientifically softened at the base, razor-pull is entirely banished in this way.

Below you see two of the most unusual photographs ever made under the lens of a microscope.

Photomicrograph of a hair that was not softened at the base. Note how the razor nicked and scraped, leaving a ragged edge.

Photomicrograph of a hair that was properly softened at the base with Colgate lather. Note the sharp, clean cut.

They tell a story of shaving comfort that words can never describe.

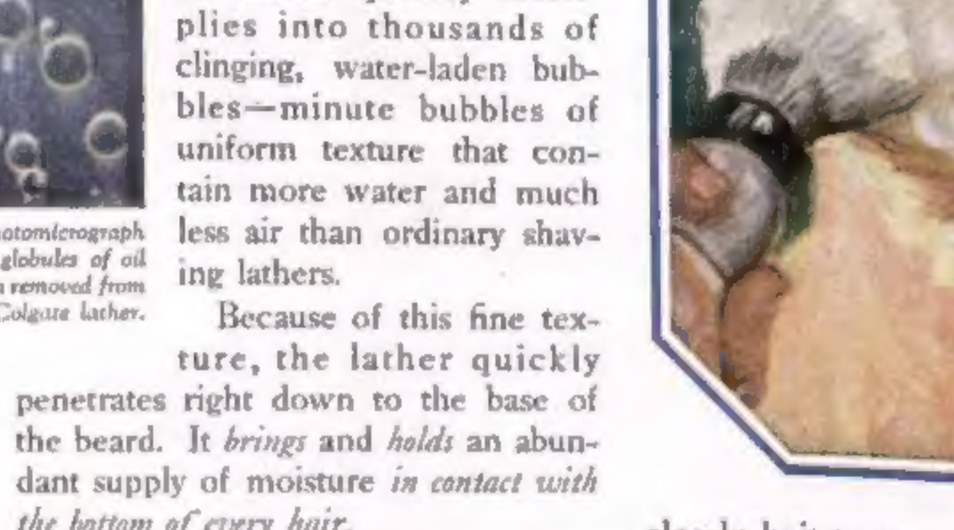
Note the hair at the right—cut off clean and smooth. Then contrast it with the jagged, nicked, and broken hair at the left. The sharply cut hair was properly softened at the base. The other was not softened at the base. Here the razor, seeking a soft spot, slid up along the hair, jumped, dragged and scraped. Razor-pull was the result. (Note: No shaving cream, however good it is, can make up for a dull razor.)

Make this test

These vital improvements in shaving are so easy to prove that we urge you to make a test. We urge you to compare Colgate's with any other shaving method you may have used.

Clip and mail the coupon printed at the left—and note the difference in the comfort of your morning shave when you lather up with Colgate's.

Softens the beard at the base



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COLGATE & CO., Dept. 140-I, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

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